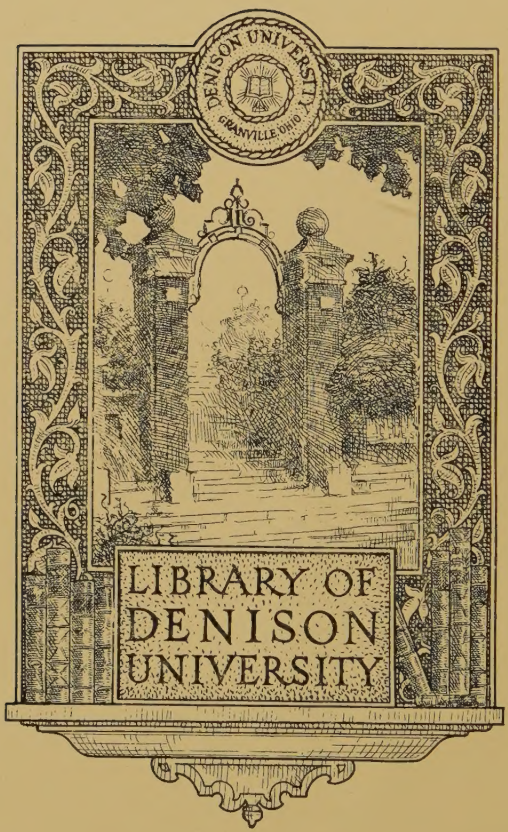
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(LORD GLENBERVIE)

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THE DIARIES OF SYLVESTER DOUGLAS

(*Lord Glenbervie*)

EDITED BY

FRANCIS BICKLEY

VOL. II

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.

1807

Dec. 15, *Tuesday*, *Mr. North's*, *Conduit Street.*—Last Sunday but one (Dec. 6) Lady Glenbervie and I dined, by formal invitation, at Montagu House, Blackheath. Immediately on our arrival, the Princess proposed to Lady Glenbervie that she should succeed Lady Townshend (who on the death of her husband has resigned) as one of her Ladies of the Bedchamber. She began by saying she had a favour to ask of Lady Glenbervie and me (addressing us both) which we must not refuse. I thought at first she was going to mention some job in Greenwich Park. Lady Glenbervie accepted (with my concurrence) but it seems the Prince's sanction or rather an actual appointment by him is necessary, and the matter is for the present to be kept secret, so that the thing is still very uncertain. The salary we understand is £500 and the situation (in times less revolutionary) highly respectable, *mais il y aura bien des couleuvres à avaler.*

Dec. 22, *Tuesday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Sheffield Place.*—It is still a matter of some small doubt whether Lady Glenbervie is to have the place of Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess. She had not thought (till last Saturday, when it was suggested by Anthony St. Leger) of communicating with the Prince on the subject. She had indeed consulted that experienced courtier and statesman Lord Malmesbury in the beginning of last week and had, I presume with his advice, written to the King and received his Majesty's *perfect approbation.* This was communicated to Lady Glenbervie in a letter from Mrs. Lisle (the Woman of the Bedchamber in attendance, sister to Lord Cholmondeley) written by the Princess's command. Lady Glenbervie's first attendance was fixed for next March, but it appears that at the

same time with the nomination of Lady Glenbervie, expected to be on the resignation of Lady Townshend, her Royal Highness had also nominated St. Leger to be her Vice-Chamberlain in the place of Colonel Thomas on the special ground that Thomas, having lately broken his thigh and being still confined, is unable to do the duty. The Princess had informed the King of this at the same time with her communication relative to Lady Glenbervie and had received the same approbation from his Majesty. On Saturday last, first Lord Rivers, and afterwards her Royal Highness, went to St. Leger (who at the time of the marriage was one of the Prince's Equerries, but afterwards removed, and to whom the Prince has not spoken for some years — God knows why!) to acquaint him with his appointment.

Lord Rivers (at present in great intimacy, and frequently admitted to long *tête-à-têtes* with the Princess) came first and announced the matter. St. Leger asked if Thomas had resigned and Lord Rivers could not tell. If her Royal Highness had informed the Prince? He could not tell. St. Leger then mentioned that Thomas had been appointed by the Prince (as indeed was all the Princess's household on its first establishment), that he considered himself as equally Vice-Chamberlain to the Prince, that he is mentioned in that capacity in the lists both of the Prince's and Princess's households in the *Red Book*, and that when the Princess had come over some people had advised that they should have a double set of servants, to which the Prince would by no means consent. That Thomas might insist upon this, and the Prince refuse to concur in his dismissal, especially as his confinement is only temporary.

When the Princess came, Lord Rivers took her aside and probably stated these matters to her, for she had before written to Lady Sheffield to write letters of form to Thomas and to St. Leger announcing her appointment of the former and the King's approbation and mentioning to both that she proposed to allow Thomas a pension of £200 and St. Leger only £300 per annum till an improvement of income should enable her to pay the whole £500 a year to both. On Saturday, after

being at St. Leger's, she wrote again to Lady Sheffield directing her to communicate both appointments to the Prince, and her hopes of his approbation. The Prince received Lady Sheffield's letter on Sunday evening and all parties are a little anxious to know his determination or answer. It is not arrived by to-day's post.

It seems since the last arrangement of the Prince's affairs the Princess receives a fixed sum for all expenses of herself and establishment, out of which she pays the Ladies and Women of the Bedchamber and also (I think) the Vice-Chamberlain. On this ground she thinks herself entitled to appoint and displace them. With regard to the Ladies, especially when a vacancy happens, as in the present instance, this seems perfectly correct reasoning, and what effectual impediment can the Prince interpose? But as to a person who is equally his own servant, whom he actually appointed, and who has not resigned, the case may be thought different, and it may seem harsh, on what may appear a pretext, to depose Thomas, who can ill afford that diminution of income, of £300 per annum.

Dec. 25, *Friday*, 9 *p.m.*, *Sheffield Place.*—A letter or note to Lady Sheffield from the Prince, and in his own hand, is just arrived, approving of Lady Glenbervie's appointment and allowing that of St. Leger, and written in terms so flattering to Lady Glenbervie, though equally true, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing it.

"The Prince of Wales has received Lady Sheffield's letter, to which he is sorry circumstances would not allow of his returning an earlier answer. The choice of Lady Glenbervie is such as must appear to everybody fortunate, since no person can be more truly respectable in every point of view than her Ladyship.

"The Princess is undoubtedly quite at liberty, if she thinks it fit, to appoint Mr. St. Leger to attend upon her.

"The Prince of Wales entreats Lady Sheffield to accept the assurances of his regards.

"Carlton House, *Dec.* 23, 1807."

Dec. 30, *Wednesday*, 8 *p.m.*, *Sheffield Place*.—Mrs Clinton (Lord Sheffield's second daughter) told us a repartee of an English gentlewoman of her acquaintance to a vulgar rich upstart fine lady from Ireland. They were playing at cards against one another at Bath and the English lady, having lost, offered the other a banknote in payment. "Madam," says the Irish fine lady, "in the great houses in Ireland, we always make use of gold." "Madam," replied the Englishwoman, "we always use paper in our little houses in England."

The following lines are said to have been made extempore many years ago by that very eccentric character, Lord Erskine, on Lady Lavington, then Lady Payne. He was suffering with the tooth, and Lady Payne expressed her pity for him.

I own I am ill,
But I do not complain ;
He never knew pleasure
Who never knew *pain*.

If the spelling coincided this would be a better *jeu de mots* than Lord Orford's on Lady Brown,[1] as it contains a sentiment as well as a compliment. Those must be squeamish critics who are not amused both by the one and the other.

Lady Glenbervie received to-day the following letter in the Princess of Wales's own hand :

"My dear Lady Glenbervie,

"I cannot omit congratulating you and myself of the happy conclusion which through the medium of Lady Sheffield's negotiation with the Prince has succeeded so entirely satisfactory for all parties concerned. And everybody must confess that at least in this instance the Prince's and my sentiments are so congenial on your account, and that this may be the first symptom that in the year of our Lord 1808 our sentiments will be always in unison for the future.

"My mother begs of me to assure you how heartily glad she is that I have such a friend and such a Lady about me,

[1] See Vol. I, p. 103.

who does so much credit to the choice I have been fortunately able to make by your kindness in accepting the situation in my Family, and accept in the mean time, My dear Lady Glenbervie, the sentiments of my highest regard and sincere friendship with which I am,

"Your C.P.

"Blackheath, *Dec.* 28, 1807."

To this letter Lady Glenbervie immediately wrote a respectful answer.

Dec. 31, *Thursday*, 4 *p.m.*, *Sheffield Place.*—While Lady Glenbervie was reading the above letter from the Princess yesterday morning at breakfast, Mrs. Holroyd mentioned that she had by the same post heard from Mrs. Ord that there is a report in town that a reconciliation is about to take place between the Prince and Princess. It seems clear, however, that the Princess writes only in jest about future congeniality of sentiment, and Lady Sheffield thinks that, since the *delicate investigation*,[1] the Princess is quite determined against ever living with her husband.

We have amused ourselves in conjecturing whether the Prince consulted Lady Hertford before he gave his approbation to Lady Glenbervie's appointment. He visits every forenoon when they are both in town and often dines *en famille* with her and Lord Hertford, and it is said that when absent, and often when they are both in London, he employs a great part of the morning every day in writing to her. What can be the topics of correspondence? She is near fifty and has been a grandmother more than twelve or fourteen years. The Prince is not much younger. Lord Hertford is said to have a revenue of above £70,000. What can be the motive of his connivance at an intercourse almost equally inexplicable whether it be commercial, or, as many people suppose, only sentimental.

[1] The inquiry, held in 1806, by a commission consisting of Lords Erskine, Grenville, Spencer, and Ellenborough into the rumour that William Austin (the "little Willy" of this journal) was the Princess's son. The commissioners unanimously acquitted the Princess, but censured her for levity of manners.

Lord Guilford used to say that the Prince's early, probably first, love letters, written to Mrs. Robinson (called at the time in the newspapers Perdita, and the Prince Florizel) were remarkably well written. They were bought over by Government or the King for, I think, £5,000.

1808

Jan. 13, *Wednesday*, 8 *a.m.*, *London.*—I saw Souza, the Portuguese Minister, yesterday, at the coffee house or *restaurateur's* lately established in Bow Street, where I had gone to dine from curiosity, as it is a place much cried up, the master, Jacquier, having been *maître d'hôtel* to Lord Clarendon, and giving his cook and countryman 150 guineas a year. Milne dined with me. The fare was better than in the ordinary coffee house in London, English or French But the bill for a very temperate meal both in the quality and quantity, including indeed a bottle of *soi-disant* Côte-rotie at 13s. 6d. and one of Busales[1] at 5s., amounted to £1 14s. Waiter 3 shillings: in all £1 17s.

When I was last at Paris I think I dined better a great deal for six shillings a head at Beauvillier's, then a *restaurateur* in the Palais Royal, who was in great vogue. The profession of *restaurateur* was not known till a few years before. It came in place of the *table d'hôtes*. I mention the prices, as some slight ground of comparison both in respect of the difference of times and places. About 25 or 26 years ago, when I sometimes used to dine at the Piazza Coffee House in Covent Garden, before going to the play, two people would have dined better, and had a bottle of claret (five shillings), for seventeen shillings.

Jan. 14, *Thursday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *London.*—Touville [?] called here last night, impatient to hear what answer Fred North may have received from Lord Hawkesbury. He is not come to town, but he received at Battle a long letter, which he did not show his sister, but told her that it was not much to the purpose.

Touville has seen Lord Hawkesbury's letter to Mr. De Castre,

[1] Perhaps Bucellas, a white wine of Portugal.

in answer to that from him in which he informed Lord Hawkesbury that the Comte de Lille had come to Wanstead House, on his way to Stowe, in which he had also sent a letter from the King of France to Lord Hawkesbury to the same purpose. The answer was that Lord Hawkesbury had laid the Comte de Lille's letter before the Minister, who had been greatly surprised that the Comte had come to Wanstead notwithstanding the regulation that he should not ride nearer than fifty miles to London and that it would be expected by the Ministers that he should adhere to that rule.

Touville says he knows that some time after that Canning said to the Comte d'Artois (Monsieur) "*Hé bien, le Comte de Lille est à Wanstead. Qu'il y reste!*" If this is correct it proves three things, that Lord Hawkesbury has acted on the determination of the Cabinet; that they are not unanimous on the conduct held towards Louis XVIII; and that Canning is as indiscreet a Minister as Windham. He is, however, young and may mend. I think him also (though more apparently conceited) less crotchety and less *opiniâtre*. Touville has drawn up a statement of his whole negotiation.

Jan. 14, *Thursday*, 11 *p.m.*, *London*.—From many circumstances I begin to believe that there is a foundation for the report that an attempt is making to bring about a reconciliation *quelqu'onque* between the Prince and Princess, and I think it very probable that Lady Hertford is the promoter of this attempt, and I guess besides that Lord Malmesbury (who is the prime oracle of the Princess) is, *plus ou moins*, concerned in it. I saw him yesterday to consult him, by Lady Sheffield's advice, whether Lady Glenbervie should yet write to the Prince to thank him. The Princess and her mother have both expressed to Lady Sheffield a strong wish that she should and said yesterday to Lady Sheffield that the Prince had been very kind of late.

Lady Glenbervie is going early to Blackheath to-morrow.

Jan. 17, *Sunday*, *London*.—Lord Hawkesbury's letter to Fred North enters into some detail, describes the conduct towards the King of France as the act of the Government, not of a Department, and speaks in strong terms of the arrival of

Louis XVIII in this country without any previous notice, and it also shows the determination to persist in the directions that he shall not reside nearer than fifty miles of London. In fact, he proceeded a few days ago from Wanstead House to Stowe, where he had been received with great magnificence. He had before his going there written to Lord Grenville (or made M. d'Avaray write) to request that what had passed between him and the Ministry interdicting his approach to London, etc., should not be made a topic of opposition in Parliament.

The Princess of Wales went to Buckingham House on Friday morning, attended by Lady Sheffield.

8 *p.m.*—I called on Lord Liverpool this morning and found him on his sofa just going to dinner. He says his general health is still perfect, but that he has no legs nor arms. I thought I perceived a considerable decay, not of faculties, but in the appearance of his countenance, and the weakness of his voice.

The Duchess of Brunswick has been to see him at Addiscombe, and partook of a luncheon there. She came to see him, she said, as an old friend. He gave her the best advice in his power. To be quiet, not to thwart her brother, but to leave things alone as the best way to bring them right. He told me that the King continues very friendly to her, but that the Queen is not. That she disliked her from the first, in the belief that she governed the King, over whom she certainly had great influence.

She was (or was not, for, though the difference is rather material, I forget which) a great favourite with the Princess her mother. On his mentioning the Princess Dowager [1] I asked him if she was a woman of good understanding. He answered, Certainly a woman of parts and of great reading, especially in French history and other matters of that sort. She was in her youth handsome, but extremely otherwise from the first time he ever knew her, thin to the very bone and her features almost disgusting. He did not believe the reports about her and Lord Bute. I asked him if her beauty was gone before Lord Bute knew her. He said not from their first having met,

[1] Augusta, Princess of Wales, mother of George III, who in his early years was completely under her influence.

but certainly from his first *connection* with her, a word of ambiguous import in such a case, if he had not qualified it by what he had said before. He says she liked Lord Bute as the only person about her husband who was attached to her on her own account. "Then," said I, "he did not engage in *politics*." Not at first, he said, nor till he came entirely to govern the King, which he owned he afterwards did, of which the King was sensible and uncomfortable under it; in so much that Lord Bute would sometimes employ him, though but his very humble servant (*i.e.* private secretary) to ask the King to do things which he knew he could not obtain himself. There were people then (at the commencement of the reign) who were near the King's person, and set themselves to counteract him in everything. He gave me this instance: Lord Bute had made him ask his Majesty to make his son (the late Sir Charles Stuart) an equerry. Some days after he had made this application, having been with the King he found him walking up and down the room in considerable agitation, and ventured to ask the cause, when he said, "I am vexed that I cannot do what you wish, they won't let me."

I walked with the Speaker to-day. He condemns the Ministers for their indecision and weakness in suffering the King of France, after such a defiance of the Government of this country as to come into the kingdom in the manner he did, to pass by and live near London in defiance of their resolution and repeated injunctions.

Jan. 20, *Wednesday*, 11 *p.m.*, *London.*—On Monday last the Prince and Princess were at Court, but though he stood long close to her, he took not the smallest notice of her. Lady Glenbervie was presented to the Queen as Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess, as I was on my re-appointment to the Woods and Forests.[1]

Jan. 23, *Saturday*, 8 *a.m.*—The frost has been for several days at from 14 to 17 on Fahrenheit's thermometer. This morning the wind is in the south.

[1] He had been appointed Surveyor General of Woods and Forests in 1803, been deprived of his office during the "All the Talents" Ministry and reappointed by Portland.

I am going to-day at 11 to Perceval on official business, being the first time I have attended him in his capacity of Minister.

9.30 *p.m.*—My conference with Perceval lasted near two hours, and we went over, in a general way, most of the topics relative to the management of the forests and the cultivation of navy timber. I found his brother, Lord Arden, with him, but he left us immediately. Perceval's manner in official, as in private life, is apparently cordial at first, and ready for an equal communication of sentiments, but when you come to anything like serious discussion, or sentiments or opinions differing from his own, he grows pragmatical and disagreeably intolerant of any contravention of his own system. He was so as a lawyer, without and within the Bar, as Solicitor and Attorney-General, as a Member of Parliament, and he continues so as a Minister. This is his characteristic also in the private intercourse of society. He is a man of parts, a prompt ardent speaker, very bold to enter the enemies' quarters and often happy in severe invective and sarcasm. But his words every now and then desert him, his language is never harmonious and fluent and is often, when his thoughts are at fault, botched up by flat and even vulgar expressions. He did not pass for a very learned or a very sound lawyer, though he was full of confidence in stating himself on law subjects at the Bar, in his official opinions to Government as Solicitor and Attorney-General, and in his speeches in Parliament. His reputation stands high as a worthy, friendly, generous man, of real piety and orthodox in religion. But hence he is classed by those who are indifferent and lukewarm, and those who have no love for or a hatred of religion, among the Methodists, or, as Wilberforce and some other rigorists in Christianity are called, *the Saints*. These, by their enemies and the numerous tribe of quizzers, are often represented or at least ridiculed as hypocrites, and indeed the political use Perceval and some others made of the cry of "Danger to the Church" or "No Popery" at the last general election gave some handle to that imputation against him.

Jan. 25, *Monday*, 8 *a.m.*, *London*.—Lord Bayning told me yesterday, I think on the authority of Lord Hertford, that as

soon as the Copenhagen expedition took place, Lords Erskine and Moira went to the Prince of Wales to express their opinion that it was an unjust, unpolitic and disgraceful act; when, to their disappointment and mortification, the Prince replied that he was sorry his sentiments and theirs were so little in unison, for that in his opinion it was necessary and therefore just, wise and honourable to the Government both in the design and in the vigour, secrecy and promptitude of the preparation.

The Prince it seems says that he told the last Ministry, as soon as Fox died, that he did not intend to take any further part in politics.

His brother the Duke of Clarence told me last summer that the Prince had, he thought, great reason to be offended with Lord Grenville and Lord Howick, for that they had not only not consulted him, but had even not communicated their intention of proposing their plan for the Irish Roman Catholics to him before they brought it into Parliament.

The Duke of Portland or Lord Liverpool tells Lord Bayning that the King never mentions the King of France, offended no doubt at his unannounced arrival in this kingdom, his refusal of an asylum in Holyrood House, and his breach of the regulation that he should not approach within fifty miles of London.

He avowedly came to England by the advice of the King of Sweden, and, by that advice, without giving any previous notice, because, as his Swedish Majesty stated to him, he would certainly be refused permission to come if his intention should be communicated to this Government.

Jan. 29, *Friday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Government have, it is said, sent for Lord Melville to Duneira. He had declared he would not come to town unless sent for. Lord Hawkesbury it seems is not thought a match for Lord Grenville and Lord Howick together in the House of Lords. Fordyce heard that Lord Melville had been sent for from the Duke of Cumberland, who has taken a more marked part with these Ministers than any of his brothers. Lord Wellesley keeps a little aloof. A common speculation is that a vigorous ministry may be formed by making him the Secretary for the War and Colonies, and

restoring Lord Melville to the Admiralty, Lord Castlereagh to be called to the House of Lords with a Cabinet place of secondary importance. He would be useful there in the second rank of speakers—Lord Chatham to succeed the Duke of Portland as First Lord. He would, at least, bring with him *magni nominis umbra*. But Lord Wellesley is reported to have refused to be *War* Secretary. His object it is said is the Treasury, *i.e.* to be Prime Minister. All impartial people (not a very numerous class) seem to concur in wishing to see him and Lord Melville in active situations in the Cabinet, but the past impeachment of the one, and the charges which have been still suffered to hang over the other, are great drawbacks.

Feb. 1, *Monday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *London.*—Mrs. Fitzherbert showed Lady Anne Barnard a letter to her (Mrs. Fitzherbert) in the Queen's own handwriting pressing her to be reconciled to the Prince and written at the time of his rupture with Lady Jersey and when he affected to be or was very ill, and told his sisters that he was sure he should die if a reconciliation did not take place between Mrs. Fitzherbert and him. This was a strong step for so moral a queen to take. The ostensible motive was concern for her son's health. But a different and less amiable motive may suggest itself. The Princess of Wales some time after her marriage, and while Lady Jersey was still in her household, had entrusted a Mr. or Dr. Randolph (a clergyman at Bath), who was going to Brunswick, to be the bearer of some letters, and among the rest of one to her mother. Randolph afterwards changed his intention of going abroad, and, as he stated in a private pamphlet, sent the packet of letters back to the Princess under cover to her lady-in-waiting, who was Lady Jersey. The Princess, however, never received them, and it came out that they had been conveyed to the Queen and that she had found that in the letter to the Duchess of Brunswick her daughter had spoken in a very disparaging manner of the Queen, and had said, in particular, that she had found her to be as disagreeable as the Duchess had taught her to expect. Lady Jersey pretended she never had received the letters, but it was almost universally believed that she

had given or sent them to the Queen, who is believed never to have forgiven her daughter-in-law. When the affair came to the Princess's knowledge she insisted on Lady Jersey being dismissed.

9 *p.m.*—There has been a general rumour and impression that a reconciliation was negotiating between the Prince and Princess, and that Lord and Lady Hertford were trying to bring it about. But for the last fortnight that idea has been given up and one day last week when the Princess called here she said she had seen Lord and Lady Hertford walking arm in arm together, and everything is said to be on the old footing between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert. These are not symptoms of a favourable sort, on the part of the Prince. The Princess is manifestly desirous of being on terms with her husband. Sir Walter Farquhar went with Lord Sheffield to Blackheath to-day to see Lady Sheffield. When they were there Sir Walter said he had just been with the Prince, who had got a bad cold. On this the Princess said, "Sir Walter, give my love to him, but if you dare to do so you will be shown the way to the door." Sir Walter said he should certainly tell the Prince what her Royal Highness had said. "Don't," said the Princess, "for you will be sure to offend. But you may say that nothing but that fear makes me not send my love."

Feb. 18, *Thursday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *London.*—Milne and I returned from Dean Forest on Tuesday morning last, to a late breakfast, having travelled all night. I stayed to dine with Lady Glenbervie and Fred North, whom I found comfortably and busily occupied in writing the introductory chapter of his history of Venice.[1] I was much pleased with my own Fred, when at Oxford, and with the accounts I received of him from the Dean, from Dr. Hall and from little Webber, his tutor.

Lady Glenbervie told me this morning that about three weeks ago Sir Walter Farquhar having gone down to Montagu House to see Lady Sheffield's two children, who were there with her and indisposed, the Princess came into the room and asked Sir Walter when he had seen the Prince. He replied that

[1] This book seems never to have been accomplished.

he was then attending him on account of a cold or some illness of that sort. The Princess said, "If you think he will not knock you down give my love to him." Sir Walter said he certainly would deliver the message. He afterwards told Lady Sheffield that he had delivered it in the very words, and that the Prince said immediately, "Oh, Farquhar, she is a devil." Next day he asked Farquhar again to repeat exactly what she had said, which he did, and then the Prince, after thinking a little, said, "Farquhar, she has some reason for this. Oh, she is a devil, a very devil."

It has been a common thing in all ages to complain of the increasing profligacy of manners, especially among the higher ranks. In case my son should in his day make that sort of comparison between his contemporaries, and those of his father and mother, he may read the following articles of the *chronique scandaleuse* of the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Lady Sutherland, now Marchioness of Stafford, had the reputation for several years of having an intrigue with her husband's brother-in-law, Lord Carlisle (long the *amant en titre* of Lady J[erse]y, with whom he had replaced William F[awkene]r, when he discarded her to marry Miss Poyntz and to be afterwards treated by her as he had treated Lord J[erse]y and many other husbands). The Princess told Lady Sheffield that she knows for certain that Lord and Lady Stafford had not cohabited for a year or years, the reason or pretext being the great weakness of his eyes, approaching to blindness, when unluckily her Ladyship proved with child. Lord Stafford was furious. Separation, divorce, public exposure were threatened, but, from whatever motive, he was at last softened or silenced, and has continued ever since to live, according to outward appearances, on a footing of perfect cordiality with his wife. The intrigue, the *éclat*, and the subsequent pacification were matters of general conversation at the time. The anecdote of the child has not generally transpired and may be *controuvé*, but many circumstances incline me to believe it. The child is alive—Lord Francis Leveson.[1]

[1] Created Earl of Ellesmere in 1846.

Here is another example of the present manners.

Sir Walter told Lady Glenbervie some years ago that he had once delivered a lady of fashion in the morning who that very day had come down and presided at the head of her husband's table, where there was a grand *diner prié* of twenty people. Nobody, Sir Walter said (he was one of the company), could have perceived any difference in her from her ordinary manner, which was lively and talkative, though he expected to see her drop off her chair every minute. She retired at the usual time, but was dangerously ill during the night. However, the case was never talked of or suspected as far as I have ever heard.

But lately the Princess of Wales told Lady Sheffield that she knows such an anecdote, and also knew for certain that the person was Lady M—b—y [? Malmesbury]. The Princess added that this child is now alive at Bath, under a feigned name, and that Lady M—b—y goes every year to Bath, under the pretence of health, in order to see it. Her Royal Highness at another time told Lady Glenbervie this story as having happened to the Duchess of Devonshire.

Feb. 19, *Friday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *London.*—Yesterday morning Sir Walter Farquhar confirmed to me the circumstances of the Princess's message and of the Prince's manner of receiving it exactly as I have stated them. Farquhar began with asking if he might deliver a communication he was charged with by the Princess. He said, "Oh, certainly."

I looked into the House of Lords last night. Lord Erskine was speaking. His manner, voice, action and style seem to have been always exactly the same at the Bar, in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords. Yet the effect was in general charming to the ear, and often captivating to the taste and understanding at the Bar, flat often, ill-harmonized, awkward and embarrassed, and seldom arresting the attention in the House of Commons, though, perceiving this, you might observe him make repeated and often over-strained exertions of voice, eloquence or trick to bring back the wanderings of his audience, or stop those who were leaving the House. He was more quiet and deliberate perhaps yesterday, during

the half hour I listened to him, than I had ever heard him in the House of Commons, but the difference was in degree, not in kind.

Lord Ellenborough [1] it seems had made one of his furious, strong but clumsy speeches against the Copenhagen business. I suppose the Government Lords had received it with groans, or other signs of disgust. Erskine in remarking on their demeanour, said his noble and learned friend had felt that honest indignation which so unjust and base a transaction must inspire in a virtuous mind, and that his peculiar copiousness and vigour of language had poured forth that praiseworthy indignation, and had taken his *hammer* to knock down the futile and disgraceful arguments of his opponents.

I said to Charles Ellis and John Villiers, who stood next me on the throne, that I thought Lord Ellenborough was apt to speak and *se démener*, when he felt or acted in eloquent indignation, like a strong and active but clumsy cart-horse galloping down a miry lane and scattering mud and dirt as he moved along.

March 12, *Saturday*, 9 *a.m.*, *London.*—Lady Glenbervie entered on her functions as Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess on Thursday last.

April 1, *Friday*, 2 *p.m.*, *London.*—On Monday, 21st March, the Princess, attended by Lady Glenbervie, St. Leger and myself, went again to the Gallery of the House of Commons, and stayed during a debate from 8 o'clock to 6 next morning, on the motion of Mr. Sharp,[2] *ci-devant* hatter, but now philosopher, senator and patriot, still on the Copenhagen business. This was a very entertaining night, on account of a very odd, blundering, bold and witty speech from an Irish gentleman of the name of Croker,[3] and a very witty, very eloquent and very

[1] Lord Chief Justice of England. He had been a member of the "All the Talents" Cabinet without portfolio.

[2] Richard Sharp, member for Castle Rising; known as "Conversation Sharp;" an author and the friend of the best authors of his day, and a member of the firm of Richard Sharp & Co., hat manufacturers.

[3] John Wilson Croker, who had come into Parliament in 1807 but had not yet made a reputation in either politics or letters. In spite of Macaulay and Disraeli, he was a man of considerable ability.

able speech from Canning. We afterwards supped at the Speaker's, as on the preceding Monday, and were joined, by the Princess's desire, by Sir William Scott.

On the Saturday before (19th March) there had been a grand christening[1] and dinner for the Princess and the Duke of Cumberland at the Chancellor of the Exchequer's (Mr. Perceval). Their Royal Highnesses and Lord Bathurst were sponsors. I was one of two or three and twenty who were the guests.

On the Saturday after (last Saturday, 26th) there was a great dinner and supper for the Princess at Mr. Pole's, Secretary to the Admiralty. I was at the supper. I am to meet her at supper to-night at Lord Dartmouth's, and at dinner to-morrow at Sir William Scott's and to dine on Sunday at Montagu House. It is astounding how her Royal Highness has taken to ask for those dinners and suppers of late (for she is to have another day at Mr. and Lady Charlotte Greville's on to-morrow se'nnight) chiefly since Lady Glenbervie's waiting began. Lady Glenbervie has her conjecture about the reason. Lord Rivers has been of all the parties. Every Wednesday and Sunday there is a *diner prié* at Montagu House, at which the Duchess of Brunswick is always one, and on Thursdays the Princess always takes her first dinner with her mother, and her second generally *tête-à-tête* with Lady Glenbervie.

During one of those *tête-à-têtes* lately, Little Willy, as the Princess calls him, concerning whose parents the enquiry was during the *Delicate Investigation*, was in the room after dinner, as, it seems, is usual on such occasions, and was playing with an orange which Lady Glenbervie had given him, when the Princess, in a sort of reverie, after looking at him steadfastly, said, in her imperfect English, "*It is a long time since I brought you to bed, Willy.*" The boy not hearing distinctly showed that he did not by some gesture or expression, on which she said again, "*It is a long time now since I brought you to bed.*" Still not understanding what was meant he seemed to have thought she had said it was a long time since he ought to have gone to

[1] Presumably of Perceval's youngest son (born 17th May, 1807) who was given the Duke of Cumberland's names, Ernest Augustus.

bed, for he replied that he would go to bed immediately and went out of the room. Lady Glenbervie, prepared as she is for many strange things, was astonished and confounded beyond measure. This is a secret that must be at least a century old before it ought to be whispered, and I give my son that solemn caution if ever this part of this journal shall fall under his eyes.

1809

Oct. 1, *London.*—The Princess Charlotte lately told her mother that Küppler, her German master, had represented to the Queen that, in consequence of the late suspension of Dr. Nott her sub-preceptor from the duties of that office, she was losing a great deal of time, without receiving the useful instruction requisite for her age and situation. That on this her Majesty had remarked that it was of little consequence whether she learned a little more or less. After relating this to her mother, the young Princess said, "I know what she means by this. She means to keep me in ignorance that she may govern me. But I am determined never to be governed by anybody of my own sex. I shall always be happy to hear your opinion, my dear Mama, but even you shan't govern me." The Princess of Wales mentioned this as indicating a great deal of character. The daughter will not be fourteen till May next. It is thought to be the plan of the Dowager Princess of Orange and of our King that her grandson, now hereditary Prince of Orange, should marry the Princess Charlotte.[1] She sent him over to England last summer and he is now at Oxford for his education. Frederick likes his manners very much. He is about sixteen. We remember him a child with the rest of the family after their emigration from Holland, when they resided for several years in Hampton Court Palace.

He seems almost the only match in the present state of Europe for the Princess Royal. Her mother cannot bear the idea. She has hardly taken any notice of him and she detests

[1] She became betrothed to him in 1813, but broke off the engagement in the following year.

his grandmother, whose ambition and love of governing she is afraid of if her grandson should become the Princess's husband. Prince Lewis of Prussia, nephew to the old Princess of Orange and to the late King of Prussia, was *l'amant de coeur* of the Princess of Wales, and had *les prémices de son coeur* long before she came to England. There is reason to believe he came to England incognito after her marriage and when she was living at Charlton and saw her in private, and those who have the best means for guessing believe little Edwardina, a *protégée* of her Royal Highness, was the result. Willie is thought to be the offspring either of Captain Manby or Sir Sidney Smith.

Nov. 10.—The Princess of Wales has written in French short portraits of most of the persons of consideration, men and women, with whom she has been acquainted in England. Her Royal Highness read several of them to Lady Glenbervie and me the other day. They are in a lively, concise, epigrammatic style, with a great tinge in most of them from her partiality and prejudices. But in many she has seized, with great discernment, the leading features and particularities of the originals and those contradictory and contrasting qualities and tendencies which often may be observed in the same individual.

She gives a most unfavourable and severe character of the Dowager Lady Townshend, who was so long her Mistress of the Robes and took such a zealous and active part on her behalf during the famous investigation. But, soon afterwards, on Lord Townshend's death, Lady Townshend resigned her place, having always told the Princess she would do so. The Princess, however, affects to have been hurt by her taking this step, and has not only seen little of her since, but seldom misses an opportunity of abusing her, and imputing to her intrigues of both sorts and particularly with General Loftus, who is the husband of one of her step-daughters. In the portrait of her in her Royal Highness's MSS. she describes her as being "*basse et flatteuse à la cour, Messaline chez elle.*"

The character the Princess has drawn of Lady Glenbervie is in my judgment a singular instance of her own penetration, good taste and candour, and of the attention she must have

paid to the sentiments of others the most capable of forming a just judgment.

"Femme essentielle, sensée, spirituelle, amusante, bonne, vraie, sincère, mais discrète et sure. Beaucoup de culture et de connoissances et avec cela ayant grand soin de ne jamais attacquer les autres."

The language of those portraits is incorrect, abounding in false concords, mistaken genders, misapplied words, Germanisms and Anglicisms. She proposes, she says, to write after each character the prevailing circumstances and anecdotes on which her opinion has been formed.

Miss Hayman once passed two months in the same house with the first Mrs. Sheridan,[1] I believe at Wynnstay, Sir W. Williams Wynn,[2] in North Wales. They contracted a great intimacy and during the time they were together Mrs. Sheridan told her the whole history of her life, and among other things this very extraordinary circumstance: that Sheridan had obliged her to grant the last favour to the Prince of Wales, whom she said she detested, in consideration of his receiving 20,000*l.* from the Prince. Miss Hayman's veracity is unquestionable and one cannot imagine any motive Mrs. Sheridan could have for fabricating such a story. The Princess of Wales related it exactly as I have now told it yesterday to Lady Glenbervie.

It has long been thought very unaccountable that Sheridan, who could have inherited nothing from his family, and never had any known accession of fortune but the 3000*l.* damages which his wife recovered from Mr. Langton a short time before he married her for a breach of promise of marriage, could have lived for years before the resources from the treasury of Drury Lane were opened to him in the manner he did, a house in town, an equipage, frequent entertainments, and the train of a man possessed of some thousands a year. The 20,000*l.* may serve to explain this enigma. When Mrs. Sheridan was in her last illness, though she acknowledged to him that a child she

[1] Elizabeth Linley.

[2] Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, one of a series of baronets so named.

had then lately borne was Lord Edward FitzGerald's, her husband attended her to Bristol, and till her death, with the greatest tenderness, avowing that whatever ill conduct she had been guilty of, he had been the cause of it. He owned or more properly adopted the child, which however did not long outlive its mother.

About thirty years ago it was a very general report and belief that Blue or Walter [?] Hanger (now Lord Coleraine)[1] sold Lady Melbourne to Lord Egremont for 13,000*l.*, that both Lady and Lord Melbourne were parties to this contract and had each a share of the money.

Nov. 18, *Saturday*, *Pheasantry*.—I resume these fragments of a journal, after one of those interruptions which have so frequently occurred since I began it.

The Princess of Wales told Lady Glenbervie that at one of the Queen's fêtes at Frogmore, while the younger part of the Royal Family were walking in the gardens, with several of their attendants, ladies and gentlemen, and others of the company invited, her Royal Highness and the Duchess of York happened to come into one of the retired walks where the Princess Amelia and Lady Matilda Wynyard were walking. They were at some distance and not looking back were not aware that anybody was behind them. That Lady Matilda took a piece of paper from her pocket, wrote something on it and threw it into a hedge or bush near the walk. They then went on to another part of the garden. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess when they came to the place saw the paper and distinctly written upon it the number twelve in large Roman letters, and soon afterwards General Fitzroy came into that walk and looking with apparent eagerness on each side when he came up to the same place perceived the note and immediately took it and put it in his pocket. At night when the Royal

[1] William Hanger, who was Lord Coleraine (third of the second creation) at this time, was a man of exceedingly bad reputation and had "protected" Kitty Fisher, afterwards Duchess of Grafton, and the notorious Mrs. Baddesley. It was his brother George, however, who was known as "Blue Hanger," and he did not succeed to the peerage until 1814: so the diarist's parenthesis is presumably a later addition.

Family assembled at supper the Princess Amelia said early that she had a bad headache and wished to retire to her own apartment, but her sister-in-law, *pour lui jouer un tour*, insisted that a little conversation would give her spirits and do her head good, and contrived to keep her till considerably past XII o'clock. This happened several years ago, but then, and since, it has been a very common belief that Princess Amelia and Fitzroy are engaged to marry as soon as the King dies, for it has been said that the Prince of Wales has declared that when he is King he will allow his sisters to marry whom they please.

Princess Amelia is now and has been for many months very dangerously ill. She returned about a week ago from Weymouth where she had gone for the benefit of the sea-air, but she has derived no advantage from it. Her complaint is chiefly acute pain in the right side with also a bad cough. Sometimes her liver is said to be affected, at other times her chest and lungs. Pope of Staines and Sir Francis Milman attend her, and I have heard that Baillie says the disease is in her liver, and that (though she is reduced to a state of very great weakness) she is not likely to die, at least not soon. A very eminent physician (Sir Walter Farquhar), but who does not attend her, told us the other day that from everything he had heard of her symptoms, he imagines both organs are affected, and that the real malady is the family disease. But he added that he had reason to think distress of mind had a great share in bringing it on. The Court ladies have observed that for some time past General Fitzroy has treated her with great harshness, or even brutality. At an earlier period personal familiarities had frequently been observed to pass between them.

The Duke of Brunswick's fourth son (but on whom the succession was settled some years ago, in consequence of the death of the elder brother and the imbecility of the two others) arrived in England this autumn after a retreat from the heart of Germany with a corps of about 2,000 men, most of whom he brought safely to this country. This retreat, as well as his spirited exertions in the earlier part of the year with his little army, has been much celebrated, and he has been talked of as

another Xenophon. But even his father is a striking instance that military fame is a very uncertain possession till the object can probably no longer enjoy or perhaps even value it. He has a handsome, genteel and pleasing countenance and gentleman-like figure. No fair opinion can be formed of his intellectual qualifications from having seen him, as I have only done, in mixed and generally large companies, especially as he speaks very indifferent French, and no English.

I dined twice with him at the Duke of Clarence's soon after his arrival, and on both occasions the Prince of Wales and most of the royal brothers met him. The first day was I think the first time he and his brother-in-law had met. He arrived late and made apologies for it, but the Prince assured him he was quite in time, attached himself to him entirely, placed him on his right hand at table, and immediately after dinner introduced a bumper to his health with a long panegyric on his prowess, heroism and the Lord knows what, and on the illustrious example he had set to the other sovereigns on the Continent, observing in the course of what he said that *from his own near connection with him* what he said might perhaps be suspected of partiality. He concluded with the command of three times three, as he had begun, before he rose (for he spoke standing) by "*Gentlemen, please to fill your glasses, a bumper.*" How princely!

The Duke seems on the best terms with his mother and sister, but the Ministers are clearly shy of him, and the Prince of Wales's attentions to him are entirely fallen. He had been but once invited to Frogmore and the King has shown great unwillingness to see him. All the Royal Family except himself and his sister and mother (except Princess Amelia and Princess Mary, who were at Weymouth) were invited to the festival given by the Queen on the day of the Jubilee, and of late he complains that the Prince has entirely changed his behaviour to him.

The education of the Princess Charlotte is I fear like that of many other persons destined to sovereignty. She is now almost fourteen and does not even spell correctly. Some strange

intrigue in her household occasioned last spring the suspension from his duties of Dr. Nott, by her father's express orders and Bishop Fisher,[1] her preceptor, for whom at first she had a great reverence, is now avowedly detested by her, though he perseveres in attending to instruct her at the same stated periods as formerly. Lady De Clifford, her governess, and Mrs. Udney, her sub-governess, are supposed to have contrived the disgrace of Nott, whose friends say he has been very ill used, and it would seem that Ministers do not think he has been much to blame, as he has lately been nominated to a Canonry of Christ Church.

It has been generally reported in this neighbourhood that the Duke of Clarence has more than once asked persons who have happened to mention his niece as presumptive heir to the Crown, "Do you think that I and my brothers will ever suffer that girl to wear the Crown?" This is anticipating a question which I believe has hardly been agitated since the days of King John and of Robert Bruce and John Baliol.

Nov. 21, *Tuesday*, 11 *a.m.*, *Windsor*.—We (Lady Glenbervie and I) are here on our way to Bath. My stomach is in a very unpleasant state of indigestion, total want of appetite, and an almost constant dull pain in it. I likewise sleep ill, and am very low-spirited, though the last three or four days spent in the country have greatly relieved that (the most uncomfortable of my complaints). If I were to guess at the causes of these symptoms I should fix chiefly on my age of 65 and upwards. Lady Glenbervie has long had many gouty warnings, a distemper hereditary to her, and Farquhar has for years called hers a Bath case, so in taking this journey we are acting under his orders.

Fred was examined preparatory to the degree of Bachelor of Arts this day week. He came to us in town the next day, and on Thursday set out for Edinburgh, where he is gone to attend the lectures of Dugald Stewart, Playfair and some of the other professors. He will lose the general introductory lectures which are open and gratis, and also about a fortnight of the different courses, which he must try to supply in the best way he can. He is not quite satisfied with the figure

[1] John Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury from 1807 to 1825.

he made on his examination, but from the details he has given us we are very much. Lord Guilford has heard from Dick St. Leger that it was universally allowed at Oxford that it was the best examination of the term. I wait with impatience for Dr. Hall, the new Dean's testimony, to whom I wrote last Friday.

I have resumed with more eagerness, and in a more regular way than at any time since I first entertained the intention, collections for my edition of Gavin Douglas.[1] I *mean* to employ myself a good deal upon it during the six weeks we propose remaining at Bath.

8 *p.m.*, *Reading.*—Some little time after Lady Sutherland (now Lady Stafford) returned from Paris where Lord Gower her husband was Ambassador when the war broke out in 1793, a particular intimacy began to be observed between her and Lord Carlisle, her husband's brother-in-law, the connection between Lord Carlisle and Lady Jersey having been then for some time at an end in consequence of her having formed a new *liaison dangereuse* (for such all such intimacies with her proved to be) with the Prince.

Lord Stafford had long had a weakness in his sight which seemed approaching fast to blindness, and among the other more common prescriptions was told by his physician that he must strictly abstain from all conjugal intercourse with his wife. This requirement he had adhered to for more than a twelvemonth when, notwithstanding, her Ladyship proved with child. This occasioned of course the sort of fracas natural under such circumstances, meetings of friends and relations were held, and divorce, separation, exposure, etc., threatened. But it soon appeared that as he had continued all the time to live and sleep under the same roof with her, no divorce could take place, and being of a cold deliberate temper and probably long not entirely unapprised or unsuspicious of his wife's gallantries, which are not supposed to have begun with Lord Carlisle, Lord

[1] Gavin Douglas (1474?-1522), Bishop of Dunkeld, poet and translator of the *Æneid*. Glenbervie claimed him for an ancestor. The critical edition of his works which he intended is often mentioned in the diary but was never completed.

Stafford at last determined to hush the matter up, and the birth of a male child having in due time taken place, the boy was ushered into the world and christened Francis, with the same giving and receiving of joy by his legal father as the rest of his children had been. He is now about [nine][1] years of age. Lady Glenbervie has just repeated this anecdote to me (having told it me formerly) as she had it from the Princess of Wales, whose house steward, Mons. Sicard, was *maître d'hôtel* in Lord Stafford's family when the *éclat* happened. The Princess says she was told all the circumstances by him, and when she was relating them to Lady Glenbervie he happened to come into the room and the Princess turned and asked him, "What is the name of the child who was born when you lived with Lord Stafford and which occasioned such a violent piece of work?" He immediately answered, "Francis," but left the room hastily as if vexed at this appeal and afraid of further questions.

At Paris Lady Gower was much talked of as partial to the last extremity to Mr. Ferguson (of Craidarroch), nephew to Lord Stair, but then a clerk to Herries, a banker at Paris, in the forenoon and a fine gentleman at the Ambassador's the rest of the day; afterwards called to the Bar and a democratic lawyer in London, but still a fine gentleman. Not succeeding in business in Westminster Hall he went abroad I believe either to the East or West Indies. The ladies reckoned him very handsome.

The English at Paris also gave the Ambassadress another lover who is not at all handsome—Mr. Huskisson, who went to Paris to his uncle, Dr. Gem, an English physician long settled there but more famous as the friend or adherent at least and in their irreligious opinions and doctrines the disciple of D'Alembert and the *Encyclopédistes* than for his eminence in his profession. His nephew I believe was meant for that profession, but being taken into Lord Gower's (and according to the scandalous chronicle Lady Gower's) employment, he came to England with them, was recommended by Lady Gower to Dundas, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Colonies and

[1] He was born 1st January, 1800.

War. He made him a sort of extra clerk to read and digest French documents and to see the numerous French emigrants who then swarmed to that office, and with whom neither the Minister (Dundas) nor his two under-secretaries, Nepean and King, could hold any direct intercourse from their ignorance of their language, who, in general, even in circumstances where it would have been so useful to them, never would take the trouble to learn ours. When that office was divided and the Home part given to the Duke of Portland on the coalition of the alarmists with Pitt in 1794, Dundas retaining the War and Colonies, he took Huskisson with him and advanced him to be an Under-Secretary of State. On the resignations at the end of 1800, he lost that situation. On Pitt's return to office in 1803 he was made Secretary to the Treasury, was removed by the Fox and Grenville Administration, was restored again when the King dismissed them, and has lately again resigned at the same time, and, as is understood, as having connected himself with Canning. He has established the reputation of a very able man and one of the best secretaries for the finance branch of the Treasury in the office and in Parliament of the many I have remembered. This is the character given of him by friend and foe. His manners are dry, and not obliging, and he has no eloquence. But he has always seemed to me very shrewd. Wilson told me he heard Lord Melville say in Scotland where he and Lord Melville and Huskisson were on a visit at Blair (in the interval between two administrations) that Mr. Pitt thought Huskisson one of the ablest men in the kingdom. I have never liked him, since my first acquaintance with him, when I was at Paris in 1791. But I cannot say nor do I think any harm of him, but that his manners are reserved, important, and, in short, to my taste very disagreeable. He was indeed a member of the clubs of 1789 and the Jacobins at an early part of the French Revolution and has been accused therefore of Jacobinism by Cobbett (even in his *Register*) while he was a Royalist, and by others, but he was of those clubs when almost every young English traveller was ambitious of being of them and many were, and my opinion is that Huskisson might say of himself what Bourgoing said to

Lord St. Helens of himself. He had been attached to a French Ambassador in Spain, but in a subaltern situation, when he published the first edition of his book. In that edition he was full of respect and admiration for the Royal Family of Spain. After the Revolution he was sent by the Convention I believe or the Directory as Envoy to Madrid and before his arrival had published an enlarged and improved edition in which he had softened or suppressed every expression and token of Royalism. Lord St. Helens (who told me the anecdote) was on a very easy footing with him and took occasion one day to say that he had been reading his new edition and perceived that though so good a Royalist in the former he was now become as good a democrat. To this Bourgoing with much ease and frankness immediately replied: "*Tenez, mon ami, je vous dirai entre nous, sans le moindre détour ou reserve, que je ne suis ni pour le royalisme ni pour la démocratie. Je suis pour Bourgoing.*"

Nov. 26, *Sunday*, 8 *a.m.*, 14 *Sidney Place*, *Bath.*—We arrived here the day before yesterday. I have passed five or six weeks here before at two very different periods of my life. The first time was forty years ago in the autumn of 1769. I was then 25. I had returned in March from Vienna where I had spent above a year, in the best society I believe in the world, caressed, I may say, and very popular, partly owing to the effect of a naïveté which belonged less to my character than to the novelty of my manner and exterior deportment on the persons into whose familiarity and daily intercourse I was thrown all at once. I had lived till I was 21 at Aberdeen, and in Aberdeenshire, except some months of each of the winters '62, '63 and '64 at Edinburgh, and there only as a student. I had employed five or six months from August to February 1765-6 in looking at London and its environs, in the sights, amusements and pleasures, which occupy young provincials in general who come to the metropolis with few or but obscure relations there, without recommendations, or means of introduction, and without rank, fortune or pretensions.

From London I had gone by the way of Holland and Flanders to Paris, where and in the neighbourhood I had spent my time

for about a twelvemonth nearly as at London. I had then travelled to the south of France in the spring of 1767 and loitered in those then happy provinces till June, waiting for a friend who was to join me there and visit Italy with me. I had, with that friend, taken a hasty view of Marseilles, Toulon, Antibes and Nice, and of Oneglia, Monaco, Genoa, Porto di Venere, Lucca, Pisa, Leghorn and Florence. At each of those places we saw most of what travellers in general see. I carefully consulted Cochin's *Picturesque Tour*.[1] I even measured columns, fronts of churches and palaces, looked at curious books and admired pictures and statues, and took many notes and memorandum. But having little taste for art of any sort, and no skill, those objects made but a slight and in general a very transient impression on my mind. I frequented such operas as happened to be performed, but having less of a musical ear almost than anybody I have ever known, I never attempted to force my nature to admiration or pleasure from that source of delight to so many people.

My friend was called home from Florence and the excessive heat having determined me to postpone going to Rome and Naples till the winter (that delay was one of the many exceptions to the common saying: "I returned from Germany to England without ever revisiting Italy"), I accompanied him on his way northward over the Apennines to Bologna, Modena, Parma, Pavia, Piacenza, Milan, Lodi, Novara, Vercelli and Turin. He quitted me there, and I continued a fortnight or month (I really forget which) at that place.

I then, with another English acquaintance who happened to arrive at Turin at that time, travelled in a clumsy chariot, which we bought I think at Milan, by that town, Mantua, Cremona, Brescia, Bergamo, Verona, Vicenza and Padua to Venice, embarking ourselves and our *legno* (the term in those parts equally for a boat and a coach) on the Brenta at Padua. At Venice I remained from September till the end of February. There I had lived, after the first fortnight, with all the foreign

[1] Presumably the *Voyage d'Italie* of Charles Nicholas Cochin, published in 1758.

ministers and their families, and, owing to the friendship of a lady, the daughter of an English gentleman, the widow of an Ambassador of Maria Theresa to the Republic of Venice, but herself a native of Venice, and from her birth, beauty and extraordinary talents and accomplishments, as well as her excellent qualities of the heart and temper, beloved and intimate in all the best Venetian society, I had also the singular fortune of being equally *faufilé* in the circles of the most eminent of the Venetian nobility.

During these five months I had no doubt acquired a little more of the knowledge and manners of the world than I brought with me. But still it was the Venetian world, which was, in those days, quite *sui generis*, and if it had effaced some of the original *vestigia ruris*, it had on the whole probably rendered me in the eyes of the Austrian Court still less like themselves than I should otherwise have been. Another cause, however, of the agreeable footing on which I found myself at Vienna was the favour I happened to find in the eyes of that singular personage Prince Kaunitz, whose example, tastes and predilections were as much felt and imitated in private life as his power was unlimited over his sovereign in the administration of public affairs.

I had passed a day or two on my way to Bath in 1769 at Amesbury with the old Duke [1] and Duchess of Queensberry. He was very good and she most singular. I had early and always been a great reader of Pope, Swift, Gay and Arbuthnot. That was the class of poets my father was most familiar with. My curiosity to know the Duke and Duchess was therefore very great. She disappointed me and in nothing more than in what she said to me of Arbuthnot. I thought to have had my favourable opinion of his character and talents, particularly his humour, confirmed by this great friend and patroness of that set of *literati*, but in answer to some question I put to her about Arbuthnot's manner and conversation, she answered bluntly that he was so far from agreeable that he was the greatest bore

[1] The third Duke, cousin and predecessor of "Old Q." For an anecdote of the Duchess, see Vol. I, p. 76.

she ever knew. This might be a mere sudden flight of that caprice for which she was always remarkable, and which had grown upon her as she grew old, or the effect of some temporary ill-humour with her maid, or the Duke, that mildest of men. But it seemed to me to be her real opinion.

On that first visit to Bath I generally dined at the fashionable tavern of that day, I think the *Bear*, with a sort of motley party of whom I only remember Mr. Foote the player, Robert Mayne the banker, brother to Sir William Mayne (afterwards Lord Newhaven), Mr. George Gray, afterwards a lover of Lady Strathmore's during Lord Strathmore's life and afterwards, and who sued her and her husband Robinson Bowes for a breach of promise of marriage to him which they compromised by paying him £12,000,[1] Sir Thomas Milles, Lord Mansfield's mysterious protégé, and a Count Buruisky, envoy from Poland. In the evenings I remember being made acquainted with the old Duchess of Bedford and her two nieces, Dolly and Harriet Wrottesley, since Madame de Kutzleben and Mrs. William Gardiner. I sometimes made one of the Duchess's party in the Rooms at guinea Loo unlimited, a very foolish imprudent thing in my circumstances. But though a wretched player always at that and at all games, I think I won.

I also knew a little of the greatest beauty then at Bath, Lady Mary Leslie (daughter of Lord Rothes), and of Lord Milsington, who was married to her soon afterwards and became Earl of Portmore.[2] He was a miserable, starved skeleton. But he has outlived her, as she did her beauty.[3]

My next visit to Bath was twenty-one years ago, viz. in the winter of 1787-8,[4] when I had the good fortune to be introduced to Lord North and his family by my friend Lord Sheffield and formed an acquaintance with his eldest daughter, which in less

[1] The Countess, who as heiress to Streatham Castle, brought the name of Bowes to the Lyon family, married as her second husband Andrew Robinson Stoney, who also took the name of Bowes.

[2] In 1785, in succession to his father.

[3] She died in 1799, of a decline, aged 45; he in 1823, aged 78.

[4] Glenbervie wrote 1807-8.

than two years afterwards (viz. 26th September, 1789 [1]) ended in our marriage and has been the source to me of every blessing, I believe, of which human life is capable. I was then turned of 45 and Miss North was but 29, too great a disparity of years perhaps, but these twenty years have been beyond comparison, in every respect, the happiest part of my life.

Lady Glenbervie has just heard by a letter from Hare (son of Mr. Hare Naylor,[2] who to distinguish him from James Hare, the friend of Fox and the wittiest man of his time, used to be called the Leveret) that Fred has been placed in the first class of the branch of classics, and as head of the second in mathematics. I am so delighted with this that I must insert the words of Hare's letter:

> "I have this instant received [a letter] from Gaisford,[3] one of the examining masters, on the merits of Douglas's examination. I have no doubt but the perusal of it will at least afford you as much pleasure as it did myself. 'Mr. Douglas acquitted himself with great credit. His analysis of Aristotle's *Ethics* was masterly, and his interpretation of Aristophanes was as good as any which I have heard in the school. We have placed him in the first class in Lit. Human. and in the upper part of the second in Mathematics.'"

Nov. 27, *Monday*, 4 *p.m.*, *Bath.*—Lord Hood [4] called here on horseback. He is 85, rides every day and says he has no complaint but deafness, but that that failure excludes him from the enjoyment of conversation in general company. I am still twenty years younger than him, yet deafness has grown upon me within this twelve-month to an alarming degree.

Lord Carysfort is just arrived. He is fresh from Dropmore,[5] where he left the Aucklands. He says Lord Auckland is

[1] He wrote 1809.

[2] Francis Hare-Naylor, who was also a friend of Fox and the Devonshire House set. Himself a writer, he was the father of Augustus and Julius Hare, authors of *Guesses at Truth*.

[3] Thomas Gaisford, the famous classical scholar, afterwards Dean of Christ Church.

[4] The famous sailor, who was born in 1724. [5] Lord Grenville's seat.

sanguine for Lord Grenville.[1] I have no doubt he is very active for him, as, much to her shame, the Princess of Wales is. The Chancellor and his brother are loud in their complaints, and with good reason, for she is canvassing on all sides for Lord Grenville, who conducted the enquiry into her conduct, and against Lord Eldon, and through him against Perceval, Gibbs and Plumer,[2] although she must know that they saved her from total ruin and disgrace.

Dec. 1, *Friday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Bath.*—Lady Sheffield has announced to the Prince by order of the Princess her resignation of the place of Lady of the Bedchamber and that Lady Charlotte Campbell is appointed her successor. She has sent her sister a copy of her letter to the Prince on this occasion, which she had submitted first to the Princess and who returned it saying, " that it *was perfection.*" The choice of Lady Charlotte Campbell is excellent. She is noble, agreeable, fashionable, poor and *sans tâche ou reproche.* (*Si sic omnia* !) For her Royal Highness is now an avowed partisan of Lord Grenville, Lord Grey, etc. She laughs at Perceval as a presumptuous, foolish lawyer, at Lord Eldon as a vulgar bore and the whole Ministry as drivellers.

She makes her ladies invite Lords Holland and Grey, besides Lyttleton and Ward, who both turn her into ridicule (or worse) everywhere, and even Curran, with whom I dined there one day. She had been told who he was and what he was both by Lady Glenbervie and me. But when Lady Glenbervie said he had a very bad private character, she said people differed about that, and on her adding, " Ma'am, he produced his own son, in an action he brought for crim. con. with his wife (and the witness's mother), to prove the fact," the Princess replied drily, " It seems he must have been very much bent on getting rid of her." She did not after this employ Lady Glenbervie, then in waiting, to write the invitation to Curran, but got Hugh Elliot, who had accidentally mentioned that he had once been in his

[1] Who was standing for the Chancellorship of Oxford University, against Lord Eldon and the Duke of Beaufort. Grenville was elected.

[2] Sir Thomas Plumer, Solicitor-General, who, with Eldon and Perceval had defended the Princess against the charges brought against her in 1806. He was afterwards Attorney-General and Master of the Rolls.

company, to send to him. He knew nobody of a large company at dinner but Lord Henry FitzGerald, and myself a little. But the Princess often addressed herself to him at dinner, and in the evening sat herself down by him, though the room was full of ladies and gentlemen, most of them distinguished persons, and had a sort of secluded *tête-à-tête*, with whispering and great appearance of intimacy. Silly woman, she imagines she makes a friend of such a Mammon of unrighteous[ness] by this conduct; but Curran, whether a great and respectable judge (her pretext for inviting him) I need not say, is no fool and is a thorough blackguard, and I am persuaded before this time has composed, and sung too, one of the slang songs he is famous for *à son honneur et gloire*.

The key to all this, Lady Glenbervie thinks, is that Perceval refused to furnish for her the apartment above her present rooms at Kensington, and secondly because Lord Henry FitzGerald is her present favourite. He is a good natured and very well-bred man but weak, and under agreeable manners covers, in society, as violent and absurd politics as those of my old friend his late brother, the Duke.

She absolutely not only refused to desire George Lock to vote for Lord Eldon in the present contest for the Chancellorship of Oxford, but has made him canvass against him and for, not the Duke of Beaufort, the husband and brother-in-law to two of the ladies whose society she most courts, for alas! it is she who is obliged to court her society now, but Lord Grenville. The Chancellor, Perceval and all their friends are not very reserved in expressing their indignation at this conduct. To Lord Eldon, Perceval, Gibbs and Plumer they do not scruple to say she owes more than ever any woman did to anybody. I firmly believe they saved her from utter disgrace.

Sir William Scott has been one of her great favourites. His sly humour and odd manner amused her, and she liked to see that this grave *crim. con.* judge, old and pot-bellied as he is, was susceptible to her attractions, her pretty face, and speaking eyes. He seems to have thought his personal interest would, independent of other considerations, secure her Royal Highness taking

part with his brother. But it was in answer to a letter he wrote to Lady Charlotte Lindsay, now in waiting, that the Princess sent him word that she would not apply to George Lock for his vote unless Lord Eldon would make him a dean. He *had* given him a living at her instance. After this message she actually sent her request (or orders) to Lock to canvass a Dr. or Mr. Watson for Lord Grenville. Miss Hayman, her Privy Purse, is an active canvasser on that side. She indeed is much acquainted and in the society of the Grenvilles, and a neighbour of Sir William and Lady Wynn, Lord Grenville's sister. It was natural that she should wish for his success. But I am persuaded if she had not received the Princess's pleasure on the subject, she would in this case, as I suppose she has done in one of more serious consequence to an oldish maid, have confined herself to wishes.

Sir William Scott has absolutely teased Lady Charlotte Lindsay and Lady Sheffield with fretful letters on this subject. In the last to Lady Sheffield he says, " I fear the Princess will not find her account, in the long run, in giving up her *old and tried* friends for *old and tried* enemies."

Dec. 2, *Friday*, 10 *a.m.*—It is a little singular that yesterday, after writing what I set down about the Opposition politics of the Princess, I received a letter from Wilson, mentioning particulars of her conduct in courting that party, which seems to be the common talk of them, and of all parties and descriptions of people, and mentioning also both the supposed author of her conversion,[1] and that the Opposition " *don't want her.*" Wilson sees or hears all they say. He is in the daily habit of conversing with Horner, Brougham, Abercromby, Sir Samuel Romilly and others, Edinburgh Reviewers and sturdy Foxites.

Dec. 4, *Monday*, 10 *a.m.*, *Bath.*—Lady Glenbervie and I pass a great deal of our time alone together, and this I am persuaded is the most agreeable part of it by far both to her and me, though the conversation and intercourse with others and even with indifferent, and as far as I speak for myself even with stupid, nay sometimes even with disagreeable persons is sometimes

[1] Lord H[enry] F[itzgerald].—G.

useful to gratify the gregarious principle of our nature, as I suppose some deep metaphysician would call it, and to furnish us matter of amusing or useful reflexions and observation when our *tête-à-tête* is renewed.

One of our occupations, and the chief, is reading and talking what we read over together. Our present books are Lucretius, *Orlando Furioso*, and Madame du Deffand's correspondence, besides my great business, my *opus magnum*, the collation of Virgil with his Scottish and English translators, Gavin Douglas and Dryden, on which I am continually consulting Lady Glenbervie.

But another great amusement is to recollect passages and anecdotes of which we possess authentic knowledge to insert in this diary.

At the time of Lady Townshend's resignation of the place of Mistress of the Robes to the Princess, on her husband's death, the circumstance and history of that family became, naturally enough, a pretty general subject of conversation, and her Royal Highness mentioned to Lady Glenbervie or Lady Sheffield many singular and some hardly credible particulars relative to Lady Towsnhend herself. Some of these I will not believe, nor entrust to this most confidential, and as I may even now describe it, posthumous deposit. But about that time Lady Glenbervie heard from other authority what I am now going to mention.

Captain Manby, with whom my great-nephew Captain Gordon had formerly sailed in the *Racoon* sloop-of-war, was a great *protégé* of Lord and Lady Townshend. His father was a small gentleman of Norfolk and in the neighbourbood of Rainham, and his mother a handsome woman, who, as Lord Bayning has informed me, had attracted the particular attentions of the mad Lord Orford. When Lord Townshend went Lord Lieutenant to Ireland he gave his neighbour Mr. Manby, whom he knew to be a good man of business, some situation under him at Dublin, and he in consequence of this went with his wife and family to reside there. The captain and some other children were born there, and Lord Townshend continuing to patronise the family after the father's death, had him very much in the

house with him on his return to England while a child, and afterwards sent him to sea, and, as well as Lady Townshend, interested himself very much in his promotion. It was at Rainham where he first had the honour of seeing the Princess of Wales, an acquaintance which led to a very particular epoch both in her history and his. But at Rainham also a mutual passion was formed between him and Lady Harriet Townshend, then a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age, but which they long kept a secret, on account of the disparity of birth and situation and Manby's total want of fortune, persuaded that for those reasons, notwithstanding Lord Townshend's great kindness and affection towards Manby, he would never be prevailed upon to listen to such a marriage for his daughter. At length, however, they had come to a resolution to break the matter to him, when one morning as Lady Harriet was sitting alone, probably meditating on the manner of doing this, with a window open, a letter directed to her was thrown into the room, which on opening she found to contain the surprising and shocking information that the person whom she thus intended to marry was her brother. She immediately carried this letter to her father, who told her that this was certainly the fact. The consequence, as might be expected, of this shock to the poor girl, was a long and severe illness from which she has never quite recovered, though it happened some years ago. The author of the letter has never been discovered or at least has never been mentioned by any of the connections of the family.

Dec. 7, *Thursday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Bath.*—We had to dinner with us on Wednesday, Colonel Barry, who abounds in general knowledge —books, science, taste, poetry, travels, politics; nothing comes wrong. But he talks for display, and his importance, which he thinks he disguises, renders his very fertile manner of conversation very tiresome very soon. He is a great talker, and as it is not easy to find good listeners among those who can talk themselves, he I suspect chooses his seat in coffee-house, pump room and circulating libraries (as near the fire as he can) among persons whom he is able to draw about him to hear with gaping mouths

and wonder with a foolish face of praise.[1] With Lord Bute, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Coutts, I suppose he regulates his tongue by the humours of his patrons, for he speaks of them, in some measure, as such, though the word would surprise as much as it would mortify him.

Dec. 10, *Sunday*, 11 *p.m.*, *Bath.*—Colonel Barry told me yesterday that he had heard, he thinks, from certain authority, that Lord Grenville's famous letter to Buonaparte in answer to his to the King on his accession to the First Consulship, was altered and softened down considerably by Pitt at a meeting of the Cabinet, but that by some accident (or perhaps design) the first draft as prepared by Lord Grenville was transcribed and sent to Paris. It can never be ascertained to what an extent that slight circumstance may have influenced the succeeding course of things.

Dec. 13, *Wednesday*, *Bath.*—This morning Mr. Matthew Montagu gave me the following account:

Mr. Perceval sent for him immediately after Canning's resignation and the other events concurrent and connected with it, and told him that till that resignation he (Mr. Perceval) had never been made acquainted with the intention of removing Lord Castlereagh from the War Department. That on the severe illness of the Duke of Portland, which began nearly about that time, and from which he never recovered, Perceval took an opportunity of saying to Canning that he wished he would consider of some person on whom they might agree for filling the place of the Duke as first Lord and Minister. That he should like it to be either Lord Harrowby or Lord Bathurst, but that he should be ready to consent to the nomination to the King of any other unexceptionable person that Canning might suggest. Canning's answer surprised him. It was that he considered himself as connected with that Administration only through the Chief Minister, and that he could have no communication on the subject of such a change in it but through the Duke

[1] "And wonder with a foolish face of praise." From Pope's famous description of Atticus (Addison) in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. This is only one of many of Pope's phrases of which Glenbervie has made appropriate use.

himself. On this Perceval wrote to the Duke explaining the necessity of fixing on some person to fill the station which it was now too clear that his health could no longer permit him to occupy, and the Duke returned a very liberal and satisfactory answer approving of Perceval's overture to Canning. At the same time the King sent a message to Canning himself to the same effect, by Lord Liverpool. Perceval on this renewed the subject to Canning, who then declared that though from respect to the Duke of Portland and motives of conciliation he had acquiesced in the head of the Government being a member of the House of Lords he had always thought it a very inconvenient sort of arrangement, and had resolved never again to form part of an administration so constituted. That he thought he had fair pretensions to be First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, but that he was willing and desirous to concur and give every assistance and facility in his power to placing Perceval in any of the most elevated stations he could wish to fill as a peer—alluding to the Great Seal. Perceval answered that he did not think Canning could believe that he would voluntarily give up the situation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to which his Majesty had appointed him, but repeated that he was ready to admit of any unobjectionable person being First Lord, and to act under him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Canning adhered to his declaration; he resigned, the Duke resigned, and Lord Castlereagh, and the duel took place.

Montagu says that those then of the Cabinet and who continue to be of it, whose opinion decided many other joint friends of Perceval and Canning, were Lords Bathurst [1] and Harrowby. That they thought Canning's claims unreasonable and presumptuous, and therefore determined to give Perceval all the support and countenance in their power. Canning he says had, however, gained over Huskisson, and several others of the sub-ministers, to resign with him, and had hoped that Huskisson's talents for the situation he held in the Treasury

[1] The considerable part that Bathurst took in these negotiations was first revealed by the publication (in the *Report on the MSS belonging to Earl Bathurst* [Historical MSS. Commission (1923), pp. 112-119] of a detailed account of them in his own handwriting.

were so important and so difficult to replace, that the loss of him might contribute, with other circumstances, to bring about the object of his ambition very soon. He had said little of Lord Wellesley all this time, and never proposed him for Minister, which indeed would have been inconsistent with the opinion he had announced.

Montagu says he knows that Canning has engaged his word to the King that he will not attempt to make himself a leader of any systematic opposition to Government, and it is generally known that he has declared he has no blame of any sort to impute to Perceval in any part of what has happened.

What I have thus stated from Montagu I believe to be perfectly correct, in the matter of fact, and given to him chiefly by Perceval himself and the rest by his son, who lives in daily habits of intercourse, at Lord Harrowby's, both with Lords Harrowby and Bathurst and with Lady Harrowby and her brother, Lord Granville Leveson,[1] one of only six members, who, according to Montagu's information and conjectures, will adhere to Canning in the House of Commons.

Dec. 18, *Monday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Bath.*—Lord Guilford and Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] his sister arrived here yesterday. He has got the house, No. 3 Sydney Place, three doors from ours, which is No. 1. Barry St. Leger, the youngest son of the late Mrs. St. Leger,[2] is with him, and Richard, her eldest son, is to join them in a few days. He is good-natured to his sisters, as he is indeed to everybody. But the objects of his serious affection are clearly the children of that departed friend, though he knows that none of them can be his also. There never was a kind heart and honourable mind, in its original nature, so overlaid by indulgence and indolence, so duped (from indolence, not weakness of intellect) so enervated and contaminated by the society of profligates, whom he cannot but dislike as he wishes to be moral and even religious, and of assentators and parasites whom he despises.

[1] Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, afterwards Earl Granville; a younger son of the first Marquess of Stafford.

[2] The first wife of the Hon. Richard St. Leger, son of the first Viscount Doneraile. She had died in April, 1809, and her widower re-married in the following October.

He has done all he could for Lord Grenville,[1] though I believe with no success, for in spite of his name and large fortune I believe he can scarcely influence any person, in any situation, unless that of a dependence almost menial or domestic on himself. He now talks to his sister and me of the triumph of his party, as he calls it, with all the earnestness and satisfaction imaginable, without the smallest apparent sense of the indelicacy of the subject to us, who suffered so materially by the gross injustice of Lord Grenville and Fox when they last came into power.

Nicholas Vansittart[2] and George Eden[3] called on us here last Friday, the former fresh from voting, the other jaded and exhausted by his activity as a sort of agent as well as voter for Lord Grenville.

Vansittart says he heard from a person who spoke from the first authority that the Princess boasts of having secured seventeen votes for Lord Grenville. Lady Charlotte Lindsay assures us that she has no right to boast of more than two, George Lock and another. George Lock is possessed of a living given him by the Chancellor at the instance of the Princess. On the late contest being declared Lock wrote to her Royal Highness mentioning that having received his living from the Chancellor he thought he must vote for him, but desiring to know her wishes. Her answer was that he owed his living to her, not to the Chancellor, and that he would *gratify her much* by voting for Lord Grenville. This he immediately wrote her word he should certainly do, but at the same time wrote to the Chancellor and sent him her Royal Highness's letter as his apology for supporting his opponent. The Chancellor and his brother having given many epistolary proofs of their chagrin and indignation on this occasion, both to Lord and Lady Sheffield and to Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who was in waiting during the

[1] In the matter of the Oxford Chancellorship.

[2] Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1812 to 1823, when he was transferred to the Duchy of Lancaster and created Baron Bexley. He was Lord Auckland's son-in-law.

[3] Lord Auckland's second son and successor.

greater part of the contest. On receiving Lock's letter Lord Eldon wrote to Lady Charlotte a letter strongly expressive of those feelings and particularly dwelling upon his concern and surprise that to obtain Mr. Lock's vote against him should be so *gratifying* to her Royal Highness. She afterwards commissioned Lock to convert Dr. Watson, a neighbour of his, for Lord Grenville.

This conduct seems to me infatuation. The spring of it is Lord Henry FitzGerald. Her affair with him is become the universal talk and is never talked of but with disgust. It is barefaced and disgusting. She and he are continually receiving anonymous letters on the subject, and she said to Lady Charlotte, on her taking leave of her when her waiting was out, that she thought she might flatter her with the hopes of a tolerably comfortable waiting once more, as she is to officiate for Lady Charlotte Campbell in January, but that she had a strong foreboding that something horrible is to happen to her in a very short time.

Dec. 24, *Sunday*, 5 *a.m.*, *Bath.*—Windham and Mrs. Windham arrived here yesterday morning but went on this morning to Clifton where Mrs. Disney, a sister of hers, is very ill. He went with us, in the evening, to Mrs. Tighe's, where there was singing by a most beautiful girl, Miss Caroline Greville, niece to Lady Crewe and daughter to her elder brother, Mr. William Greville.[1] Windham is in excellent looks and great spirits, and very angry, like a staunch aristocrat, at the compromise with the O.Ps.[2]

Dec. 28, *Thursday*, 11 *a.m.*, *Bath.*—Lady Louisa Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's mother, is here with her daughter, (created) Lady Mary.[3] She is a lively and agreeable well-bred

[1] She married Viscount Combermere, the distinguished Peninsula general in 1814.

[2] A reference to the famous O.P. or "Old Price" Riots at Covent Garden Theatre.

[3] That is to say, she was accorded the precedence of a Duke's daughter, her brother Charles having succeeded his uncle as fourth Duke of Richmond. The mother was daughter of the fourth Marquess of Lothian and a well-known personality in the society of her time.

old lady. Lady Cecil Copley, whom her former husband had also made a Lady before his first wife died, is also here. She is connected with Lady Louisa Lennox by some intermarriage or relationship, and is still visited and much taken notice of by Lady Bathurst and all the Richmond family.[1]

It seems the ladies (at least) of that family are famous for never reading, although they are all agreeable and clever women. Lady Louisa is in this like her daughters, sisters, and even I may add, I believe, her son the present Duke of Richmond, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lady Cecil Copley told me an anecdote yesterday of her that entertained me a good deal. She was at Paris a good many years ago, probably during her brother-in-law's embassy, as I think her husband was his Secretary of Legation,[2] and Mr. Horace Walpole, who was also there at that time, was very desirous of introducing her to Mme. du Deffand. She fought off for a long time, but at length yielded to his importunity and she went to visit Mme. du Deffand in a morning. She found her alone, and, on Lady Louisa being seated, she began immediately to talk about the literature and fashionable publications of the day. Lady Louisa listened, though with impatience, for some little time. But not being able to conceal her ignorance or ennui any longer, she said freely, "Madame, I beg your pardon, but I know nothing at all of those matters. I never read, and take no interest in books of any sort. I am a great worker, and that is my general occupation and amusement." She expected, probably hoped, to have excited very unfavourable sentiments and to have been *consignée à la porte de la Madame*, as not to be admitted in future. But, on the contrary, Madame du Deffand [declared] herself delighted with her franchise, and told her that from that time she never would talk to her about such matters, but that she should be happy to see her very often. Lady Louisa accordingly used to go to her frequently, and heard from a third person that she said she was the most agreeable Englishwoman she had ever known.

[1] The Countess Bathurst was another sister of the fourth Duke of Richmond.

[2] He was.

Colonel Barry has lent me a tour he made and has written, to Staffa and afterwards to Killarney, for me to "*revise it and retouch.*" Mr. Tighe,[1] with the same request, has given me his two additional cantos, wishes much that I may find leisure to read two or three MSS. of his. I wish they would not vote me such an Aristarchus and leave me with my honest cousin, Gavin Douglas. Barry has in some measure rewarded me for the trouble of reading his short but illegible left-handed MSS. by the following *bon mot* of Porson. Miss Seward said in Porson's company that Southey's *Thalaba* would be admired after Homer and Virgil were forgotten; on which he said, "I have no doubt it may, Madam, but not till then."

[1] Mary Tighe (of whom a few pages back), daughter of the Rev. William Blachford and wife of her cousin, Henry Tighe, wrote poetry which was much admired by her contemporaries. Her husband does not appear to have indulged in rhyme, and this Mr. Tighe was probably her brother-in-law, William Tighe of Woodstock, co. Kilkenny, in whose house she died in 1810. A poem of his called *The Plants* was published in two parts in 1808 and 1811.

1810

Jan. 3, *Wednesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Bath.*—The tide of ebb and flow in the society of this place has in the course of the last week made a considerable change of the company we are acquainted with. Lord Carrington and his two unmarried daughters went to London on Monday, and are to be followed to-day by his daughter and son-in-law, Lady and Lord Gardener. Lord Carysfort and Lord Proby his son are gone to Stowe, Lord Valentia (the vainest and one of the most empty of authors, of lords or of men, but good-humoured) took his departure on Monday. Charles Yorke goes in a day or two; Windham and Mrs. Windham have not returned from Clifton. Our accessions are Sir John and Lady Anstruther with their eldest son, Lady Louisa Lennox, a most lady-like and lively old woman, mother to the present Duke of Richmond and to Lady Bathurst, with her daughter, formerly Miss Louisa but late created Lady *Mary*[1] Lennox—not handsome, but interesting, and full of good sense, enlivened by a certain archness both in thought and manner, qualities which, added to great good-humour, good-nature, and the most finished good breeding, have made her very popular, both with her own sex and ours. She has rejected many great matches and is now not young, not that she has made any vow of celibacy, but because she has met with no offer from anybody she thinks she could be happy with. She has been the great friend of Lady Glenbervie's great friend Mrs. Sneyd, and of Lady Cholmondeley. Her face has some resemblance though it is not near so pretty, to Lady Bathurst, herself also a most charming woman.

[1] "To avoid confusion with her mother."—G. She was christened Maria Louisa.

We have also acquired Lady Seaforth, born Miss Proby and daughter of a Dean Proby, her daughter Lady Samuel Hood,[1] an unmarried daughter and a son. Lady Seaforth seems sensible and cheerful, but Lady Hood is much more. She is very lively, talks a good deal without being talkative, of a good figure, fine eyes, fine hair, and a great deal of what is called countenance—a Gallicism from *physionomie*—and black eyes of great expression, with a cast of wildness which mixed with a certain *naïvété* strongly characterises her whole manner. Lady Glenbervie had a small musical party last night, where Lady Hood met two intimate acquaintances—Miss Maria Boycott, as lively, quite as wild as herself, with still finer black eyes, and the beautiful, cheerful, gentle, amiable Mrs. William Tighe, and her strange, but very ingenious, learned husband, who seems quite to idolise her, and she returns his adoration with the most unaffected appearance of gratitude and kindness, and a sort of playfulness or persiflage which he receives with admiring good nature and manifest complacency.

Among our other arrivals are Mrs. Panton, *ci-devant* Miss Mary Gubbins, formerly known by the soubriquet of *Glory* Gubbins because her more beautiful sister (who died Mrs. Dutton) was really called Honour. These Miss Gubbinses are Irish, very musical, and, in frankness of manner, bordering on impropriety, and approaching still more closely to vulgarity. They preceded the Guns in the London world, and with still finer talent for singing and more beauty among them, but much less care of their reputation, for the most scandalous admit that the Miss Guns are not chargeable with any serious acts of bad conduct, were frequented, *fêtée* and admired by the Prince and his brothers, and had become quite the fashion, in a certain style, till Honour married Mr. Dutton, and Glory old Newmarket Panton,[2] brother to the late Duchess of Ancaster and uncle to Lady Willoughby and Lady Cholmondeley. Though then old, and she pardie was very young, he had no sooner buried

[1] Wife of that great sailor, Sir Samuel Hood.

[2] Thomas Panton, a well-known sportsman, who won the Derby in 1786. He had died 29th November, 1808.

his first wife, a woman much older than himself and bed-ridden for years, and or e'er those shoes were old with which he did not follow her to the grave, than he became the husband of Miss Gubbins, now his gay and still youthful widow. He has left her 7000*l.* a year, a fine house in London, and loads of diamonds, amethysts, etc., etc.

We were at a little dramatical entertainment at her house (or rather her mother Mrs. Carr's, with whom she is now on a visit) the night before last, and after supper she with a cousin Gubbins but now Mrs. General Gents, and a beautiful Miss Wood, Mrs. Panton's friend or *demoiselle de compagnie*, sang some most delightful glees and catches. Mrs. Panton is rather hansdome with a good person still, which her dress scarcely covers, though a little too much *embonpoint*, and a bad mouth, daubed with pink lip-salve, and which unfortunately, though only disagreeable when she speaks, becomes quite ugly when employed in singing. Mrs. Carr (so called from a second and also departed husband) is the most foolish and most vulgar of foolish and vulgar female Paddies, and has the fame of having been much too convenient to her daughters before their marriages.

Mrs. Panton being the aunt-in-law of Lady Glenbervie's old friend Lady Willoughby, they talked about her and her ill-health, which Mrs. Panton imputes entirely, not to fatigue in attending her sick husband, or other concomitant and ordinary causes of sickness, but to her wearing too many clothes, an error she herself most carefully avoids.

Jan. 4, *Thursday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Bath.*—Among the residents in Bath is the Dowager Lady Nelson, Viscountess Nelson, Duchess of Bronte as she describes herself on her cards. We met her at a little concert at the notorious or, as she thinks herself, celebrated Mrs. Piozzi, formerly Thrale. She has been since at Lady Glenbervie's little musical party last Tuesday. I saw her again at the house of another resident, Mr. Leman, and I have heard and seen enough to have formed a pretty distinct idea of her character, which is only worth the pains because it influenced the conduct and the character too of that great hero and seaman,

but very vain, weak-headed man her husband. Lady Nelson is of a tall, large but fine figure, with fine dark eyes and dark hair, the remains of a fine complexion, and something altogether of a noble air. But she is stupid, heavy, yet fond of talking if she can find a listener. One soon sees also that she is in her nature eager to attract attention, and hurt if she is not treated as a principal personage. She was the Widow Nisbet [1] (I think that is the name) when Captain Nelson married her, at that time young and beautiful and probably without the exaggeration of those natural defects which time and the mortifying and most unpardonable treatment she met with from him have produced.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay received a letter yesterday from *our* Princess. Among other pieces of news, she says: "Mrs. William Spencer has taken the place in Devonshire House which the present Duchess used to occupy in the late Duchess's time. I am really glad of it as it will bring William back to the *beau monde* from which he has been in a manner secluded for so long a time." Does not this short trait go more towards a portrait of her royal mind than a volume of painting by another person could do? I think the fact very compatible with the history of this new friend of the Duke's, his own strange caprices and the meanness of her witty and entertaining husband,[2] who with equal turpitude almost, whether meant as a joke or seriously, is reported to have said that his wife's two last children were not his, but Ward's.[3]

Jan. 29, *Monday*, *Bath.*—Mr. Livingstone, who dined with us yesterday, told us that the name of Duchess d'Ameland, which Lady Augusta Murray has taken, is one of the titles of the House of Orange, to which the Dunmore family are related

[1] Lady Nelson's first husband was Dr. Josiah Nisbet of the island of Nevis.

[2] William Spencer, grandson of the third Duke of Marlborough, a wit and a poet, whose verses, according to Byron, were "perfectly aristocratic." His wife was the daughter of Count Francis Jenison-Walworth, and her first husband, Count Spreti, is said to have committed suicide that Spencer might marry her.

[3] John William Ward, afterwards first Earl of Dudley and Foreign Secretary in Canning's Administration; a brilliant and eccentric individual who died insane. He figures frequently later as a guest of the Princess of Wales.

by intermarriage between that house, that of La Trémouille, in France, of Lord Derby and of the Dukes of Atholl.

The Duke of Sussex has given the name of Esté to their son. While he lived with his mother she called him *Douglas*. He is at school at Winchester, a handsome young man, but said to be of a weak understanding, as the young Prince of Orange, now at Oxford, is also said to be.

We have had for some time at Bath, Lady Seaforth, a daughter of Dean Proby and first cousin to Lord Carysfort, with several daughters, three of whom are women, viz. Lady Samuel Hood, Frances and Caroline Mackenzie, and her eldest son, William Mackenzie, a very lively sensible young man of about 17, now at Trinity College, Cambridge. Lady Hood is a fine tall woman, pale, but with wild animated black eyes, fine teeth, and of a most original, lively, agreeable manner and a great deal of modern *belles lettres*. Frances is plain but very intelligent and possesses a considerable talent for poetry. Caroline, a fine strapping lass, fine eyes, a handsome face altogether and of a pleasant, sensible conversation. The father, who though deaf and dumb (except that he has learned to speak by the art of the Abbé [de l'Epée]) was Governor of Barbadoes and is a very intelligent person,[1] is expected to-morrow.

Feb. 4, *Sunday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *Froster*.—Lady Glenbervie and Kitty Chester left Bath last Thursday morning and were to reach the Pheasantry yesterday. She goes to town to-morrow, and into waiting at Kensington on Friday next (the 9th) till the ninth of March.

Milne and I left Bath this forenoon after church on our way to Newnham and Dean Forest. We are lodged for the night in the worst inn's worst room I believe in all England. Indeed I can hardly except Tyndrum and Fochabers in the Highlands of Scotland.

[1] In spite of his physical disabilities, Francis Mackenzie Humberston, Lord Seaforth and Mackenzie, was an enlightened administrator, rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the army, and was a patron of art and science. His latter years (he died in 1815) were extremely unhappy. His affairs became involved and he had to sell his estates ; his four sons died in quick succession, and he himself became paralysed.

Feb. 11, *Sunday*, 11.30 *a.m.*, *Bath.*—Milne and I remained from Monday the 5th to Friday the 9th at Newnham. On Thursday the 8th (Fred's birthday) I held a commission for the new plantation in that forest, when about 2,200 acres were selected and ordered to be enclosed and planted.

On Friday evening (having reached Bath to dinner) Milne and I went to the play to see the part of Romeo acted by a mad, foolish West Indian of the name of Coates.[1] Nothing could be half so ridiculous or wretchedly bad. Yet as he is said to be worth 100,000*l.* and has got a coat with diamond buttons he excited a great curiosity to see his performance. The house is said never to have been so full, and the boxes were crowded with the best company of the place. Last night, in a very crowded apartment at the Dowager Lady Belmore's, this blockhead was one of the company, and, from an eminence in the middle of one of the rooms, recited, as ill as he had acted the night before, the epilogue called "Buck and have at you all." When he had done he swallowed all the ironical compliments the wags male and female amused themselves in paying him, and said that when Drury Lane is re-built he has no doubt of receiving very tempting proposals to act there.

There is a set of blue stocking ladies here, a sort of academy of provincial and *local* critics (like the *local* poets spoken of by Miss Seward, in her life of Dr. Darwin, as if that were a class or denomination like epic, dramatic, lyric poets, etc.) who patronise and eulogise a Miss Holford,[2] as the first genius of the age. She has just published a sort of imitation of *Marmion*, called *Wallace*, on the subject of the battle of Falkirk. It is in very affected neological phraseology in irregular verse and rhyme, like Scott's two celebrated poems, but chiefly in that sort of hobbling measure which occurs too often in Scott's poems, and which if I recollect rightly is frequent in some of Wieland's

[1] Robert Coates, son of a rich merchant of Antigua. This was his first appearance in a part which earned him his sobriquet (one of several) of Romeo Coates. His bad acting and eccentricities excited much ephemeral interest and ridicule.

[2] She subsequently married the Rev. Septimus Hodson, chaplain to the Prince of Wales. *Wallace* was followed by several other works.

romances in verse, particularly in *Der Neue Amadis* and *Oberon*. Perhaps Scott may have imitated Wieland in this. He is a great reader of German poetry. The sentiments are strained, like the style, in *Wallace*, and there is a dull, monotonous gravity throughout.

Lady Isabella King (whom I have never seen) is I understand at the head of this Areopagus. She is said to be very accomplished, and bears an excellent character, but is, I find, ridiculously extravagant and dictatorial on the subject of her friend and *protégée* Miss Holford, and this her *chef d'oeuvre*. Lady Isabella told Lady Hood the other day that one stanza of *Wallace* is worth all that Scott ever wrote, and that the Scotch are a very unjust and ungrateful people to depreciate *Wallace* to a level with *Marmion*, after Miss Holford has honoured them so highly.

Lady Hood showed me a letter from Walter Scott where he gives more praise to *Wallace* than I think it deserves, though that praise evidently proceeds from a sort of etiquette and courtesy of authorship. After all, however, there are some fine passages in *Wallace*, and particularly one upon friendship.

Mrs. Harriet Bowdler,[1] another of the set, told Kitty Chester that she believed, so far from *Wallace* being an imitation of *Marmion*, that it had been in manuscript long before Scott's poems were written. Strange! since it is not pretended that Scott had ever seen *Wallace*, and nothing but a miracle could have produced such a coincidence of style, arrangement, metre, etc., unless the one had copied from the other.

Feb. 15, *Thursday*, 8 *a.m.*, *New Park*, *New Forest*.—I received yesterday a short letter from my dear Frederick which gives me a very uncomfortable account of his health, and seems to make it necessary that he should leave Edinburgh immediately. I have written to Dr. Gregory, to know his opinion.

Feb. 20, *Tuesday*, 1 *p.m.*, *Kensington Palace*.—Milne and I arrived at the Pheasantry on Saturday to dinner, where I remained till yesterday morning and then came here to breakfast with

[1] Sister of the famous expurgator of Shakespeare, and herself author of poems, sermons and a novel.

Lady Glenbervie, who has been in waiting since the 9th and is to continue till the 9th of March. In the evening I met her again in the Princess's private box at Covent Garden, where was also her Royal Highness and (still the favourite *en titre*) Lord Henry FitzGerald. All the O.P. rioting has been at an end for more than two months. It was at its height when we went to Bath.

The Princess and Lady Glenbervie brought me here to supper and I have slept here and dine here to-day and to-morrow, and think I shall chiefly be here during Lady Glenbervie's waiting.

Lady Glenbervie heard from the Princess or the Duchess of Brunswick, who met them yesterday at the Duchess's at dinner, that the Emperor Alexander has positively refused his sister to Napoleon. (I think this too improbable.)

When the Empress Josephine read the speech which had been forced upon her at the solemn farce of the divorce, she is said to have been so much agitated that she could not finish it. Of course nothing of this kind gets into any French or even foreign newspaper or journal.

Feb. 21, *Wednesday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Kensington.*—The Princess told Miss Hayman that while at Brunswick she belonged to a society of *illuminés*, and had used to get out of her window in the night to attend their meetings.

Feb. 25, *Sunday*, 9 *a.m.*, *London.*—George Wilson called on me yesterday. He told me he knew from a person to whom Charles Ellis (the intimate friend of Canning) had mentioned it, that on the failure of the Walcheren expedition, and Lord Chatham's return, the Ministry had resolved that he should be put out of the Cabinet, but that on its being stated to the King generally that some change was necessary, his Majesty had immediately said he was himself of that opinion, and desired them to *consult with* Lord Chatham on the subject.

Two days ago Lady Glenbervie dined with the Princess *sola cum solâ*, when her Royal Highness told a great many extraordinary circumstances of the King's behaviour to her, a few years ago, when he was represented as recovered from his last

attack of insanity, and used to visit her alone, and dine with her at Blackheath. She says the freedoms he took with her were of the grossest nature, that those visits always put her in terror, that she could not refuse to receive her uncle, her father-in-law and King alone in her room, without declaring that he was still mad, while the Ministers (it was during Pitt's last Administration) wished it to be understood that he was in his senses. He once wrote her a most extraordinary letter in the same sort of style with his personal behaviour to her. She showed this letter to Canning and asked his advice how she should conduct herself upon it, but he treated it merely as a good joke.

About that time the King, going to the House of Lords to prorogue the Parliament in his state coach, said to his attendants (the Lord in waiting, etc.), "I shall begin my speech to-day, 'My Lords and *Peacocks*'"—a tolerable proof of his degree of sanity at that moment.[1] He did not, however. I think he has never been to the House of Lords since. The anecdote was very current at the time, and the Princess says that, on that day particularly, having rode down to dine with her, after he left the House, he made such a sudden violent attempt on her person, that it was with the greatest difficulty she escaped being ravished by him. Alas! alas! for Human Nature! After this came that unceasing hurry of *fêtes* and reviews which, in the end of the summer (1805) were followed by his loss of sight, and he has, as far as is known, from that time enjoyed a state of even quiet spirits and understanding (though exposed to many political and domestic trials). Many think that local malady is the effect of the scrofula in the blood of the family and has diverted it from the brain. Dr. Warren used to say that he thought Lord North's blindness had probably prevented his death, at the time when that calamity seized him.

According to Wilson's intelligence, Lord Granville Leveson, now lately married to the Duke of Devonshire's daughter, Lady Harriet Cavendish, has made many attempts through that connection to bring about a reconciliation between his friend

[1] Cf. Vol. I, p. 384.

Canning and the Fox-Grenville party, but totally without effect. With the same view, probably, it has been that the Princess of Wales has repeatedly invited Lord Holland to her dinners at Kensington, but has always met with a refusal, as she has also, repeatedly, from Horner.[1] Lady Holland has said (as I was told by Lady Sheffield, who is an old friend of hers) that the Princess has tried to storm Holland House, but that she shall never get into it.

March 1, *Thursday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Kensington*.—On this day in the year 1771 I arrived from Paris and have been domiciliated in London ever since, a space of thirty-nine years!

Canning, Ward, Payne Knight, Lord Gower, Lord Archibald Hamilton, Lord Henry FitzGerald, Lady Glenbervie, Miss Hayman and myself dined here yesterday. All but Canning, Lord Archibald and Payne Knight remained to sup. Canning was out of spirits, and I think his favour, or the confidence in him of the royal mistress of this house, is on the wane. The subject of reviews and sermons was started by her Royal Highness. She is at present *engouée* with the wit and agreeableness and wit [*sic*] of Sydney Smith. She asked Canning if he had read Sydney Smith's sermons. Only one, his late visitation sermon. Princess: "What do you think of it?" Canning: "I think it *execrable*." Canning is one of the great props and they say undertakers of the *Quarterly Review*, where Sydney Smith's sermons were lately very severely handled. Payne Knight, as I learn from Hare, has lately undertaken the literary part of the *Edinburgh Review*.

A few days ago the Princess made Lady Glenbervie write to Canning to learn where Salt,[2] the fellow traveller of Lord Valentia, lodged, that she might invite him to dinner. She has a system of seeing all remarkable persons. Salt it seems

[1] Francis Horner, a prominent member of the Whig Opposition. A very able politician, but never in office and dead before he was forty.

[2] Henry Salt had travelled in India, Ceylon and Abyssinia with Lord Valentia from 1802 to 1806. From 1809 to 1811 he was on a governmental mission in Abyssinia. He was subsequently Consul General in Egypt. Part of his collection is now in the British Museum.

has returned some time ago to Abyssinia and Canning's answer to Lady Glenbervie was in the following words:

"My dear Madam,

"Mr. Salt lodges at the Raas's [1] (I do not know the name nor the number), somewhere in Abyssinia. Ever, dear Madam, Your, etc."

This is a specimen of his sort of humour.

March 7, *Wednesday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods*.—The Court came to town yesterday to dinner, in order to prepare for the Queen's drawing-room (now monthly) at St. James's.

It has been usual, since the Duchess of Brunswick's arrival in England, to invite her and her daughter to dine at the Queen's House on some of the days when the Royal Family comes to town. Last year the Duchess received an invitation without any being sent to the Princess, but the Duchess having given it to be understood that she would not go unless the daughter were invited, an invitation was also sent to her, with a letter from one of the Princesses [2] ascribing the omission, at first, to a mistake.

On the present occasion there has been no invitation to the Princess, and the mother was to go yesterday without her (and I suppose did).[3] The manner in which her daughter treats her, the disrespect and contempt for her she is at no pains to conceal, the reluctance with which she goes to dine with her twice a week, her impatience to depart early after dinner, added to the scandalous publicity of her amour with Lord Henry FitzGerald, and the affront offered by her to the King in having made herself such an active partisan of Lord Grenville's on the election of a Chancellor of Oxford—all these circumstances have probably contributed entirely to alienate the Duchess from her, and the two latter may have produced a determination at Windsor to break off all intercourse with her. She affects to Lady Glenbervie to rejoice in having escaped the *corvée* of yesterday's dinner. But this must be acting. The Duchess

[1] The title of the ruler of Abyssinia.

[2] Princess Elizabeth.—G. [3] "She did."—G.

asked Lady Glenbervie the other day if her son the Duke had dined lately with his sister. She said, " I hope he visits her often. That will keep her up a little in the world. I cannot go out of an evening, and you know she never *sees company* in a morning." That a mother should fall under that exclusion !

Yesterday, the Princess came into Lady Glenbervie's room *rayonnante* with joy at the victory of the night before over the Ministers when on the previous question proposed by Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Whitbread's motion relative to Lord Chatham's strange conduct in the affair of his narrative,[1] the numbers against were 221 to 188 only for, leaving a majority of 33. Yet I did not find there had been *any* resignation yesterday.

March 8, *Thursday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Kensington Palace*.—Yesterday Brougham sent an excuse, having a consultation at eight in the evening. The dinner party were Ward, Sydney Smith, Luttrell (a natural son of Lord Carhampton's),[2] Lord Henry FitzGerald, Lady Crewe, Lady Glenbervie, Miss Hayman and myself.

The three first are professed wits. Lord Henry's merit is of a more substantial kind. Lady Crewe went away before supper and Miss Hayman retires always when it is announced. Ward was diverting, malignant and treacherous to absent friends *au possible*. I had never seen Luttrell before. He is ugly, yet an improved likeness of his father, as his wit is much better, more safe and more polished than Lord Carhampton's.

Sydney Smith is I strongly suspect *sans foy* and *sans loy*, but far, very far, from being *sans joye*.

He told Lady Glenbervie and me some curious particulars of the *Edinburgh Review*. He says the design of it was first suggested by himself, at a tea-party in a small lodging of Jeffrey's in Buccleuch Place. The original set were there talking of different literary projects, when he said, " Let us write a review." The idea immediately caught and the general plan and arrangements were formed that very evening.

[1] Of the Walcheren Expedition.

[2] The second earl, who commanded the forces in Ireland in 1796 and was Master General of the Ordnance from 1797 to 1800. The son was a brilliant talker and made a hit with his rhymed *Letters to Julia*.

There is it seems an article by him on female education in the number of their review just published. He told us he has had this article by him a long time, and has been looking out for some title page among the advertisements of new publications that might furnish a plausible ground for printing it. At length a pamphlet by one Twiss, a schoolmaster for females,[1] struck him, and his treatise is turned into a review of that pamphlet. This is the way he and his clique affect to mention people whose names, situations, etc., and often their persons are familiarly known to them. Twiss is a man whose wife is sister to Kemble and Mrs. Siddons and has the care of Edwardina,[2] a sort of orphan adopted by the Princess of Wales. It is on this system that in Smith's criticism on Edgeworth's *Professional Education* in the former number of the review, he says, talking of the late Dean of Christ Church, "Who knows anything of a Cyril Jackson?" It is the old trick of *one* Milton, *one* Prior, *one* Arnold.

When I arrived here yesterday between five and six, I found to my surprise that the Princess, with Lady Glenbervie, was gone to meet the Queen and some of the Princesses at the Duchess of Brunswick's, where her Majesty was to take an early dinner. The day before while the Princess, Lady Glenbervie and Miss Hayman were at dinner a note was brought to the Princess from Madame Haeckel by which her mother desired her to come next day to meet the Queen. She immediately exclaimed on reading it, "I won't go." Then turning to Lady Glenbervie and mentioning the contents, she said, "I am going to be very naughty. But I am determined not to go. Don't you think I am very naughty?" A great deal of talk on this subject occupied them till they went to the opera and after their return till two in the morning, Lady Glenbervie endeavouring to convince her of the importance to her of her appearing in the eyes of the world to be on terms with the King and Queen.

[1] His wife, who was Mrs. Siddons's sister, kept a fashionable girls' school at Bath, in which Francis Twiss assisted her. He is remembered for his "Verbal Index" to Shakespeare.

[2] See p. 21.

She continued, however, to declare that she would not go, said the neglect of the Queen in not inviting her on Tuesday she despised; that it was of a piece with the treatment she from the first had met with from that quarter; but that she did resent her mother's behaviour on the late occasion as she had formerly refused to go to dinner at the Queen's House till an invitation came to her also and an explanation that it had been omitted at first by mistake.

Yesterday morning, however, she determined to go. She told Miss Hayman that Lady Glenbervie's arguments had persuaded her. But to Lady Glenbervie herself she said she had received a note in the morning from the Duke of Kent advising her to go in order to defeat a plot which he thought there was formed to seclude her from the Queen's House. Lady Glenbervie thinks this was a fiction imagined to prevent her thinking that her advice had determined her.

They arrived before the Queen, who, on coming in, kissed her daughter-in-law according to the established ceremonial but was very distant to her during the repast. The subject of the last Lady Derby having been mentioned and the attempts her mother the Duchess of Argyll made to have her received in company after the *éclat* with the Duke of Dorset,[1] the Queen said she thought it quite right in a mother not to abandon her daughter though she lost herself in that manner, but she could not think it a duty, or right, to live with such people. The Princess looked grave, and, after the Queen went, Madam Haeckel told Lady Glenbervie that she had been ready to sink to the ground when she heard the Queen make those observations.

After the Queen and Princesses were gone and when the Princess of Wales was just going, her mother said to her, "Nothing was said to me yesterday about your not being invited and I said nothing about it. Did they say anything to you

[1] This intrigue began in 1778. The Countess, a daughter of the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, is said to have been "sacrificed to his (Derby's) arms by the vanity of her mother." Her lover, the third Duke of Dorset, was notably vicious; her husband not much less so.

to-day?" The Princess replied, "Yes, by Princess Sophia. 'It was a pity.' It was not said that it was supposed the omission was by mistake." On this the Duchess answered, "They said nothing to me and I could say nothing. It was very different when you and I lived under the same roof. I see nothing of you now, I know nothing about you or what you do, and I don't desire to know." Lady Glenbervie heard all this, and was so shocked that she could not help crying. This hung on the Princess's mind. She talked of it all the way coming home with Lady Glenbervie and again after the ladies retired from dinner. She said the Princess Sophia ascribes all the neglect of her to the insinuations and malice of the Duke of Cumberland. That he is a perpetual meddler and mischief-maker and the dread of them all when he comes to Windsor.

The Princess after dinner said to Lady Glenbervie she supposed the Duchess might have heard reports of her having been active for Lord Grenville. That the fact however was that she had only been so in the case of one vote (Watson's of Shuter's Hill), that Windham and Ward one evening here had persuaded her to make Lady Charlotte Lindsay write to George Lock to canvas him, that Lock had had the imprudence instead of speaking to him to send Lady Charlotte's letter to Watson, and that he had sent it to the Chancellor. The Princess then asked Lady Glenbervie if Lady Charlotte had told her this. Lady Glenbervie said "Yes," but that she had also heard of it from many other persons.

I believe, however, and so does Lady Glenbervie, that what the Duchess chiefly meant was her daughter's conduct with Lord Henry FitzGerald.

March 11, *Sunday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—I dined and spent the evening yesterday at Lord Dartmouth's. The dinner was given to the Persian Ambassador or Envoy, who was accompanied by Sir Gore Ouseley as his interpreter. He is a tall, stout man with good teeth, a black beard, a high turban something of the shape and dimensions of the cylindrical fur caps of some of our Light Horse. He has learned a good many words and

some phrases in our language and seems to have a facility and disposition to study it.

It seems he has travelled over a great part of the East, and was at Calcutta in Lord Wellesley's time. It is whispered that he is not a man of much consequence in his own country, and the *Moniteur* some time ago represented him as a second-rate agent of the class of merchants. Perhaps it was in a mercantile character that he travelled in India. Our Government, however, think it good policy to treat him with great respect and attentions. Yesterday's was one of a round of great entertainments given to him.

He has dined some time ago with the Prince of Wales, and to-morrow is to be entertained in the evening at Kensington Palace by the Princess of Wales, where all the best company in London are invited, and the two des Hayes, Mr. and Mme., are to dance a ballet Mr. des Hayes has composed for the occasion, and the Catalani is to sing. The Ambassador has a box at the opera where he goes regularly, and seems fond of the music. He shows particular attention to the ladies, particularly when handsome, and short, a circumstance which he thinks a material ingredient in beauty. It is said that, on his return to Persia, an Ambassador of higher rank and consideration is to be sent to replace him. He drinks wine, as we do, and uses a knife and fork with as much dexterity as most of us.

March 12, *Monday*, 1.30 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Yesterday morning on my way to this place I breakfasted with Lady Charlotte Lindsay (who has replaced Lady Glenbervie) and Miss Hayman at Kensington Palace. We happened to talk about Lady Crewe, her odd, abrupt, inconsistent sort of opinions, when Miss Hayman told us that, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, Burke, who was very much looked up to, and his political sentiments greatly admired by Mrs. Crewe, used to declaim to her on the horrors of that Revolution and she used to retail what he had said to her other Whig friends, from whom he had seceded about that time, with so much *éclat*, such as Lord Grey, Sheridan, etc. They, on their part, did not find it difficult to refute his arguments, as represented by her,

and, on many points, brought her round to their own way of thinking, so that when after this she happened again to see Burke, he would find all his good doctrine shaken or rejected by her. This happened so often that he began to lose all patience with her, and said to Miss Hayman one day, "Our friend Mrs. Crewe is quite intolerable. She puts me in mind of the ship in the *Arabian Nights*. When I have built her up and launched her with secure nails to keep her tight and sea-worthy, she no sooner approaches the *Mountain* (so the Democratic party was then called in reference to La Montagne in the French Assembly) than by a magnetic power it attracts all the nails I had driven into the ship and it falls entirely to pieces."

March 15, *Thursday*, 4 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—On Monday last I dined at the Duke of Montrose's. Lady Hume, daughter to the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Huntly, Lord Sidney, Lord Frederick Montagu and another gentleman dined there, besides the family. Lord Huntly never misses an opportunity of giving it to be understood that he does not intend to marry. This is a strange thing for a handsome man, now past the heyday of youth, heir to a great fortune, rank and name, and the only lineal male descendant of the ducal branch. It is generally believed he has taken this resolution in consequence of his mother having prevented his marriage with her niece, Miss Maxwell, now Mrs. Dupré, which she is said to have done in a very unhandsome manner, by intercepting and stopping their letters to each other, and making each appear neglectful to the other. This Lord Huntly discovered, but not till after his cousin (who is very handsome) had from *dépit* and by the persuasions of the Duchess married Dupré.[1] Lord Huntly has a natural son, by a servant maid, who is now a grown lad, and at a country school in Aberdeenshire. Milne has seen him. He is called the Marquess by his schoolfellows, and it is thought probable in that part of the world that he will, before he dies, legitimate him by a declaration of his marriage with the mother. He only makes her a small allowance proportioned to her original

[1] The Marquess of Huntly, who succeeded his father as fifth Duke of Gordon in 1827, changed his mind and took a wife in 1813, but had no children by her.

station, not to the character of his future wife. Lord Aboyne is next heir to the estate and family, but only to the marquisate.[1]

The Duke of Montrose in the evening carried his eldest daughter Lady Charlotte, who was presented last Thursday (the 8th), and myself to the Princess of Wales's *fête*. It was very numerous and the company was, in general, the best in London. I saw no Ministers there but Lord Bathurst. Indeed, as both Houses of Parliament sat late that night, very few members of either House were there. Ward, Lord Granville Leveson, Lord Henry FitzGerald (of course) and Archibald Hamilton (not of course, as Lady Oxford is ill and confined) and Matthew Montagu were the only Commoners I recollect. The entertainment was, first a sort of circle in the first room, where the Princess received and spoke to everybody very graciously and very gracefully. She was supported by none of the Royal Family except the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, and the Duc de Berry was the only one of the French Princes who was present. After this circle she returned to the dining room and with the Princess Sophia seated herself on a sofa opposite the middle pier between the two chimneys. Against that pier another sofa was placed, on which she desired me to place the Persian Ambassador between me and his interpreter, Sir Gore Ouseley. At the end there was a harpsichord on which Naldi accompanied Mme. Catalani, who sang some favourite music, both alone and duets with him.

When this was over the company spread themselves in the three rooms and the Princess walked about, as did her guest the Persian Envoy Extraordinary (for so he describes himself on his cards, and not as Ambassador). He seemed rather impatient to get off the sofa on account of the, to him, unnatural posture of pendant feet and legs. While Catalani was singing and some of the rest of the company were applauding by the received European interjection of " Bravo, Bravo," he frequently called out " Fine fellow, fine fellow." He asked me who the Princess Sophia was, and when I told him he asked whom she was to

[1] To which he succeeded on his kinsman's death, the dukedom becoming extinct.

marry. I said, would she not be a proper match for the Prince of Persia, on which he replied, through his interpreter, that he would mention it to the Ambassador who is coming to replace him.

After a little time Mr. and Mme. des Hayes danced the *Minuet de la Cour*, and then a quick gavotte in the first room; then there were a few country dances, the Princess Sophia beginning, and after that another dance by the des Hayes, to a lively tune and in the figure of a minuet. This was repeated. I returned soon after—about half-past one. A select party consisting of Mrs. and the two Miss Poles, Sydney Smith, Ward, Lord Henry (of course), Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who is in waiting, and I think one or two more.

The Persian has sent numerous invitations for to-morrow for cards. Lady Glenbervie goes to Eden Farm, a melancholy visit,[1] and yet with her one of inclination and duty. I dine and was to have supped, and probably still shall, at Legge's at Putney to-morrow, yet I am a little tempted to go to the Persian's entertainment.

The Duke of Kent's band played in the hall while the company were assembling.

March 23, *Friday*, 9.30 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods*.—On Sunday last I went by appointment to the Princess of Wales's at Kensington and attended her Royal Highness, with Lady Charlotte Lindsay (in waiting) and Miss Hayman (in attendance), to the chapel in the Palace, where, at her desire, Sydney Smith preached his already often-preached sermon on toleration. The general doctrine of this discourse was certainly right, and entitled to the assent of every honest, enlightened and dispassionate Protestant, but the tendency and purpose certainly, however disclaimed by a few parenthetical phrases, was political, and, in co-operation with the anti-ministerial and revolutionary party of the day. I suppose it will be printed. Perhaps it is already printed. The text, "The Lord maketh the sun to shine on the righteous and

[1] Because, two months before this, William Eden, Lord Auckland's eldest son, had, after a disappearance of several days, been found drowned in the Thames.

the unrighteous," might as nearly as well have been employed for inculcating the toleration of vice and crime of every sort and degree.

The style and manner of his sermons resemble very much the peculiarities of his conversation. A mixture of real and affected pithiness, a robust but often familiar elocution ill-suited to the pulpit, and hostile to the effect of whatever argumentative or persuasive eloquence he might otherwise sometimes reach. There is no unction in his manner or style, nothing scriptural, at least nothing except a few expressions introduced at certain distances, by way of what the lawyers call the exclusion of a conclusion, that might not be said by a mere heathen.

We walked in Kensington Gardens with the Princess, Lady Charlotte, the Berrys, Miss Hayman and me, after church, when the Princess was loud in her encomiums on the subject and sermon, all of which the Berrys, especially Mary, re-echoed and enhanced.

Her Royal Highness then sent for Smith and paid him many compliments, which he swallowed with the smirking complacency of a man who manifestly thought he deserved them all. Before he joined us I ventured to say to her Royal Highness that though I entirely agreed in the general abstract doctrine, I thought it did not in the least affect the question of policy as to the Irish Roman Catholics.

Sydney Smith has the neck of a little bull and two hands like thick raw beef steaks. He uses much action for an English clergyman and particularly has an awkward habit of clenching his right fist. Miss Berry thinks no man with such a hand should pretend to action, grace or even taste. He certainly wants both the last, and it would be better for him if he would leave off the first.

Yesterday I dined at Mr. Charles Grant's, Chairman of the East India Company. We were sixteen and there came a large addition of Saints, male and female, after dinner, *entre autres* Wilberforce (who though the Coryphaeus of the Saints is always very agreeable), Mrs. Weyland, who though growing fast into a Saint and Methodist, is and always must remain very good,

friendly and cheerful, Mrs. Sam. Thornton, Lady Teignmouth, a grand be-velveted and be-furred, vulgar Leaden-hallish Bengalish saint-like new-fangled lady of quality,[1] and the Reverend, and with the Indian Saints, patriarchal, Dr. Owen.[2]

March 25, *Sunday*, 3 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—The war of the O.P.'s or the riots at the New Theatre of Covent Garden for the purpose of restoring the old prices for the pit continued till the purpose was gained. They were carried in defiance of the police, and to the scandal of the Government. In several instances the Middlesex juries decided in their favour against the direction of the judges and magistrates, and as Clifford, a noted Roman Catholic and yet democratic Counsel, placed himself at their head, and was triumphant in one of the prosecutions to which they gave rise, they began to wear the appearance of connections with the growing faction of levellers in and out of Parliament. The rioters distinguished themselves by the letters O and P in large capitals stuck in their hats or on their breasts, and frequent allusions were made to the party of O.P.'s in the debates in both Houses. This gave rise to the application by some punster of the following line in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :

Effodiuntur *opes, irritamenta malorum.*

Such odd applications and verbal or rather literal pleasantries when they are real impromptus are sometimes amusing. Such for instance was Lord Erskine's joke when Opie the painter's death was first mentioned, when he said, " If O.P. is dead, Old Q. (being the nickname commonly given to the Duke of Queensberry) will probably go next."

July 3, *Tuesday*, 6 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Frere (John Hookham) called on Lady Glenbervie about a fortnight ago, when the Princess came in and expressing some contempt for the present Ministry, Frere with an affected surprise said, " What, then, your Royal Highness is in Opposition ? " " To be sure I am," she replied, " most decidedly."

[1] Lord Teignmouth had been Governor General of India and was first President of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

[2] Presumably John Owen, secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

This is the first day of the ceremonies of the Encaenia or installation of Lord Grenville as Chancellor of Oxford. He has been so ill as not to have been able to attend the House of Lords for six or eight weeks. His complaint is in the head. Some say a mollification of the skull. His father it seems died of some complaint of that sort. His friends are afraid the fatigue he will have to undergo this week may occasion a relapse.

Fred North has had a good deal of intimate or confidential discourse with the Queen of Naples at Palermo. One day lamenting the fate of herself and her family she said to him that the last affliction was one of the greatest, viz. to have lived to see a grand-daughter of hers married to Buonaparte, "*et à present*," *dit elle*, "*elle est grosse d'un Mameluc. Quelle horreur* !" North could not refrain from laughing.

Lady Salisbury is said by the scandalous chronicle to have had a child by a Mr. Hales of Hertfordshire. A gentleman was saying one day near the time when that report was most current, to her bosom friend, the Dowager Lady Essex, that he wondered Lady Salisbury could have *liked* so plain and vulgar a man, when her friend Lady Essex replied, "That is all a mistake. She never liked him. It was a mere surprise. They had been hunting (a diversion Lady Salisbury was formerly much addicted to). The chase was long and Hales being accidentally up with Lady Salisbury when it was over, they returned home together in a hack chaise. That was all. So you see it was all a surprise."

July 10, *Tuesday*, 1 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Fred left us at half past five a.m. on Sunday last (July 8th) for Portsmouth, in order to proceed on board *La Nymphe* frigate to Lisbon, whence he proposes to visit Cadiz, Gibraltar and Malta, and then to go to Sicily, and there wait till he hears from his uncle and settles some plan for his further travels. He is now nineteen and five months and will probably not return, if the French leave us any *pied à terre* in Europe, till he is of age.

A day or two before Lady Glenbervie left Kensington, the Princess of Wales had an assembly where Lord and Lady Harrington, two of their younger sons, their daughter and son-

in-law, Lord and Lady Tavistock, and an unmarried daughter arrived all in deep mourning, together with Lord Petersham,[1] who was dressed in white from top to toe, coat, waistcoat, breeches and stockings. He is the most ridiculous of coxcombs in his dress, though so very good-natured and obliging as to excite more pity than any other sentiment. The Princess of Wales said they looked as if accompanied by the ghost of the person they were mourning.

July 14, *Saturday*, 2 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Fred embarked on board the frigate *La Nymphe* on Wednesday the 11th instant. This is an epoch in his life and in ours. His dear mother has begun a correspondence with him, in the form of a journal, which she means to continue from day to day, or at least as often as anything occurs to her she may think worth writing. She will forward it weekly. I hope he will write in the same regular chronological way to her, or to one of us. These letters will form an interesting supplement to this diary.

I was in town and visited Lady Charlotte Campbell (now in waiting) and then the Princess, last Thursday. I found her Royal Highness *tête-à-tête* with Lord Henry FitzGerald, but in the principal drawing-room and on two opposite sofas with a table between. How proper, or rather prudish! I had been announced indeed some time, and had remained in the hall franking a letter to Miss Hayman. But what then![2]

Oct. 1, *Monday*, 11 *p.m.*, *Sheffield Place*.—Lord Henry FitzGerald has either resigned or been dismissed. He has hardly been seen at Kensington since I last saw him there, and his name is never mentioned. There is now, apparently, an interregnum, which from the trials that are probably making, might perhaps be called a commonwealth. There are indications that Sir Harry Vane Tempest is intended for the vacant throne. He is handsome and profligate, but *blasé*, coarse in his manners, a jockey, and a hard drinker, with a violent temper, and no understanding. His wife, Lady Antrim, sister to that pretty

[1] The eldest son, and eventually fourth Earl of Harrington. He designed an overcoat and invented a snuff mixture, both of which were named after him.

[2] There are no further entries until the next here printed.

delicate little woman, Lady Mark Kerr, is a noisy virago. The Princess used to say she could not bear her. She now finds out that though not clever she is useful in society, by keeping up conversation, and of late she has had her often at Kensington. It is not unusual for her to court the wife for the sake of the husband, as, for instance, in the case of Lord Abercorn.

If Sir Harry Vane is really installed the tone and society of Kensington will probably undergo a complete revolution. The reign of Lord Henry had its advantages and disadvantages. He is gentle, well-bred, decent in conversation with women, and encouraged the company of clever and agreeable men, from the hopeless ambition, perhaps, of passing for one himself. Hence the parties at dinner for near a twelvemonth consisted of Ward, Sir Henry Englefield, Rogers, Lewes, Payne Knight, Brougham, Mr. Sydney Smith, Sir William Drummond, etc. But on the other hand, the Princess's unpardonable and foolish ingratitude to the Chancellor, Perceval, Gibbs and the present Ministry in general, in actively canvassing for Lord Grenville in the contest for the Chancellorship of Oxford, is believed to have been owing to Lord Henry who sacrificed her interest and character in that respect to the hope of acquiring consequence with the Opposition Party, to which he is attached with a degree of violence not to be expected from the general placidity of his manners. It was on his suggestion that she invited that disgraced and degraded character Curran, Mr. Fox's Irish Master of the Rolls, to dinner, and showed him the most disgusting attention, while there, and the same influence led her, repeatedly, to invite Lord Grenville, Lord Holland, and Lord Guilford, and also Mr. Horner. Lord Guilford has always refused to obey her commands, for fear of offending the Prince. The others I believe have had no other motive for doing so, but to show their contempt. She has made many efforts to form an acquaintance with Sir Francis Burdett,[1] but that is supposed to have been more on account of his person than of his politics.

Ward is one of the wittiest people and one of the most

[1] The radical M.P. for Westminster; father of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

malignant who of late have frequented Kensington. At Edinburgh he was thought much superior to Lord Henry Petty in abilities. Such was the opinion given me of each by Dugald Stuart. But Ward's mischievous temper and disposition procured him, when there, the nickname of *Nefas* Ward. He told Lady Glenbervie the last time she met him at Kensington several entertaining anecdotes of Sheridan and Tom Stepney, who it seems met often at the Duchess of York's. Stepney is Equerry, or Groom of the Bedchamber, or Secretary to the Duke of York. One day when they were both drunk Sheridan desired to introduce Stepney to some stranger, which he did by the following speech. "I always love to make my friend Stepney known when I can show him in the most advantageous light, and now, as already he can scarcely articulate, if he will drink but one other glass he will be quite unable to speak, and I will then present him to you."

Stepney, who did not quite relish this joke, took an opportunity afterwards of saying to Sheridan that he had a question to put to him which he hoped as a friend he would answer candidly. The other said, he certainly would. "Then," says Stepney, "the fact is that all the world say that your faculties are quite going and that you are almost sunk into a mere driveller. I have contradicted this report as much as I have been able, but I find it daily gains ground more and more. Now Sheridan, tell me honestly, is that really the case?"

On another occasion when Sheridan was quizzing him for his stupidity, he said, "My dear Sheridan, I admit that I have not the brilliancy of your genius and talents, that I am stupid when compared with the wit and humour that distinguish you beyond all the world, but there is one little quality in which you must own that I have the advantage of you. You know, my dear friend, there is such a thing as *common honesty*."

Mr. or Dr. Allen,[1] who lives with Lord and Lady Holland, is said to profess bare-faced atheism, and goes by the soubriquet

[1] John Allen, a physician by training but a political and historical writer by choice; for many years inmate and factotum of Holland House.

of Lady Holland's Atheist. It seems he has a habit of speaking to himself. Sydney Smith says he had the curiosity one day to follow him in the street and listen to what he was saying, and that he found he was constantly repeating, "No first cause. No first cause," by way of keeping himself up to his system.

Ward alleges that in a drinking company at Edinburgh where they were giving a round of sentiments, Allen gave for his toast: "The Fool"—and explained that he meant that pretended fool who has said in his heart, *there is no God.*

The following description of the duty of a Lady of the Bedchamber at Kensington, by Lady Glenbervie, has been much repeated. She said it was to sit in the worst place at table, talk to the most disagreeable person, and make everybody do what they don't like.

Oct. 7, *Sunday*, 11 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—Lady Glenbervie is to go into waiting the day after to-morrow at Kensington. She is going this morning, after to church, to call on Mrs. Lisle there (one of the Princess's Women of the Bedchamber now in waiting) in order to learn how the land lies.

We arrived in town on Friday from Sheffield Place, having dined and slept on Thursday at the Speaker's.

The Speaker told me that he knows for certain that on the quarrel with Dr. Nott and his dismission (events the real causes of which still remain a mystery) the Prince made a point that he should not receive any preferment in the gift of the Crown, and that as Ministers thought him entitled to preferment, the Bishop of Winchester had been induced to make him a Prebend of Winchester.

Sir John Macpherson's absurd vanities and egotism having become the subject of conversation, the Speaker mentioned an observation of Frederick, Lord North, concerning Sir John which I had never heard before. Sir John in a speech in Parliament had used the expression, "*I flatter myself*," over and over, when, at last, Lord North remarked to his next neighbour on the Treasury Bench that it was no wonder he should like to flatter himself a little, who had spent all his life in flattering others. It is very usual with Sir John to say, "So I said to him

(or her), in *my flattering* way ——." Sir John is also very prolix and articulates very slowly. Lady Sheffield, then Lady Anne North, said, "His words come from him like drops of laudanum out of a phial, and had the same effect."

Ward told us one day an anecdote of Louis XV which none of us happened to have heard or read before. A lady, having just become a widow, married a person of the Court who had been her favoured lover several years before her first husband's death, and some of their acquaintances happening to express their surprise that they should have thought this state necessary, the King said he supposed they had married to get rid of the necessity of seeing one another so often.

On the same occasion Ward told us what he said had passed between a couple of his acquaintances on the morning when they were married together under the same circumstances. The husband said to the lady, "Shall we have anything *particular* to do to-night?" innocently meaning to ask if they had any particular engagement for that evening.

Lord Paget may ask Lady Charlotte (Wellesley) Cadogan the same question if the scandalous plan which is said to have been concerted between these two and Lady Paget and the Duke of Argyll can possibly succeed. Lady Charlotte has been divorced from Mr. Wellesley by Act of Parliament for criminal conversation with Lord Paget, but as he is at present a married man he cannot marry her. But Lady Paget, if she can procure a divorce from him in Scotland, is engaged to marry the Duke of Argyll. Proof of any new act of adultery with Lady Charlotte would not answer Lord Paget's object of marrying her, because, by the law of that country, the two guilty parties cannot marry together. The concert therefore between the four is that Lord Paget shall, by connivance, be detected by Lady Paget or witnesses appointed for that purpose in bed with some woman hired for the occasion. That, on their evidence, she shall sue for a divorce from him in the Commissary Court, and, on obtaining it, marry the Duke of Argyll, when Lord Paget in consequence of that divorce will be at liberty to marry Lady Charlotte. It is said that Lady Paget left London about a week

ago, in the company of her maid (who it is said is to be [the] convenient adulteress), in the Duke of Argyll's carriage in order to act her part in this bare-faced and indecent farce.

If such a manoeuvre can be practised, with the knowledge of all mankind, so as to obtain the sanction of the judicial sentence of any tribunal, it will be an everlasting stain on that court, and I almost think on the country itself.

The Princess of Wales was saying one day that she hated ceremony and never thought of taking things ill or being affronted by inattentions. "No," says Ward, "your Royal Highness never minds how rude people are to you."

Lyttelton [1] is a sort of rival of Ward's. They are contemporaries, have both represented Worcestershire, and belong to two of the best families in that county. But Ward has as much more wit and real talents than Lyttelton as Lyttelton has better looks and more good nature than Ward. Lyttelton is very handsome and has his share of wit, but he is always aiming at it and oftener misses than hits. Besides, he has a most disagreeable voice and an abrupt familiarity, often very offensive. This familiarity he carried far indeed in an instance where one could not be sorry for it, considering the vulgar and coarse familiarity of the object of it. Lord Limerick happening to come into a large mixed company where Lyttelton was, soon after he had made a speech in the House of Commons, when Lord Limerick was present under the Gallery, the latter, who had but a very slight acquaintance with Lyttelton, chose to say to him, "You were very much at home indeed and at ease in the speech you have been making; I expected every minute that you would offer the Speaker a pinch of snuff." "Why," replied Lyttelton, "I believe I should, if I had happened to have any *Irish blackguard* by me."[2]

It is a maxim of Lady Glenbervie's that in general there is nothing so unlike a gentleman as a Prince. This resembles

[1] William Henry Lyttelton, afterwards third Lord Lyttelton of Frankley. He was member for Worcestershire from 1807 to 1820. He was an eloquent speaker.

[2] "A sort of snuff so called."—G.

what —— [*sic*] said to the Regent of France, viz. that after Jupiter had made all other creatures there was some refuse dirt remaining of which he formed footmen and princes. Lady Glenbervie had an example yesterday of the justice of her maxim in the case of Princesses as well as Princes. A letter arrived a day or two ago at Kensington directed distinctly to Lady Glenbervie there and franked by Lord Desart. It was taken to her Royal Highness, who read it and then sent it to Mrs. Lisle by one of her women, with directions to send it to Lady Glenbervie and say (merely) that the Princess had opened her love letter. Luckily the letter contained nothing but a short notice that Lord Desart had heard from Fred, that he was in good spirits and had reached Gibraltar. It might very probably have contained pretty free remarks on her Royal Highness. This morning, Lady Glenbervie having called on Mrs. Lisle, the Princess came into the room and after sitting a while and talking on other subjects, said, "O! your letter *was brought to me and I thought it best to open it to see what it was about.*" On which Lady Glenbervie, who had been very angry on the subject, and had been talking it over with Mrs. Lisle, coloured violently, and replied: "*It was very lucky the letter was only about my son, for your Royal Highness must be sensible that I might have been very angry.*" The Princess coloured in her turn, and looked foolish.

Mrs. Lisle thinks close siege has been laid to Sir Harry Vane, but that he has not, yet at least, surrendered.

When Ward and Lyttelton first began to frequent Kensington, Ward said to the other, he thought the Princess had cast a favourable eye upon him. Lyttelton replied, "No. I only fan the flame which you have kindled." On which Ward rejoined with one of his arch and malicious looks, "I had much rather be the bellows than the poker."

Oct. 11, *Thursday*, 3 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry.*—The Princess Sophia, if a sinner,[1] has the demeanour of a very humble and repentant one. She has something very attentive and kind and even

[1] See below, p. 94. Glenbervie had just told the story in great detail, but it has been omitted.

affectionate in her demeanour. She talks often to Lady Glenbervie when they meet at the Queen's House of her father's misfortunes, under which she says nothing but religion could have supported him. On the subject of his blindness she takes a great interest in comparing Lord Guilford's case with his, and in inquiring the particulars of his blindness of his daughter.

It seems before he lost his sight the King had scarcely ever read any novels, with the exception of Fielding. They are now his chief amusement. One of his daughters reads them to him for two hours every evening, and when they meet with anything that reminds him of any of Fielding's, he is particularly pleased.

Oct. 27, *Saturday*, 11 *a.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—I arrived in London on the eleventh of March in that year [1769.][1] Soon afterwards I visited the Duchess of Douglas at Bothwell Castle and was present at a *fête* given by her, on the occasion of Mr. Douglas (now Lord Douglas of Douglas) coming of age. The Duke of Queensberry (the friend of Gay) had come there on the same account, and I returned to London with him in September following, it having been settled that I should accompany Mr. Douglas to Paris, as his relation, in the beginning of the next year. This arrangement had been proposed by Lord Mansfield, to whose good offices I had been strongly recommended by Lord Stormont, his nephew, our Ambassador at Vienna. Lord Douglas had gained his law-suit in the House of Lords[2] just before I left Vienna. During my short stay in London before and after my trip to Scotland I lived a good deal with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Cumberland, Garrick, Foote, Caleb Whitefoord, James McPherson (Ossian) whom I never liked, and Mr. Fitzherbert, father to Lord St. Helens (and who killed himself in 1771), etc. I formed this acquaintance very much through Colonel St. Paul, the particular friend of Benjamin Langlois, Secretary of Embassy when I was at Vienna, and of Lord

[1] In the previous entry he had given an account of his travels abroad in the two previous years, which is mainly a repetition of what he had written elsewhere.

[2] The famous Douglas Peerage case, for a good account of which see Sir Bernard Burke's *Romance of the Aristocracy*. See also below, p. 372.

Stormont, with whom St. Paul went as Secretary to the Embassy when he went Ambassador to Paris.

I used to dine often with those persons at the table of Major, afterwards Sir Thomas Milles, a *protégé* of Lord Mansfield and a sort of pseudo-Mæcenas, whose connection with Lord Mansfield and great intimacy with him, and influence over him, were the subject of much conjecture and considered as very unaccountable or mysterious. He was illiterate, and had little more sense than he had learning, but was frank, friendly, dashing, and had served in America, at the end of the American War, with distinguished bravery. The general notion was that he was a natural son of Lord Mansfield's. But he was certainly born at Perth of a mother always resident there at a time so distant from Lord Mansfield's only visit to Scotland since he first left it, that this was proved to be impossible. The mother was at the time of his birth the wife of a slater in that town, of the name of Milles. Foote had another way of proving that he was not Lord Mansfield's son, viz. that he was as remarkable for want of understanding as excess of courage.

Just before Mr. Douglas and I left London, Lord Camden had resigned and Lord Mansfield told me, the last time I waited on him, that he had that morning been pressed by the King to take the Seals and had refused. Charles Yorke, to whom they were offered by his Majesty immediately afterwards, was not so prudent or less determined. He accepted, received a mortifying affront from his brother Lord Hardwicke as a deserter of his connections, and went up and cut his own throat.[1]

We passed (Mr. Douglas and I) the three or four first months of the year at Rheims, a place which had been the scene of a great deal of the transactions and investigations relative to his birth, and where his agents and lawyers had formed connections and acquaintances, particularly with a Mr. Canvin, a professor of law in the University there. The society of this place was very indifferent. There was no *noblesse*. The only man of

[1] The cause of Yorke's death is still a mystery. If he committed suicide it was by some subtler method than throat-cutting.

letters I knew was a Mr. de Poullié, son to the author of *La Théorie des Sentimens Agréables*,[1] who was a friend and correspondent of Lord Bolingbroke's. Mr. de Poullié[2] himself wrote a life of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, of which I have a copy given me by him.

There was a great-niece of La Fontaine's resident at Rheims, in winter, of the name of Desjardins. She was a sort of a *précieuse*, and from her consanguinity to a wit thought herself bound to be a *bel esprit*. I fell in love very soon with a Mme. Duport, the wife of a stupid bourgeois of the place, and spent most of my time with her during our stay.

Just before we left Rheims to go to Paris, the marriage of the Dauphin and Antoinette d' Autriche (the unfortunate Louis XVI and his unfortunate Queen) was concluded. We arrived in time to be present at the *fêtes* at Versailles on the occasion, and I was among the spectators who escaped when so many perished from the crowd in the Place de Louis XV on the exhibition of the fireworks by the City of Paris in honour of that marriage.

During that year I became acquainted more or less with many of the persons mentioned in Madame du Deffand's letters, having had the *entrée* into her society. I lived a good deal at the Marquise and Comtesse de Bouflers'.

Oct. 28, *Sunday*, *noon*, *Pheasantry*.—I passed a very amusing day at Kensington on Wednesday of the week before the last (17th October). The party at dinner were only (besides her Royal Highness) Sir William Drummond, translator of Persius, author of *Academical Questions*—the most sceptical and most uncomprehensible offspring of modern metaphysics, joint author, with Mr. Walpole, who is supposed to assist him in certain domestic concerns, as well as in writing, of a late work called *Herculaneusia*, ex-Minister to the King of Sicily and ex-Ambassador to Constantinople, Sir Harry Englefield, Lady Glenbervie and myself. The conversation very soon turned

[1] Published in 1747 and translated into English two years later. Its author's name was Louis Jean Lévesque de Pouilly.

[2] Jean Simon Lévesque de Pouilly. His *Vie de M. de l'Hôpital* appeared in 1764.

upon poetry, and we were at first unanimous in our contempt of the productions and indignation at the contemptuous arrogance of the Wordsworthian and Coleridgian school. By degrees, however, Sir William betrayed opinions as heretical on the subject of Shakespeare as he is known and indeed professes to entertain concerning religion.

The company that came in the evening and stayed for supper were, the Duchess of Gordon, Lady Antrim, a giggling, foolish, vulgar peeress in her own right, and of great birth, and great fortune, and a General McKenzie, who has been and perhaps is still a man *à bonne fortune*. He is well-bred, has the ease and urbanity of good company and a certain subdued *suffisance* or *fatuité* which implies a consciousness of his success with the other sex. He seemed a great favourite with the Duchess of Gordon and still a greater with Lady Antrim, and was to go with them next morning, *lui troisième*, to Kimbolton on a visit to the Duchess of Manchester, with whom he is also said to be *au dernier mieux*. It is difficult in alluding to such matters not to fall into the use of what may be called the technical phraseology of French gallantry.

Our supper was lively, or rather merry, Lady Antrim laughed and chattered, and called for and listened with delight to the freest anecdotes and double meanings. The Princess's commands were strongly seconded by her whenever her Royal Highness recollected any such anecdotes and in the course of this sort of talk (which sometimes made Lady Glenbervie hang down her head and look grave) her Grace [1] told one story, which, though I believe it is old, is so entertaining that I must repeat it here. She told it of an Irish lady of quality, and that it happened since her son-in-law, the Duke of Richmond, has been Lord Lieutenant. This lady, having been long married without having any children, happened one day in the course of a walk in the country to stroll near the cottage of one of her husband's tenants, and observing the good woman his wife at the door surrounded with a group of fine wholesome looking young children, and ready, apparently on the point of adding one (at least) to their

[1] The Duchess of Gordon.

number, she called her to her and asked her whether she could tell her to what cause she attributed this great fertility. "O my lady," said the woman, "now by my faith, it is all the potatoes." "Indeed, do you think so? Then pray send me home some bushels of your potatoes immediately." "Ay, indeed and that I will," said the woman, "but pray, my Lady, had not I better send John with them?"

Drummond avowed his infidelity. The Duchess of Gordon either did not know or affected not to know this part of his history. He insisted this was affectation and told her she was not more celebrated for wit and repartee, and for being at the head of everything fashionable in the polite world, than his sentiments were notorious to the whole learned world throughout Europe. He said this very much in the emphatic speechifying manner of his debate with Sir Harry, who, by the bye, had retired before supper.

The Duchess then began some of her horse-play wit with Sir William mixed with a wretched attempt at argument in favour of religion and Christianity. As a proof of her qualification to argue on such matters she gave up piece-meal many of the leading points of Christianity, but still professed, in the lump, to believe them all and to insist on the necessity of practising them all, applying that expression as much to the mysteries of the Trinity, etc., as to the evangelical lessons of practical morality. Among other things of the same sort she told us that a niece of hers who lives with her, a daughter of the Duke of Manchester's, put some questions to her about the Trinity and that she answered her by saying, "My dear, you and I should not perplex ourselves with trying to understand the Trinity. Our duty is to act up to it."

Sir William, though he had displayed no very transcendant powers of logic, either in this discussion or in his disputation at and after dinner, was still more master of his weapons than the Duchess. At last he said, "What can I do? I cannot force my belief," on which I could not help whispering to her (for I sat between her and Lady Antrim), "Indeed what can he do but continue to *disbelieve and be damned*!" The Duchess

laughed and repeated this aloud, and Sir William bore it with his unalterable good humour.

The Duchess herself, with more seriousness and propriety, added of herself, "If you cannot help your infidelity you deserve to be pitied. If you try to shake the faith of others you deserve to be hanged."

The Princess of Wales does not seem to believe in attachment of any husband and wife to one another, nor in the chastity of any married woman. She has anecdotes of intrigues without end of all the women of her society or of her acquaintance. For some of them, according to her account, she has the very best authority. For instance she told Lady Glenbervie the other day, on one of their drives, that Lady Oxford had acknowledged to her that she had granted the last favours to Sir Francis Burdett. Her Royal Highness excused her by laying the blame on Lord Oxford, for having gone from home and left his wife so young and beautiful for above a week in a house alone in the country with so handsome and enterprising a man. This puts one in mind of *Les Lendemains* of Voltaire.

> Le lendemain il fut *entreprenant*,
> Le lendemain il me fit *un enfant*.

But Lady Oxford's account to her Royal Highness was that on Lord Oxford's return home she acknowledged the whole to him and said she must leave the house, that she was not worthy to be his wife after such conduct and that he immediately said her candour and frank confession were so amiable that he entirely forgave her. The child Lady —— [*sic*] is the very picture of Sir Francis, and, too, openly and indecently the favourite of the mother, though, to do her justice, she appears a very kind mother to all her children.

She is very beautiful, and with a great deal of instruction and even very considerable classical learning, both Latin and Greek, very unaffected, and free from pedantry and display, and, to appearance, very good natured. But she has a certain graceful openness in almost avowing her love and practice of pleasure that exceeds anything I ever met with. One day

Lady Glenbervie happened to see her just before her in pressing up at the drawing-room to get to the Queen. Lady Glenbervie said to her, "Pray, Lady Oxford, let me follow your footsteps." "Pray don't, Lady Glenbervie," said she, "they are very bad." She used to take pains to tell everybody of her going almost every day to visit Sir Francis Burdett when a prisoner in the Tower and to pass two or three hours with him.[1]

I received the other day a letter from her on the subject of a coloured print of herself by Westall which she has given Lady Glenbervie and me. It was in answer to one where I had made some quotations, trite enough, from Homer, Ovid, etc. In her answer she repaid me in kind, and her Greek was much less hackneyed and much better applied.

It has been generally supposed that Mlle. St. Jules, who was brought up by the late Duchess of Devonshire in Devonshire House, was a natural daughter of the Duke's by Lady Elizabeth Foster, now Duchess of Devonshire. The Princess says she knows she is a daughter of the first Duchess herself by Lord Grey,[2] but that, on the other hand, two young men who are called Clifford, who have been brought up in like manner at Devonshire House are the Duke's children by Lady Elizabeth. About twenty-five years ago a mysterious child was taken into the house of Lord Grey the father (in Powys Place) and taken care of by the mother. The Duchess of Devonshire was known often to visit this child (a daughter, I think), and it has been generally believed that she was the mother and the present Lord Grey the father. According to the Princess's edition this child and Mlle. St. Jules (now married to Mr. George Lamb, one of Lady Melbourne's sons) are full sisters.

The scandalous chronicle does not do Lord Melbourne the honour of being the father of his reputed children, though some

[1] A couple of years later Byron was to be her lover—he believed her last; and it was most probably on her note-paper that he wrote his letter of dismissal to Lady Caroline Lamb. By all accounts Lady Oxford was one of the most delightful women of her day. Hoppner has immortalised her charm.

[2] Mlle. St. Jules's Christian name was Caroline; that of the Duchess's daughter by Grey apparently Maria (see *Correspondence of Lord Granville Leveson-Gower*).

wit of their society observed once that he seemed as fond of them as if they were his own.

Mrs. Lisle, sister to Lord Cholmondeley, one of the Women of the Bedchamber to the Princess, and who takes her monthly turn of waiting with Lady Glenbervie, Lady Charlotte Lindsay and Lady Charlotte Campbell (for the Countess of Carnarvon, the fourth Lady, never resides with the Princess) is a remarkably thin, meagre person. She was in waiting immediately before Lady Glenbervie, who succeeded her on the ninth of this month. Lady Glenbervie was very much bit by gnats for the first day or two after she came into waiting. Mr. Ward said, "The gnats seem to have made a hearty meal or two on you." She replied, "They have been starved by Mrs. Lisle."

Soon after the conclusion of the famous "delicate investigation" the Princess asked some grave person who came to dinner at Blackheath, "Are you not glad to see me with my head upon my *rump*"—meaning to say, "on my shoulders?" But with her very short neck, low stature, large and, as she dresses, not only prominent but ascending posterior, the expression in English would not be inapplicable. In that view of her she really appears to be *corpus sine pectore*. *Rumpf* in German I believe means bust.

We had last Thursday dinner and supper at the Princess's (the company being only Lady Charlotte Campbell, Lord Lucan, Lady Glenbervie and myself, besides her Royal Highness).

Lady Charlotte and Lord Lucan professed the greatest admiration of Mlle. Lespinasse's letters. The Princess, Lady Glenbervie and I agreed in thinking them absurd and tiresome. Lady Charlotte from her admiration had conceived a most interesting idea of the writer and was quite vexed when told by Lord Lucan and myself, who had seen her, that she was a tall, raw-boned, thin, strong-featured, *homasse* of a woman. We then discussed Mme. de Staël, her character, her looks, her novels, etc., etc.

Two days before the Princess entrusted Lady Glenbervie with the secret Lady Oxford had entrusted *her* with, they two *et moi en tiers* were talking of her great beauty and great good

nature. On which her Royal Highness said, "If the Prince should die, I am determined to go to see her. I shall not then care what people may say." Lady Glenbervie and I remained silent. She then said to Lady Glenbervie, "Shall we not go in that case?"—but no answer, or token of assent. Then, turning to me, and taking different ground: "I wish to see Wales." I said, "Eywood is not in Wales and is not in a pretty country." Princess: "It is on the confines of Wales." "Yes, of South Wales, but that is the least interesting part of Wales." She had promised to go to Eywood the summer before last, and Lady Oxford had announced her visit all over Herefordshire. When I went to Moccas, Sir George Cornewall's in that county, in the month of September, I found everybody talking of it. But I knew that, on a representation by Lady Glenbervie, the Princess had then given up the plan.

One day when Ward supped at Kensington her Royal Highness said she had a great respect for the present Lady Abercorn. That she was a good woman. That when she took a new lover, on the absence of the former, she never endeavoured to conceal the matter from him, but on the contrary made a point of writing to him to inform him of it. "Now, that I call being a good woman." Ward said, with one of his significant looks, not within her view, "Ay, indeed, Madam, that is being very good."

I have just finished the first volume of Miss Berry's publication of Mme. du Deffand's letters. They are very entertaining to me, having known, more or less, many of the persons mentioned in them, having had the *entrée* into her society, and lived a good deal during the year 1770 both at the Marquise and the Countess of Bouflers', Mme. de Mirepoix's, L'isle Adam (the Prince of Conti's) and the Temple and Palais Royal. I returned from Paris with Mr. Douglas in the early spring of 1771, having arrived in London on the first of March of that year.

In Easter term of the same year I entered myself at Lincoln's Inn, being then twenty-seven years of age. I was called to the Bar in the same term of the year 1776, having published the first two volumes of my election reports the year before. In

the summer of 1776 I went for the first time the Oxford and the Carmarthen Welsh Circuits, and continued my attendance till 1792. I published the first edition of my law reports in 1782. I was made King's Counsel, on the recommendation of Lord Loughborough when he became Chancellor, on quitting the Bar at the end of 1793. In the long vacation of 1788 Windham and I made a tour to Switzerland together. In the long vacation of 1791 I went to Paris with Anthony Storer (a most selfish, disagreeable *compagnon de voyage*) where I saw the acceptance of the Constitution by poor Louis XVI, heard Barnave and some of the great orators of the First Assembly, was present at its *clôture* and at the opening of the Assemblée Legislative when I heard the Girondistes and Robespierriens swear to maintain the Constitution of 1789, '90, and '91 which they were known to be determined to overthrow.

In the month of October, 1793, I made a trip with William Elliot to Brussels to convoy Lord Minto, who went through Flanders on his way by the circuitous route of Germany, the Tyrol and Piedmont, to Toulon. We returned by the Duke of York's army at Marchienne and visited Valenciennes, not many weeks after it had been taken by the Prince of Saxe-Coburg and the Duke of York.

The second time of my being at Milan, besides Father Frisi, I made an acquaintance with the Marchese Beccaria, author of the celebrated work, *Dei Delitti e [delle] Pene*, whom I met at Count Firmian's at dinner. Count Firmian was the Governor or Viceroy of the Emperor in the Milanese, a native I think of the Tyrol, and a man of great acquirements and encourager of science and learned men. He was particularly partial to the English language, which he spoke remarkably well for a person who had never been in England. He had in his valuable library a complete collection of English books, and had all the new publications in this country regularly sent him. Frisi had been professor in the University of Pisa. He came to Vienna while I was there, and was a frequent guest at Prince Kaunitz's table. He was a Barnabite Friar. I remained only three days at Milan on that occasion, and but one when first there.

I was but a week at Florence, a few days at most at each of the following places: Genoa, Lucca (where, as a curious wine, the inn-keeper or Locandiere brought me some Vino di Birra, or English ale), Pisa, Leghorn, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Piacenza, Pavia, Mantua, Cremona, Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza and Padua. Except at meals and when in bed, I was scarcely ever without Cochin's *Tour Pittoresque* in my hands. Our Minister at Florence when I was there was Sir Horace Mann, who was supposed to surpass the most learned Florentine themselves in his critical knowledge of their tongues.[1] He was very hospitable and well-bred, and kept an excellent table. I met a few English travellers at his house but do not now recollect the names of any of them but Mr. Symmons,[2] afterwards Mr. Gray's successor as Professor of Poetry at Cambridge.

He had travelled over every part of Italy with a groom and two English horses, and had made particular inquiries into the agriculture, manufactures and political economy of the different states, cities and provinces. He had written a great deal, and it was understood that he intended to publish his journal, or travels, but I believe he never did. Yet I have some faint recollection of having seen somewhere in print an extract from them. He was a native of St. Edmunds Bury and spoke with a strong provincial accent and pronunciation. When about to return to England he was induced by the late Lord Bute to return to Italy with him and accompany him in his tour through that country. I presume, but do not know, that this connection led to his appointment to the Professorship.

When the King was recovering, or said to be recovering, from his last illness, he used to ride two or three times a week to visit the Princess at Blackheath. The first time of his being allowed to ride in his riding house he rode out of it without giving any notice to any of his attendants, rode through the Park, to the astonishment of the beholders, under the windows of the several public offices which look that way, out at Story's Gate

[1] He was at Florence for nearly fifty years, and is best remembered by his long correspondence with Horace Walpole.

[2] Charles Symmons (1749-1826), divine and man of letters.

and over Westminster Bridge, followed or rather pursued by equerries, grooms and life-guardsmen, whom he left at a great distance and totally ignorant of where he was going. His appearance, on his arrival, terrified the Princess and still more poor Lady Sheffield, who was in waiting. His discourse and actions, her Royal Highness told me, could not be repeated. He insisted on seeing her alone, and ordered the Duke of Cumberland, who had overtaken him, to remain in another room. I wonder her Royal Highness had a scruple on this occasion about telling me all. She had told Lady Glenbervie, on a former occasion, that on one of these visits, being alone with her in the room communicating with the conservatory, he threw her down on one of the sofas, and would certainly have ravished her, if, happening to be without a back, she had not contrived to get over it on the other side.

The King told the Princess that, on an occasion when the Queen was laying in, the late Lady Harcourt had humbly offered to supply her Majesty's place till her recovery.

Lady Glenbervie having read the story of Cippus in the *Metamorphoses* where Ovid represents him looking into a fountain, and on seeing the horns on his forehead *sua lumina damnans* made the following epigram almost impromptu.

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESSION "DAMN HIS EYES."

Cippus—a married man no doubt—
In a clear fountain spies
His branching horns begin to sprout—
He sees—and damns his eyes.

Oct. 30, *Tuesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *London*, *New Office of Woods*, *etc.* —I have slept in this new house to-night for the first time. Lady Glenbervie remains at Kensington till the ninth of October. The present arrangement for the attendance on her Royal Highness is, Lady Glenbervie three months, viz. from October 9 to November 9, from February 9 to March 9 and from June 9 to July 9. She is succeeded on November 9, March 9 and July 9 by her sister Lady Charlotte, who is succeeded, in like manner, by Lady Charlotte Campbell, and she by the Honourable Mrs. Lisle, who, though one of the

Bedchamber *Women* only (it being a rule that the *Ladies* must be *titrées*), attends her three months in the place of Lady Carnarvon. They have an apartment both at Kensington and Blackheath, and attend the Princess everywhere, at dinner and supper, public places, Court, airing, etc. Strictly the Princess's full establishment consists of four Women of the Bedchamber as well as four Ladies. Each of them ought to reside in their turns for a month at a time, and the Ladies never, but only to attend her Royal Highness in public. But, from reasons of economy, two of the places have been left vacant, and as the Prince has insisted that she should always have one of the Ladies with her in public, and she goes almost every night to the play or the opera, she has by degrees established that the Ladies are to reside with her in the manner I have described. This makes the situation much more troublesome than the place of Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, especially as now the Court never stays in town above two or three days twice a year, during the two birthdays. The salaries are the same, 500 guineas, taxed down by the property tax to 450. Miss Hayman, a very lively, entertaining person, is Privy Purse. She succeeded the late Miss Vanneck, sister to the present Lord Huntingfield, who had the place given her when the Princess first came over, by the Prince, who named all the Princess's establishment at that time, and among the rest Lady Jersey. More correctly speaking, I believe she named them all.

Miss Vanneck was a large, masculine creature, who was proud of living in the Prince's society, and had many other ridicules besides, which served to exercise her Royal Highness's wit. Somebody gave her the name of a *Fellow of the Royal Society*.

Miss Hayman has an apartment at Kensington and resides during February, March and April. But she does not go into public with her Royal Highness. Her conversation and general acquaintance and popularity add greatly to the *agrémens* of Kensington when she is there, and make Lady Glenbervie prefer her attendance in February to the other two months, especially as they have been long intimate, and can *talk their mistress and her conduct over* together in confidence. That

conduct would be very different from what it is if they were consulted or could advise. But the Princess often takes occasion to say that she hates advice, and indeed she was for two or three years on the greatest reserve with Miss Hayman for having once presumed to caution her against some glaring improprieties of behaviour. When asked, however, Lady Glenbervie never withholds her sentiments, in cases of a serious nature, even when she knows they will be very unpalatable.

On Sunday last, Lady Glenbervie tells me that the party at dinner was only Ward, Luttrell (a natural son of Lord Carhampton's and a man especially *recherché*, on account of his wit and very pleasing manners) and the Princess and herself. Ward and Luttrell had not met for some months. Before dinner the following short dialogue passed.

Ward to Luttrell: "I wish you joy of the progress vice and immorality have made since your absence from London." Luttrell, smiling: "I am mortified to find that this should have happened without my having contributed to it." Ward: "Don't you think the Pagets have made a very bold stride?" Princess, seriously: "Well, I confess fairly to you, I am very glad of it."

Nov. 1, *Thursday*, 8 *a.m.*, *New Office of Woods*.—On Tuesday last I dined and went to the play with the Princess of Wales and Lady Glenbervie. We had nobody else. It seems the Princess received a large packet, sealed with black, by the post that forenoon under cover "To Lady Glenbervie, the Lady in Waiting." Lord Henry FitzGerald is in mourning for the loss of one of his sons, who died very lately.

At dinner her Royal Highness said she had received a long letter full of false pretexts and attempts to blind and deceive her, but that she had written a very keen, scalding answer, on which she seemed to plume herself prodigiously. She then dropped the subject. When we returned to Kensington from the play, Lady Glenbervie having gone to put by things in her own room, while the Princess and I were standing by the fire, she said to me: "There has been a rupture, a total breaking off between two remarkable persons, I do not choose to mention

names, between whom a connection, what *man* calls an intimate very intimate friendship, has subsisted." *Man*, which corresponds in German to the French *on* (formerly *hom*) and *one* in English, is one of several native little words which she always mixes with her English. When Lady Glenbervie came into the room she repeated the same thing to her.

We then sat down to supper, when she began to say that when two persons, a man and woman, both married—suppose for instance Lady Oxford and any married man—have formed a connection, and need be under no particular restraint from the wife and husband of the one and the other, she thought it very strange and inexcusable for one of them to search out far-fetched and false reasons and excuses for breaking off. Total silence on the part of Lady Glenbervie and myself. She then said, "Can you guess who the two persons are that I meant before supper?" Lady Glenbervie said she could not, and on being pressed, asked if the man was deaf, meaning to allude to Lord Archibald Hamilton, who is deaf and who had long been *en liaison reglée* with Lady Oxford. The Princess then asked me if I had any guess. I said, "Yes, something quite in the clouds, but not the parties to whom Lady Glenbervie alluded." Princess: "Are they married or single?" I replied: "Indeed, Madam, I will not answer any questions, nor hint at a conjecture which it is impossible you should divine (looking at her); I will only just say that they are not both single." Here a pause, Lady Glenbervie and I both looking down on the table, afraid of her giving us the solution of the riddle in explicit terms herself. The subject dropped, and after a few nonchalant remarks about the play, the weather, etc., she wished us goodnight.

When we retired I found (as knowing her quickness I might have supposed) that Lady Glenbervie at the very first knew that the rupture of which her Royal Highness's head was so full was between herself and Lord Henry, but she had taken occasion, from her having made the supposition about Lady Oxford, to try to make her believe that she guessed her and Lord Archibald. She is terrified lest the Princess should confide

the real case in direct terms to her, and is determined in some way or other to prevent this if she can. We suppose Lord Henry had taken fright about the Prince, with whom he used to be intimate, and from whom it has been said he had indirectly received hints to be on his guard, and that when absent with his wife, to whom he was a most kind and attentive husband till his silly vanity and more silly politics led him to constitute himself not an ordinary gallant to the Princess, but the same sort of officer—*what writeable name can be given to such an employment?*—to her as the Empress Catherine's favourites used to be to that modern Messalina, and with his children, to whom he is a most affectionate father, he had had the courage to resolve to put an end to a connection the duties of which must have long ago become most irksome to him. He was in town lately for four and twenty hours on some private business and never came near Kensington, and indeed had not acquainted the Princess with the death of his son, which she first learned from Lady Glenbervie. Lady Glenbervie thinks the Princess must have written a remonstrance to him on that account, and that the large packet received on Tuesday morning, contained her Royal Highness's *congé*—which we think might not improperly be called a *congé d'élire*, as the immediate consequence will infallibly be the election of a successor to Lord Henry.

Ward, who has lately been mostly at Brighton, is in frequent correspondence with the Princess. He makes no mystery of this, but encloses his letter under cover to the Lady in Waiting according to etiquette. But the Princess never mentions to Lady Glenbervie that she has heard from him. Her common letters go from Kensington to the post office, and there is no concealment of the superscriptions. But she often carries a letter in her hand when they go out airing, and when she comes near a post office sends a servant with it, carefully keeping the direction undermost that Lady Glenbervie may not see it.

She often studies to flatter Lady Glenbervie, and is probably very much afraid of the discredit it would be to her if she were to lose her. She said to her the other day, "I am always very much improved by your waitings." Lady Glenbervie: "O

Madam, that cannot be." Princess: "I mean in wit and knowledge. I do not mean in morality. Nobody can improve me in morality. I have a system quite of my own on that head." It is the system of Crébillon's novels, or rather of *Les Bijoux Indiscrets*, or *Faublas*.

Noon.—Milne has just heard that yesterday, when the commission for the further prorogation of the Parliament, which stands prorogued to this day, was presented the King for his sign manual, he took hold of it and tore it in pieces. As there has been no further prorogation it must meet to-day I suppose. But how can it be opened? The Speaker I hear is in town. What a state of things!

Nov. 2, *Friday*, 9 *a.m.*, *New Office of Woods.*—I went in the evening last night to meet her Royal Highness and Lady Glenbervie at the Duchess of Brunswick's, who has taken Lord Palmerston's house in Hanover Square for the season, and came there from Blackheath last Tuesday.

I went to Kensington yesterday forenoon to see Lady Glenbervie. She had not seen the Princess that morning. The day before (Wednesday) in the forenoon the Duchess called at Kensington, when her daughter had her shown into the drawing-room where there was no fire till she ordered it to be lighted. It was a very cold, raw day, and she had no doubt a very good fire in the room off her bedchamber, where she spends all the morning and always breakfasts and also sups when she is alone or has a small select party to supper. She sent for Lady Glenbervie to come to the Duchess. While her mother stayed the Princess appeared in a great fidget, often looking to the window. These marks I hoped escaped her old mother. They did not Lady Glenbervie. When the Duchess went away, she said, "I suppose you saw I was impatient while my mother stayed. I had seen Ward coming this way, but it seems, when he found the Duchess's carriage at the door, he had walked by. If he had come in, I meant to have told her that he was my Italian master." How strange. Why any mystery in his visit or why, if he had come in, was he not to be introduced to the Duchess by his proper description of Mr. Ward, son to Lord

Dudley? But all this winding play seems to show that he is the present *pro-rex*, *locum tenens* or stop gap. He often is there of a morning. On such occasions Lady Glenbervie is never invited to luncheon. She never was during the reign of Lord Henry. This waiting she often has been, but never when there was a third person. She told me last night that Ward went that morning—that he did not know of the necessity of Parliament meeting that day.

During the first week of Lady Glenbervie's present meeting [waiting] Ward said to her that if that vulgar fool Lady Antrim continued to be so frequent and familiar a guest of her Royal Highness the society of Kensington would be quite spoiled, for that agreeable women, of good manners and conversation, would be disgusted and leave off coming. Lady Glenbervie said, "I think as you do of Lady Antrim. But you know I can do nothing. You know my mistress takes great pains to have it known that nothing is so offensive to her as advice, and that she is determined never to follow it." "I know," said Ward, "that it is so. But I shall feel no restraint on the subject, but shall tell her my mind very freely upon it."

One day something was said about the late Lady Palmerston,[1] who was a good natured, obliging woman, loving to draw agreeable society to her house, and, probably thinking women of equivocal character might attract gay young men, a great protectress of the class of demi-rips. Ward said to Lady Glenbervie: "I detested that woman. She was so fawning and mean. There was no sort of *bassesse* she was not guilty of in order to get that monster Ashburton to marry her ugly daughter." "Upon my word," said Lady Glenbervie, "you have a very long and a very sharp scythe. You have just mown down three at one stroke."

Nov. 3, *Saturday*, 8 *a.m.*, *New Office of Woods.*—At the Duchess of Brunswick's yesterday there dined her son and daughter, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester with Lady Mary Erskine, M. and Mme. la Comtesse de Haeckel, Lady Anne Barnard, Lady Mary Fordyce, Lady Glenbervie and myself.

[1] Mother of the great Lord Palmerston.

When the ladies retired after dinner the Duchess received a message from Windsor that the Princess Amelia was dead. This intelligence though expected affected both the Duchess and the Princess Sophia exceedingly. The Duchess could scarce speak without tears. Her niece scarcely uttered a syllable the rest of the evening.

Nov. 4, *Sunday*, 2.30 *p.m.*, *New Office of Woods.*—Last night I dined, spent the evening and supped with her Royal Highness and no other company but Lady Glenbervie. Before dinner her Royal Highness gave me many details of the interior of Windsor. She said the Princess Amelia had had a complaint in her knee from an accident, that Keate the surgeon attended her. That being engaged one day he sent his nephew, who communicated an infection to her from whence all her subsequent illness originated. That this was told her by the Duke of York. That Princess Amelia was certainly not privately married to General Fitzroy, but engaged, and that the Prince of Wales had promised to permit the marriage if he came to be King. Her amours with Fitzroy have been long notorious to the courtiers. Whether carried to the furthest length seems uncertain. The Duke of Kent tells the Princess that the Princess Amelia made a general confession to the King very lately that she had been guilty of great sins and wickedness, greater than his Majesty could believe, and requested that he would pray for her. Though she specified nothing particular, this confession made a deep impression, and hastened, if it did not cause, the present seizure. The same Prince wrote to the Princess yesterday that on Saturday the physicians acquainted the King with his daughter's death, and that he took not the smallest notice one way or the other of what they told him. Before his illness he had settled and given minute orders for all the arrangements of her funeral, the mourning, etc.[1]

The Princess of Wales thinks the Princess Sophia was so ignorant and innocent as really not to know till the last moment

[1] The death of the Princess Amelia, his youngest daughter, is supposed to have been the immediate cause of the attack which resulted in the King's permanent insanity.

that she was with child. This corresponds with what Mrs. Sneyd told Lady Glenbervie. Yet she and everybody says the Princess Sophia is very clever. I asked the Princess of Wales if she thought it possible that she did not perceive something particular had passed, and if she could think it a matter as indifferent and as unlikely to have consequences as blowing her nose.

The Duke of Kent tells the Princess that the father is not Garth but the Duke of Cumberland. How horrid. The boy is now nine years old, and, as the Princess says, most strikingly like the Royal Family. He is at school, and was only at Datchet this summer for a visit. General Garth acknowledges him, and Miss Garth seems proud of the supposed royal connection.

The Princess of Wales says Princess Elizabeth managed better. That she had a child by Mr. Carpenter, son to the General Carpenter who drowned himself. That the following history was told her by Miss Hayman, who I think she says had it from the midwife.

One evening a gentleman much muffled up came to this midwife and told her that, relying on her secrecy, a most confidential business was about to be entrusted to her and that as a reward of her discretion she would have a gratuity of £500. She protested that she might be depended on. The gentleman left her and some hours afterwards a sedan chair arrived at her house carried by two seeming gentlemen, and who proved to be two accoucheurs. They carried the chair upstairs to a bedroom which the midwife had got ready by concert with the person first mentioned. The chair was then opened and there issued from it a lady covered with a long thick *weil* (as her Royal Highness pronounces the word). The midwife was enjoined silence and to use no means for discovering who the lady was or seeing her face. She was put to bed, with the veil on, but falling into a sound sleep, the woman could not refrain from raising the veil and determined, as circumstances convinced her the lady was a person of great distinction, to try if she could recognise her at any public place. The lady was in a short time brought to bed, and carried away as she had come. The curious and

unfaithful midwife went to St. James's the next King's Birthday, having got a Lord Chamberlain's ticket, and scrutinised the face of every lady in full dress that came through. Nobody resembled her unknown *acouchée*, till at last the Queen and Princesses appeared, when on seeing the Princess Elizabeth she was sure, without a possibility of doubt or hesitation, that she was the person. Is all this really true? It is so like many stories one has heard! But that such things have happened is almost certain, and they probably have happened and will happen not once or twice, but over and over again.

The Princess says it is now an established maxim with her sisters-in-law (I think she meant to except Princess Mary) that as the King has told them he would never permit any of them to marry, they may indulge themselves in the gratifications of matrimony, if they manage matters with prudence and decorum and form attachments as near to conjugal connection as the restriction imposed on them will admit of.

After the Prince had removed the Princess from Carlton House, and there seemed little prospect of any further progeny, Lord Macartney as an old politician and diplomat took occasion to speak to Miss Hayman, then much in the Princess's confidence and Lord Macartney her grand adviser, on the misfortune it would be to the nation if there was no male offspring. He then told them what had happened in the case of the old Countess of Boufflers (the Prince of Conti's and Topham Beauclerk's friend) and advised them to endeavour to bring the same thing about in the case of the Prince and Princess. It seems after Mme. de Boufflers had produced one child, a son, she had quitted her husband's bed with the declared intention of rendering it impossible for them to have more children. The son died and on that misfortune all the Count's family and her own represented to her the necessity of her submitting again to what was essential to the chance of producing another heir. She resisted a long time, urging that she had done her duty; she had borne one son. That it seemed to be the will of Providence to deprive the family of the happiness which she had been the means of conferring upon them, and that they had no right to insist on a second

experiment. At length she was prevailed upon to write in the following terms to her husband: "Hé bien, Monsieur! On le veut! Venez donc. Je me soumet à vous accorder cinq minutes. Mais pas un moment de plus." The five minutes sufficed. Another son was the result, the husband of the Countess Amélie. I saw him, on his travels, first at Venice and afterward at Vienna. He was then nearly of age. He had been educated *à la Rousseau*, of whom his mother was a great disciple, and was accompanied by two governors, one an old French colonel, the other a handsome young English physician, and in spite of Rousseau, the colonel and the physician, and his mother's philosophy, he was then, and afterwards, a stupid vulgar youth, addicted to low company and low practices, and I believe was treated by his wife, whom I found married to him when I went to Paris in 1770, as his mother had treated his father. He was the Lord knows where then—not with his wife, or at Paris: *relegué*, I believe, under some pretext, to some garrison or province town. Our Princess I believe would not have been so restive as his mother had been in granting the five minutes, or as many more as might have been wished, or thought necessary.

Another anecdote told us yesterday by the Princess.

The late Prince of Wales, who was born and brought up in Germany, told his father George II that he was ready to marry any Princess the King should desire him to marry, provided he could first see her and like her. The King agreed to this condition. His Minister from Hanover at Saxe-Gotha was a Mr. Schraader. The Prince told him this resolution of his; and, thinking he should strike a great stroke if he could make a match for him, told the Princess [Augusta] of Saxe-Gotha, who was well looking and sensible, that he thought it was in her power to be Princess of Wales; that she had only to pretend indisposition and confinement to her apartment, and to set off with him and some other person of confidence to a place of rendezvous which he would fix with the Prince; that if the Prince were to see her he was sure he would be charmed. She was happy to adopt the scheme. The rendezvous was fixed, they

met and the Prince was charmed. She returned undiscovered. The business was opened between the two fathers, a regular diplomatic proposal was made and accepted and the marriage took place.

The Princess says Lord Bute was not placed about the Prince (her grandfather) till about six months before his death. That her mother always insists that the connection between the Princess of Wales, her grandmother, and Lord Bute was only political, but that she knows from unquestionable authority that it was something more, and that the Queen of Denmark, who came after the Prince's death, was a daughter of Lord Bute's.

She says all the three supposed children of George I, viz. George II, the Queen of Prussia (the great Frederick's mother) and the Bishop of Osnaburg, were Count Königsmarck's children.[1]

Nov. 5, *Monday*, 9 *a.m.*, *New Office of Woods.*—I dined, supped and slept at Kensington last night. Dr. Charles Burney [2] dined and supped there, and no other stranger. He is a good many years younger than me, but I found he had been present, as a youth, as I was, in the end of 1765 or beginning of 1766 at Drury Lane Playhouse when Garrick acted Sir John Brute to Mrs. Cibber's Lady Brute.[3] It was the only time I ever saw Mrs. Cibber, and I believe, if not the last time, one of the last times she ever acted. I never saw Mrs. Pritchard but once, I forget now in what part. Burney says his father had been apprenticed to Dr. Arne, whose sister Mrs. Cibber was, and that she was very kind to him when a child and school-boy, and would carry him home with her in her chair after the play. He remembers being carried by her to Mr. Sloper's, with whom she lived, and sleeping in a room full of hoops of hers piled up in different corners of it.

Burney is reckoned, since Porson died, the first Grecian we

[1] George I had only two children. The Bishop of Osnaburg (Ernest Augustus, Duke of York and Albany) was his brother.

[2] Fanny Burney's brother; schoolmaster and classical scholar.

[3] In Vanbrugh's *The Provoked Wife*.

have. His school or academy [1] (which he is about to give up to his son) has long been in great repute, but on neither account will he ever be so much distinguished as by being the son of the writer of the *History of Music* (the friend of Burke, Johnson and Garrick) and the brother of the authoress of *Evelina*, etc., Miss Burney, Mme. d'Arblay. He told us his sister is living at Paris with her husband, and is now writing a fourth novel.[2]

As the Princess and Lady Glenbervie went home from the Duchess of Brunswick's on Friday last (2nd November) her Royal Highness told her that, on learning the news of Princess Amelia's death, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester asked her if she thought people went anywhere else first after death before going to Heaven. Princess: "I answered, 'My dear, all I know is that God has been so good to me here that He will not make things worse for me after I die; this satisfies, and I think no further about those sort of subjects.'"

When the Princess of Wales went first to live at Blackheath, Lord and Lady Lavington were invited to dine and sleep there with other company. Lady Sheffield was then in waiting. A double bed was prepared for this couple, which the Princess found caused a deal of discourse among the upper servants. My Lady's maid and my Lord's *valet de chambre* were all terror and alarm. They said their master and mistress had not slept together for many a year. What was to be done? Her Royal Highness's housekeeper came trembling to represent the case, but stated at the same time that there was no other bed or bedroom unoccupied. Princess: "Never mind, take no further notice." My Lord and my Lady retired after supper, and next morning Lady Lavington came to breakfast *toute rayonnante* and said she had not had so good a night for a vast number of years. She little knew that the Princess and Lady Sheffield were so well acquainted with the solitude of her nights at home.

The Princess and Lady Glenbervie agreed the other night on the beauty, seductions, understanding and charms of Lady Stafford, but also in thinking her very unpopular, assigned as

[1] At Greenwich. He did not retire until 1814.

[2] *The Wanderer*, published in 1814.

the cause of this her established character of selfish duplicity and want of friendship or affection and sincerity of every sort.

Say what does Stafford want—she wants a heart.

The Duke of Brunswick has a sweet, mild, engaging expression of countenance and is graceful and *svelte* in his person and attitudes. But his conversation is very foolish. He likes to talk politics, and war, or rather *the war*, and talks intolerable nonsense on those and on all other subjects.[1] He is known to be very violent. Having at one of the parades at Berlin struck a major on duty with his cane, that officer called on his Serene Highness next morning, and having forced admittance to him, he presented a pistol to his breast and said, "Sir, after what passed yesterday if I were an assassin I should use this pistol against you. If you had been my equal I should have offered you another. As you are a sovereign prince I have only one means left to save my honour," and immediately turned the pistol against his own forehead and shot himself. The thing was endeavoured to be hushed up, but for some time afterwards the Duke never appeared on the parade without being hissed. Francis Hare, who has been much in Germany, told Lady Glenbervie this anecdote.

Nov. 11, *Friday*, 8 *a.m.*, *New Office of Woods.*—Lady Glenbervie left the Princess yesterday, a day before the end of her service, on account of some business in London. I dined and supped there with the two Lady Charlottes and Mr. Aidé, a young Greek who has been lately presented by Sir William Drummond and had already dined there once, for he is not only young but handsome, with keen black eyes and a most gentle, submissive voice, and *apparent* timidity. He was recommended to us by Fred North from Palermo, where he was much *faufilé* till some good-natured friends of a certain Sicilian prince opened his unwilling eyes on the intimacy between this gentleman and the Princess, when decorum obliged him to insist on his quitting that country. I never saw so decided a set as was made at him yesterday, and I think I overheard an appointment for

[1] This was "Brunswick's fated chieftain," who was killed at Quatre Bras.

to-day. She looked particularly well, and *her dress at least* was decent and modest, full mourning and no over-abundant display. Aidé speaks French with considerable ease, and a little English. He had a brother here last winter, to whom I had thought some of Fred North's introductory letters applied.

That brother was very handsome and, after some ladies had persuaded him to put on the Eastern dress, was extremely *répandu* and *recherché*. He had a very feminine look. I saw Mrs. Damer pay him very particular attention one night at Tom Hope's. The Persian Ambassador at last took umbrage at the great success of this youth in society and went so far as to declare that he would go to no party where he was invited. One night of an assembly at Mrs. Thomas Hope's the Ambassador sent to know if this Aidé of last year was to be there, when Mr. Hope sent him word that he was invited and certainly would come if he chose, and that he could only regret it, if that should prevent his having the honour of seeing his Excellency. I understood that he ran into great expense and was at last put in prison for debt, I believe the very day when I called to visit him at his lodging under the mistake I have mentioned. I understood from the brother yesterday that he is now at Constantinople with their father, a Greek of great consequence and opulence there. Fred North is to be his guest, as according to the son now here our Persian Ambassador was, on his way to this country, so that he says he was surprised to hear how he had behaved to his brother here last winter.

Nov. 15, *Thursday*, 7 *a.m.*, *New Office of Woods.*—We received two letters from Fred yesterday, one to his mother dated the 10th and one to me dated the 15th of last month. He was quite well, had dined out three times and expected to sail in a day or two in the *Woolwich* store-ship for Malta.

Lady Glenbervie and I dined and supped yesterday at Kensington. The only other visitor was Canning. Lady Charlotte Lindsay is in waiting. We all thought Canning out of spirits. He has a little gout, for the first time. He used a small crutch. He said he believed a prorogation to the 29th will not be opposed to-day. Certainly not effectually.

At dinner the Princess of Wales began some hint of his being the author of the review of Gifford's *Life of Pitt*, when he said he knew what she supposed, but that upon his honour he is neither the author nor knows who is. That Gifford [1] (the editor) doesn't know. That the author had written a former article, and that he had insisted in transmitting it (and I think, he said, in promising more) that no attempts should be made to discover him. I said he must be some person who knew Mr. Pitt very familiarly, but Canning said that he was not at all personally acquainted with Pitt which, upon recollection, I think the author means to hint by the last sentence of the article. I told Canning that the civility to Parr near the end of the article had been some ground with me for thinking he might be the author. He said that passage referred to the review of Parr's work called *Philopatris*, which was, he said, the former article sent by the same author.

The Princess is out of spirits. There seemed to be none of the former intimacy between her and Canning. She asked him what he thought of the state of things in Portugal and said that she was persuaded there would be no battle; that Lord Wellington would not hazard one; that she had a great opinion of him, but that the inequality was too great. She has no information on the subject but manifestly wishes that our army may either be beaten or forced to re-embark, hoping, weakly, sillily, and wickedly, that this will bring the Opposition into power, and looking [? not] an inch farther. Canning disappointed her sadly by telling her that he thought one of two things must happen, either that Lord Wellington would beat him,[2] and force him to retreat, or that he would find himself obliged to retreat without fighting. She renewed this subject after Canning was gone, and repeated with apparent complacency her reasons for believing that we must abandon Portugal with disgrace, when I could not help saying with some emphasis, that I would not insure the security and independence of this

[1] There was no connection between John Gifford (whose real name was Green), author of the *Political Life of Pitt*, and William Gifford, the famous editor of the *Quarterly*.

[2] Presumably Masséna.

country or the safety of any individual in it from the highest to the lowest for six months if that were to happen. Lady Glenbervie says she looked furious. She instantly changed the subject.

Nov. 17, *Saturday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—The bulletins of yesterday stated that the King had a little return of fever on Thursday evening, but had slept some time in the night and that the fever was a little abated in the morning. Something more favourable had been generally expected. It seems the physicians found him so well on Thursday, although he knew that the question of further adjournment and his present situation was agitating in Parliament, that they permitted or recommended that a considerable number of papers, containing regulations about the Princess Amelia's late establishment and allowances to different persons upon it, should be laid before him for his final directions. They thought upon the whole that it might be advisable that everything requisite from [for] him to do connected with the Princess should be done and over as soon as possible. It seems he read every paper, and directed ultimately what he would have done. He had planned all these details it seems before his illness. The papers now occupied him full three hours. When he had done, he said he should now endeavour to dismiss the subject from his mind, or only to think of his daughter's death as of an event which had happened ten years ago. This occupation is supposed to have produced the increase of fever. It is said that he has talked very rationally and coherently at intervals, and even on matters of business, but with frequent intervening paroxysms of delirium, and that for the last week the intervals of reason have been greater and those paroxysms shorter and less and less frequent.

Mr. Adams, my colleague, whose mother was wet nurse to Princess Amelia, and has attended her during many months in her late illness, told us, the other day, that the scenes of distress and crying every day during the hour the King used to be with his daughter were melancholy beyond description. Mrs. Adams used to be present all the time. And Disbrowe, the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain, and a great favourite with the King, says

that every morning for an hour before he went to chapel he used to talk and cry and lament over her sufferings and danger. Disbrowe was the person who first perceived, or at least first gave notice, first to Lord Camden and afterwards to Mr. Perceval, of the King's approaching derangement. This he says was on the Sunday before the 25th October, the anniversary of the Accession.

Nov. 18, *Sunday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—The bulletins from Windsor yesterday were very discouraging. More fever than for the two former days, and a sleepless night on Friday.

Lady Glenbervie had a small party last night. Lady Anne Barnard, Lady Margaret Fordyce, the Duchess of Leeds, her sister Maria Anguish, Miss Charemile Grant, Lord Sidney Osborne, the Duchess's son, and Aidé the Constantinopolitan. The Duke of Argyll's approaching marriage was much talked of. He is to set off for Scotland to-day with his sister Lady Charlotte Campbell, and on his arrival is to be married to Lady Paget, who has lately divorced her husband, in the Commissary Court of that country, for adultery with a person unknown.

The person unknown is well known to be Lady Charlotte Wellesley, whose husband divorced her last year for adultery with Lord Paget. But as Lord Paget could not, by the law of Scotland, have married her if, in Lady Paget's suit against him, it had been proved that the act of adultery on which she grounded her complaint was with Lady Charlotte, it was contrived that they should be seen in bed together by a witness or witnesses who did not know Lady Charlotte. Yet Lady Paget, before she could obtain judgment against her husband, was obliged to swear that there was no collusion, while all the world says that the cross or double marriage of Lord Paget with Lady Charlotte and Lady Paget with the Duke of Argyll has been a matter settled and concerted between the four. The opinion of lawyers of eminence, it is said, have been taken, and that all but one (not named) have declared that both marriages will be valid. It is even reported that they have been directed in every step by counsel. The marriage of Lord Paget and Lady Charlotte Wellesley (or rather Lady Charlotte Cadogan)

has been celebrated first by a Scottish minister in that country, and since in England. It is said they found it very difficult to get an English clergyman who would perform the ceremony.

It is thought that if the grounds for believing collusion had been brought before the ecclesiastical court in Scotland the divorce could not have been obtained. But though so universally known, or suspected, there was [no] party who was desirous of disputing it. An appeal from the Commissary lies to the Court of Session, and from thence to the House of Lords, but for the same reason no such appeal has been brought. We heard yesterday that the affair has given so great scandal in Scotland that there has been a meeting of the Lords of Justiciary at Edinburgh and that they have entered into some resolution or protest on the subject. It is probable the glaring circumstances of the transaction will give rise to some Act of Parliament. But that can only be prospective. If, however, Lady Paget should have a son by the Duke, it is very possible the next heir to the estate and titles (now next to his brother, Lord John, a son of his uncle Lord William Campbell and next to him John Campbell, a Master in Chancery, neither of whom have male issue, and after them a distant relation of the name, a man of small property in Argyllshire) may dispute his right.[1] Some have surmised that under the circumstances, notwithstanding the divorce in Scotland and the marriage which is going to be celebrated there between the Duke and Lady Paget (or Lady Charlotte Villiers) and that which has been celebrated in both countries between Lord Paget and Lady Charlotte Wellesley, that both Lady and Lord Paget will be liable to indictment for bigamy here under the statute of James I.

Nov. 24, *Saturday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *Pheasantry.*—The intimacy between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland since the rupture between the Duke and the Princess and more particularly since he went to reside at Carlton House, after the attempt on his life, has been matter of as general notoriety as the Prince's undisguised hatred of him before that time.

[1] There was no issue of the marriage, and the Duke's brother, Lord John Campbell, succeeded to the title.

The Princess says he now entirely governs the Prince and that it is by his persuasion (others say by Lord and Lady Hertford's) that he has determined to make no changes, except probably giving the Presidency of the Council or some other great office to Lord Moira.[1]

The quarrel between the Duke of Cumberland and the Princess really originated from the good advice he gave her about little Billy. He urged her very strongly not to have him in the house nor with her when her daughter came, or any company of ceremony ; that she might show him every kindness in her power or inclination in private, but that her treating him as fit to be brought up with her daughter gave great scandal and would furnish a pretext for much of the malicious conversation to which she was exposed. I believe this advice was given in writing. Lady Townshend had given the same advice, and, notwithstanding the Princess's obligations to her, has never been forgiven. To the Duke of Cumberland her return was to write him a very impertinent letter. This had happened in the interval between the invitation to the dinner and christening at Perceval's and the day when that took place. They two stood godfather and godmother, and Lady Glenbervie having remarked to Dr. Scott that they did not speak on that occasion, he told her that she had written such a letter to the Duke.

We were trying last night to recollect who the company were the winter before last when the Princess retired with Lord Henry FitzGerald for an hour and a half after dinner. They were Lord Crewe, Dudley North, Lord Desart, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, my son, (Fred North I think), Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lady Glenbervie and myself and Miss Hayman. Dudley North had refused numberless invitations and I believe so had Lord Crewe, and they had thereby shown sufficiently their unwillingness to make part of the Princess's private society. During the absence, the silent confusion, indignation and surprise of us all supplied for almost the whole time the place of

[1] Contrary to expectation the Prince, on becoming Regent, decided to retain the existing Ministry. The Regency Bill, however, was not passed, nor the Prince's decision publicly declared, until the following February. Moira was given no office at this time.

conversation. Soon after she and Lord Henry Fitzgerald rejoined us, Dudley North and Lord Crewe went away together. Their topics on their way to London may be easily guessed at. This happened not very long after the delicate investigation.

Some time after this at Blackheath, when Lady Glenbervie was in waiting, and no other company there but Lord Henry and myself, the Princess retired with him, and remained absent above an hour, when, first, *he* returned with a book open in his hand, and soon afterwards the Princess followed him and said, "Lord Henry has been reading to me."

I can never forget my astonishment when on going to dine at Blackheath, some time before the delicate investigation, I found Captain Manby there. I had never seen him but as James Gordon's captain and in the very unfavourable light in which he had represented him. He certainly was not, from his situation, birth, or manners, a person one could expect to meet in the society of the Princess of Wales. We were only five: her Royal Highness, Lady Glenbervie, Miss Vernon, myself and this captain. She placed him next her at table, and directed all her *looks*, words, and *attentions* to him, at and after dinner, when we went to coffee and when she made him sit very close to her on the same sofa. After a time he withdrew, and the moment he shut the door she started up and said in her broken English, "*Child cry*," and then hurried into the adjoining room which has a communication with her garden and park. She has a private key to this which she sometimes lends. She was absent from us perhaps three quarters of an hour, and to do her justice returned with an air and look of confusion. In about ten minutes we took our leave, having to return to town that night.

I never saw Manby with her but that time. The child was little Billy.

It seems the King had occupied himself on the Tuesday (the day of the interment), as well as on the Thursday, about the details of the Princess Amelia's domestic concerns.

It is said that she left a will of which she made the Prince of Wales executor and Fitzroy general legatee, with the reserve

of a few legacies to other persons; that the Prince has destroyed the will, but means to fulfil all its directions.

Nov. 27, *Tuesday*, 5 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—The King could not be prevailed upon by Lord Grey to make his brother-in-law a Privy Counsellor. When very much [pressed] by him one day on this head, he said: "No, no. It must *not* be. What would the world think if they were to read over an ale house, 'The Right Honourable Sam Whitbread's entire sold here'?"

Dec. 6, *Thursday*, 10 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—We dined and supped yesterday at Kensington—the Princess, Lady Charlotte Lindsay (in waiting), Lady Glenbervie and myself. Mr. Sharp dined but went away before supper. I had once been in his company before, at Lady Cork's. He was, I thought, very conceited on that occasion, pragmatical and trenchant, like a French *savant* or *homme de lettres*. Yesterday he softened himself down, and we found his conversation very agreeable. He appears to have lived a great deal with the men who for the last twenty or thirty years have been at the head of literature and science in this place, and he abounds in good anecdote. His look is vulgar and coarse, but his manners not so. Some of his anecdotes were new to me, among others a piece of humorous nonsense of Wilkes. Somebody in company with Wilkes was mentioning the habit Mr. Pettit Andrews [1] had of telling one story after another, and that this was growing upon him as he grew older. "Yes," says Wilkes, "he is falling into his *anecdotage*." Jekyll said something as foolish, but which makes one laugh, of the present Chief Baron, whose conversation is mere Joe Millar, one story after another for ever. He had just been knighted when Jekyll nicknamed him the Arabian Knight, a sobriquet which has stuck by him.

Sharp remembered an addition to the well-known circumstance of Lord North's correcting Burke, during one of his violent philippics at the profusions of that Government, in his false pronunciation of *vectĭgal* for *vectīgal*. Lord North said in a loud whisper across the House, from the Treasury Bench, "*vectīgal*," and Burke by some nod or expression signified his

[1] James Pettit Andrews, historian and lawyer, who died in 1797.

acknowledgment of the false quantity. So far I had often heard, but Sharp's edition added that among other charges Burke had spoken of the exorbitant number of messengers and quantity of paper and stationery employed and consumed in the offices of the Government, and when Lord North came to answer that accusation, he said he would not avail himself of the honourable gentleman's acknowledgment that he was mistaken in the *quantity*.

The Princess told Lady Glenbervie that the King, when he found the present attacks coming on, said to Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Baillie, "I have a great reliance on you both not only as skilful physicians, but as men of sense and integrity. I feel that I am going to be ill in the former way, and I request of you two, that you will not be induced, on any account, to represent me as recovered, till you are satisfied that I am perfectly so. By permitting me to go abroad on the last occasion, before that was the case, the physicians were the cause of my doing a great many absurd and foolish things." This is very affecting. It is quite *cum ratione insanire*.

Sharp says there were great differences of opinion among the gentlemen of the faculty who attended his Majesty in his first illness and that this gave occasion to a caricature print, in which Warren and the others were made very like, and they were represented one with his sword run through another quite up to the hilt, one throttling his neighbour and a third knocking his antagonist down. The motto was "*Doctors will differ*."

Dec. 10, *Monday*, 3 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods*.—Lady Glenbervie dined and supped at Kensington yesterday. I remained at home, with a head and cold, which I *improved* by sitting up till two in the morning arranging pamphlets for binding.

The Princess has opened herself a little, on the subject of Lord Henry FitzGerald, to Lady Charlotte Lindsay. She says he has acted a very unfriendly part by her. That for a week before he went out of town he was very cross, but yet took the liberties of a friend. She explained this expression. She said that he was to accompany her to a launch, that his second son

was to go to it, and he said as he did not like him to go with other boys he wished her Royal Highness would take him in her carriage, which she did. The party, consisting of several persons, dined, after the launch, at Blackheath, where he was extremely out of humour and contradictory. He was to have dined next day at Kensington, but sent an excuse, his second son being seized with the measles, and Lady de Ros [1] absent at Cheltenham with the eldest, who died there soon afterwards. At the same time he wrote to her to desire that as his physician was out of town, and he was not acquainted with Dr. Baillie, she would write to him and bid him come immediately to see his son. This she likewise did. A few days afterwards he wrote again to say he must go to Cheltenham without coming to Kensington, his eldest son being dangerously ill with a dropsy, that his son had been ordered to drink wine, that he had an aversion to the ordinary wines, and it would be charity if she would let him have a few bottles of her Cape. She immediately sent him two dozen. He afterwards, after his son died, was in town about a week, without coming or sending to her, and that on coming to town at the first meeting of Parliament on the King's illness, she received a letter from him, in which he told her that he did not mean to come to Kensington for the present, in the state of the King's health, thinking it better they should not meet till things were settled one way or another. This she calls, and very truly, very shabby. This is the letter I believe she had received, and written so severe an answer to, one day that Lady Glenbervie and I dined with her. Last week she made Lady Charlotte write a formal invitation to him and Lady de Ros to dinner for yesterday. To this Lady Charlotte received a long, perplexed excuse, but the purport was that both were going out of town. The Princess saw Lady de Ros in town yesterday.

Some time before the break up between them, the Princess told Lady Glenbervie that the Prince had sent her notice that if she were not more circumspect in her conduct, he should send

[1] Lord Henry's wife was Baroness de Ros in her own right. Two of his sons succeeded to the title.

her to Holyrood House. She quite expects to be sent there if he is Regent.

Dec. 11, *Tuesday*, 8 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—During the interval of the King's present illness when he was thought to be getting better, the Princess had an inclination to go to the play at the Lyceum, but did not choose to send for the box in her own name to Spring the box-keeper, who always lets her have the right hand stage box when she sends for it the day before. She therefore desired Mrs. Bagot to bespeak the box for herself, with an intention of joining her there. This Mrs. Bagot did, but next forenoon an acquaintance called upon her and told her, "So you are going to the play to-night, and you have got a stage-box." Very true," said Mrs. Bagot, "and where's the harm ?" "Ay, but you have not got it for yourself —the Princess of Wales is to come to you there." Mrs. Bagot thought this circumstance particular and wrote it to Lady Charlotte Lindsay, desiring her, if she thought proper, to mention it to her Royal Highness. She did so and the Princess did not go to the play. Mrs. Bagot observed that there was a great crowd of people watching when she and Mrs. Villiers (who had gone with her as the Princess had sent her word that she should not) went in to the house, and that there were also persons in the opposite and adjoining boxes who kept constantly looking to their box as if to observe whether the Princess came. The Princess had heard that on the first public knowledge of the King's illness, the Prince said he would lay a bet that the Princess would be the first person of the Royal Family to go again into public, on any the slightest rumour of his recovery.

Dec. 16, *Sunday*, 7.30 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—Lady Glenbervie and I went, after church, to call on her uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, at Chelsea, and then returned and have dined *tête-à-tête* together. We heard at Winchester House that the examination of the physicians, before the committees, according to what the Bishop has heard of it, does not now encourage such hopes of recovery as their evidence before the Privy Council did. Whitbread, in questioning Dr. Reynolds, was very coarse and illiberal. Why did Perceval put him on the committee ?

To have left him out would have been popular with the greater part of the public, and I believe not very disagreeable to most of his own party, particularly to his rival Ponsonby.[1] The bulletins, for the last five days, have uniformly concluded by saying that the King continued the same as the day before. It seems he is perfectly aware of the examinations that are now carrying on, and that idea of being suspended from the Government irritates him extremely. Both the Chancellor and Perceval are supposed to have seen him. But whether he knew this I cannot learn. From his blindness, they easily might, without his knowledge, and perhaps it is their duty that they should.

The Bishop, who is a sort of favourite with the Prince, and I think has some partiality for him, is persuaded he will not attempt any material change in public measures, nor the exercise of any of the higher branches of the prerogative, such as the creation of peers, for a long time, and not till it shall become evident that there is no probability of his father's recovery. The Bishop understands that his Royal Highness has had no intercourse with any of the Opposition but Lord Grenville. But, as to him, I could not find that he grounded his opinion on any other circumstances but the anecdote we heard, and which I may have mentioned before, that while the Prince remained at Windsor, during the early part of the King's attack, Tyrwhitt went every morning from the Lodge where the Prince was to the Castle to learn how the King was, and that a short time after his return to the Prince his groom was despatched to Eton Bridge, or the *Christopher*, where a servant of Lord Grenville's was waiting, to carry the intelligence to Dropmore.

Lord Grey went into Northumberland immediately after the adjournment on the 29th of November and is not yet returned. The reason of this is pretended not to be political, but that his wife is going to lay in. But she has had several children, and Lady Glenbervie observes that, as he is not a man-midwife,

[1] George Ponsonby was the recognised leader of Opposition in the Commons, but Whitbread, whose views were too radical for the more moderate members of his party, was a much more effective speaker.

his presence at home cannot be very particularly wanted on the occasion.

Lord Desart told Lady Glenbervie yesterday that there are reports current at present about the Princess of so degrading and dishonouring a nature that he was almost ashamed to hint at them; that she is engaged in an intrigue with one of the meanest and lowest description imaginable. This is something of a key to what Farquhar said here some days ago. He asked Lady Glenbervie how the Princess was going on. She said she thought remarkably well, that she never went into public. "Aye," quoth Sir Walter, "but what does she do at home?"

Dec. 18, *Tuesday*, 1 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—The Princess invited herself to come here yesterday evening. Her purpose was to mention to Lady Glenbervie what Sir Henry Englefield had said to her the other day. He asked her Royal Highness if she knew a Major Freeman. She said she had heard of him. Sir Henry: "Your Royal Highness knows he is the *rapporteur* (spy) of the Prince of Wales?" Princess: "Yes." Sir Henry: "His wife is a mistress of the Duke of Sussex, and he was his equerry or something in his household. Freeman and his wife occupy the house opposite your Royal Highness's windows, which you intend for Lady Charlotte Campbell. The Prince, knowing what scrapes his brother is constantly getting into, employed Freeman to give him notice of all his motions and conduct. The Duke of Sussex, having found this out, and being worked upon by Mrs. Billington, a mistress of his also, and who has become jealous of Mrs. Freeman, he has turned Freeman out of his service. Since that time Freeman is continually at Carlton House." Princess: "I know most part of what you have told me, but have you any particular reason for telling it me?" Sir Henry: "No." The Princess, however, supposes he had, and has desired Lady Glenbervie to send to him to call upon her and to ask him whether he has heard of any report Freeman may have made to the Prince concerning her. Her Royal Highness brought nobody with her but Mrs. Lisle, and she would not stay to supper. She is in a great fidget, or squandary, as she calls it. She goes to Blackheath to-day for a month.

Dec. 21, *Friday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—It was reported yesterday that Perceval laid his plan for the Regency before the Prince the day before, that he expressed great disapprobation of it, and had written a letter to that effect, and that having sent this letter to his brothers, they had all signed their concurrence in opinion with his Royal Highness. He was said yesterday to have ordered Tyrwhitt and MacMahon to press all his friends to attend and oppose the Ministers in the debate and vote last night.

I hear Lucien Buonaparte told the captain who brought him from Malta, that he knew the violence and tyranny of his brother was grown so intolerable in France that he was satisfied his reign would soon come to an end.

Lady Glenbervie saw Sir Henry Englefield by appointment yesterday. It seems the name of the Major, the *rapporteur du Prince*, is Frith, not Freeman. The Princess confounds names strangely, seldom pronouncing those of the persons who live in her society right. She calls Lord Lucan constantly Lord Lookum, Lord Dartmouth Dartmore, etc. Sir Henry says that he had no particular fact to mention of the espionage of the Friths, but that he was desired by a very good well-wisher of the Princess's to tell her what he did. Lady Glenbervie imagines this well-wisher to be Mrs. Fitzherbert. She and Sir Henry, being of the same religion, are well acquainted, and they are neighbours in Tilney Street. He said the Friths—husband and wife—are all day on the watch, opposite to the Princess's apartment, and carry everything immediately to Bloomfield,[1] one of the Prince's household and his confidant. The Prince divides his time daily between Lady Hertford and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Sir Henry says Bloomfield is a canting, methodistical hypocrite, always talking religion and morality, but living, though a married man, in barefaced adultery with Lady Downshire.

George Wilson told Lady Glenbervie yesterday that there is a current report at present that the Princess is engaged in an intrigue with one Raymond, a second-hand player at the

[1] Benjamin Bloomfield, chief equerry to the Prince, and afterwards Keeper of the Privy Purse. He was knighted and in 1825 created Baron Bloomfield.

Lyceum. This would tally with what Lord Desart told her lately.

Dec. 28, *Friday*, 6.45 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—The King had a severe attack of fever a few days ago, at night. The Prince of Wales told Lord Keith he had seen him the next morning, emaciated, pale as a sheet, and talking incessantly.

On Sunday last (Christmas day) Lady (Sidney) Smith asked Lady Glenbervie and me to dine with them, to meet the King of Sweden.[1] Our curiosity was very much tempted, but we had engaged Lord and Lady Guilford to dine with us. We went there in the evening. He is very ugly, pale, small prominent eyes, thick lips and marked with the small-pox, with that kind of *fadeur* so common in Swedes and Danes. His person slender and ungain. His manner is gentle, civil and unaffected. He is 33, but looks younger. I had a good deal of conversation with him, but only on common topics of weather, climate, language, etc. He speaks French fluently, English not at all. He recollected Fred North (whom he resembles, by the bye, very considerably, when Fred North was thin, but the resemblance is much *en laid*). He seems to feel great affection for Sir Sidney. We found there the Duque d'Albuquerque, a little, plain, stumpy, red-headed Spaniard. He had dined there. Lord Moira came in the evening, and several other persons.

[1] Charles XIII.

1811

Jan. 1, *Tuesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—The comforts I trust I may still look to for the remainder of my days are literature and the society and affections of my dear and excellent wife and my beloved Fred. Difficulties, comparatively considered, of a pecuniary nature, I must expect, but with such comforts I shall be more an object of envy than of pity.

Jan. 6, *Sunday*, 2 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—Young Lord Alvanley, who has something of the buffo humour of his father, and though young, and without a broken nose, is full as ugly, has been till this Regency battle a great stickler for the present Ministry, and had given his proxy to the Duke of York, considering him as being as staunch as himself. On one of the late divisions, however, he voted on the Prince's side. This voting in person vacated his proxy, and the day after, having met the Duke of York in the street, he said: "Sir, you will have heard of my vote last night, and as I understand your Royal Highness is thinking of ratting yourself, you will have been the less surprised at my ratting."

Lady Charlotte Lindsay has heard that the Prince has declared his determination that the Princess shall never be crowned, and that she never shall have drawing-rooms as Queen, when he succeeds to the Crown.

Jan. 9, *Wednesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—On Monday, the 7th, being the Princess Charlotte's birthday, I dined at Kensington, her mother having come from Blackheath, where she has resided for about three weeks, to celebrate the anniversary there. Lady Glenbervie was not able to go with me on account of an attack of St. Anthony's fire in her face. I carried Lady

Charlotte Lindsay. The company at dinner were the Princess, the Princess Charlotte, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, the Duke of Brunswick, Lady Carnarvon (one of the Princess's *Ladies* of the Bedchamber), Mrs. Lisle (sister to Lord Cholmondeley, the *Woman* of the Bedchamber who always waits for Lady Carnarvon), Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Miss Dew (who lives with the Princess Sophia of Gloucester), Lady Charlemont, Lady Ann Vernon (the wife of the Archbishop of York and sister to the Marquess of Stafford), the Archbishop of York, Lord Charlemont and myself. The Princess, on each side of whom sat her daughter and the Archbishop, talked politics and *double entendre* with the latter and, on the former topic, declared she was for an unlimited Regency. Strange, for though his son is in strong Opposition in the House of Commons the Archbishop himself voted for the limitations. She expatiated on the talents of Canning and her affection for him as for a brother. Her idea seems to be that Canning is to resume his late place under the Prince's Government, Lord Wellesley to be First Lord, Lord Moira Commander-in-Chief, Tierney Chancellor of the Exchequer, etc. She insinuates that she gathers this partly from Canning himself, in whose confidence she wishes you to believe she is, more than I think she is. He and Lord Granville Leveson were to dine at Kensington yesterday.

The succession of favourable bulletins for the last ten days and the favourable private reports of the King's increasing approach to convalescence have a very discernible effect on the depressed countenances of the expectants on the Regency, in their daily attendance to inscribe their names at St. James's as a testimony of their anxiety for the King's recovery.

Jan. 10, *Thursday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—The bulletin of yesterday continued favourable: that "his Majesty had passed a good night and remained as well as the day before."

Perceval has got great credit for his firmness, spirit and temper under the insults and provocations with which he has been assailed on the present very trying and difficult occasion. Such occasions not only prove what a man is but make him what

he otherwise would not have been. Henry Legge, with his nephew, young Lord Dartmouth, and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse dined with us yesterday. Legge says he knows that early during the Grenville and Fox Administration an attempt was made to detach both Perceval and Canning from their present policy and that when those attempts failed Fox said as to Perceval he never expected he could be got over, but that he had thought Canning would. That he knew Perceval to be an honourable little fellow. Of that distinction I should doubt the authenticity.

Legge is worthy and honourable, but eager, full of prejudices, and apt to believe on slight evidence what corresponds with those prejudices. He added that a second negotiation took place between the Grenvilles and Canning after Fox's death, and towards the end of that Ministry, and that, if their dissolution had not happened when it did, he certainly was to have joined them. I remember hearing the same thing at the time.

Jan. 21, *Monday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—One of the reports of the day yesterday (the day of the week when reports abound) was that Earl Fitzwilliam is to be First Lord of the Treasury under the Prince, Lord Grenville and Grey Secretaries of State, and Canning the third Secretary. Fremantle who was one of Lord Grenville's Secretaries of the Treasury told Edward Cooke yesterday (whom I met immediately afterwards) that he might be assured *if there was a change made by the Prince* that Lord Grenville would not accept of any situation under Lord Grey, who has also been talked of as Minister, or at least as the Leader of the House of Lords, and Perry of the *Morning Post*, who many reckoned a sort of *sous-ministre* of the Fox party, told John Drummond that they are determined [? not] to place his nephew [1] at their head while he is completely under the dominion of his wife.

Jan. 23, *Wednesday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—Colonel Disbrowe, of the Staffordshire Militia, Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, formerly Equerry to the King, and in great favour with both, though a descendant of Cromwell's and in his earlier life a great Foxite, but a man of cheerful, agreeable manner and

[1] *i.e.*, Fox's nephew, Lord Holland.

pleasantry, and of excellent character, called on us yesterday forenoon. He says Lords Grenville and Grey had prepared a much harsher answer for the Prince to the Address of the two Houses but that Lord Moira and Sheridan had persuaded him to soften it; that on finding this, they either sent a message or wrote to him to say that they were very ready to serve him but that they must decline doing so if the advice they should give him were to be counteracted by the opinions of secret counsellors; that this gave great offence to the Prince, and that the several visits between his Royal Highness and Lord Holland have been for the purpose, on the part of Holland, to make up matters between him and them; that this was effected last Monday. Those two Lords to be two of the Secretaries of State. (Query: Who is to be the third? Is it to be Canning or Lord Wellesley?) Lord Moira to be Commander-in-Chief and at the same time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as Lord Cornwallis was. Disbrowe's account is that there is such ill-blood, such jealousy among the proposed members of the Prince's Cabinet, that it is thought that they will scarcely be able to form a Ministry. This is a common opinion and particularly among the Foxite squadron of Opposition. It is said that they will try every means to gain Perceval. That they should succeed in this is, I think, quite impossible.

Jan. 28, *Monday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—The Chancellor and Mr. Perceval were with the King on Saturday for an hour, and Sir William Scott told Lady Glenbervie, who met him yesterday at *the Enquiry* at St. James's, that the interview was *very satisfactory*. The bulletin of yesterday morning was, "His Majesty continues as well as *before*." The Prince's party affect to say that word is very equivocal and indefinite but, when one knows of the satisfactory interview with his two Ministers, one must construe [it] to mean "as at the time of the bulletin immediately preceding." The Prince attended St. James's Chapel yesterday during the service and sermon, having come to take the sacrament, in order to qualify, as it is called, for the office of Regent. Before the last anthem was concluded the chapel was cleared of everybody of the congrega-

tion, peers, peeresses in the Closet and all. Lady Glenbervie was of the number. I had not gone there. His Royal Highness was attended by Lord Moira, Lord Keith and Lord Dundas. Lady Mary Coke told Lady Glenbervie that she was there on the like occasion in 1789 and that at that time the Regency Bill had just passed the House of Commons the day before. At the Enquiry General Finch (brother to Lord Aylesford), who was the Groom of the Chamber in Waiting, told me that he was also on the same duty when the Prince qualified in 1789, and that the very next day the King's recovery was announced.

The Prince was dressed in a plain greatcoat with fur cape and paraments. It seems it is the etiquette for the Royal Family not to give notice or be attended by the state officers on such occasions. Lord Aylesford, the Lord Steward of the Household, was at the chapel, but by accident, and in a walking frock, and he retired with the rest of the congregation.

I spent the evening, last night, at Lady Hampden's. Lord Hampden was gone to dine at Carlton House. Dicky Glover (a son of *Leonidas* Glover) came there and told us he had seen a letter from Dr. Heberden to Lord —— [*sic*] written last week, in which he mentioned that the King had asked him that day if he knew whether the Army and Navy had been paid. That he had said he understood that Mr. Perceval had issued the money for that purpose on his responsibility and that the King then said he hoped the Ministers had acquainted Parliament with this.

Lord Hampden came home about twelve. The dinner he said was exquisite, in cooking and wines, and the Prince particularly agreeable, easy, entertaining, but dignified. They were eighteen at table; twenty were invited, but two were gone into the country. It was mentioned, I understood by the Prince, that the physicians now declare their expectations of a speedy and total recovery. Of the company I recollect Lord Hampden mentioned the Duke of Devonshire, young Lord Downshire, Lord Keith, Lord Moira, Lord Yarmouth, Sheridan and Colonel Bloomfield. The Prince drank at least three bottles of wine, besides punch made with maraschino with lumps of solid ice in it, and a sort of spicy *liqueur* which he takes in great quantities.

Feb. 1, *Friday*, 6 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—Mrs. General St. John told me the other day some singular anecdotes of the Prince. She used, about twenty years ago, to live very much in his society. She was then, and still continues, a great friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert's. She heard the Prince, one night, at a great assembly at Lady Salisbury's, say that he thought the Roman Catholic religion the only religion fit for a gentleman. Mrs. St. John expressed her surprise that he should think, and still more that he should declare this opinion openly, in so large and mixed a company, when he replied, "My God, it is my opinion and I do not care who knows it."

She told me several instances of his brutal cruelty to animals.

Fox used to say there would be two sure ways of governing him when King—by bullying him, and by furnishing him with money for his pleasures.

Feb. 4, *Monday*, 1 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—In Perceval's intercourse with the King (I think on Thursday or Wednesday last) the King asked him how the Prince had conducted himself during his illness. His answer was, with the utmost propriety and the greatest delicacy and attention to what he conceived would be his Majesty's sentiments and feelings. It is said the Queen gave an account of this in a letter to her son, and mentioned to him that the King had expressed his great delight and satisfaction, on account of Perceval's report, and the Prince answered her letter expressive of his great satisfaction from what she had told him of the impression made on his Majesty. The resolution of the Prince to continue the present Ministers is supposed to be connected with these civilities. Lords Grenville and Grey are said to have advised it. Moira, Erskine and their πολλοι of Foxites and Grenvillites, furious. Moira's equipages as Lord Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief of Ireland were ready, the secretary, staff, aides-de-camp, etc., nominated and arrangements made for the liquidation of his debts, and fresh supplies with the bankers and brokers, Jew and Christian, with whom he is understood to be involved.

Canning they say was to have been left out if the new Ministry had taken place. They wanted Huskisson, but he was

reluctant, without Canning. I am very sorry if Canning has over-shot his mark, but it is too generally thought he has.

Feb. 6, *Wednesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—Lady Glenbervie had a large party on Monday evening. Fawkener came there about eleven o'clock and told us he had just come from Perceval, who had not up to that time received any communication from the Prince. Yesterday there was a Board of the Commissioners of Records at eleven in the morning at the Speaker's. When it broke up he told Lord Redesdale and me that he had seen Mr. Perceval just before we met and that a letter had just come to him from the Prince full of fine feeling and filial tenderness for his father and announcing that he did not mean to make any change. No expressions of civility to Perceval, much less anything like thanks for the favourable representation he had made of him to his Majesty. No allusion to the probable duration of his Regency, but instead of anything of the sort, a *caveat* not to suppose that he had altered his opinion that all the proceedings that had led to his appointment were contrary to the constitution and law of the kingdom. Thus at the moment of his accepting a commission under those proceedings, by declaring them illegal and unconstitutional he not only condemns his intended Minister Lord Grenville's conduct on the whole matter in 1788-9 [1] and on the great question whether the business should have originated by Bill or Address, but proves that in point of consistency, he ought to have refused to accept or execute an office of the highest importance in the constitution created by a violation of that constitution. Till yesterday morning doubts, founded partly on his instability, partly on the reports dictated by the wishes and lingering hopes of the expectant party, were entertained how far he might not yet have repented and returned to the desperate measure of a change of Ministers.

A general Privy Council is appointed to be held to-day at Carlton House at two o'clock, for the purpose of his taking the oaths which it has been determined he is to swear. The members are to go full dressed. We shall see whether those of the Outs will attend.

[1] When Grenville had been in favour of a restricted Regency.

Last week, I think last Thursday, Mrs. Fitzherbert came suddenly to town by the Prince's desire, and he was with her the greatest part of that day, and then returned again immediately to Brighthelmstone. This anecdote the Duchess of Gordon told me on Sunday evening at Mrs. Thomas Hope's supper. It was the day before his resolution of continuing the Ministers was supposed to have been taken, as the communication of it to the other party was not made till Friday, at night. The Duchess said she had heard that some of the adherents of the present Ministry intended to have called on the Prince to declare, before he should take the oaths for the Regency, whether he was not married to a Papist.

Lady Auckland sat some time with Lady Glenbervie yesterday. She had together with Lord Auckland breakfasted at Camelford House, Lord Grenville's. She says she understands the Prince intends to make his own speech. Does he think the Ministers he has chosen to continue will make themselves answerable for its contents?

Both Mr. Perceval and Mr. Yorke saw the King on Monday and found him calm and ready and desirous of conversing on business. Lord Somerville, the Lord in Waiting this week, told Lady Glenbervie that for some time the King has appeared uniformly well during nine tenths of the day, both in manner and conversation, but with some hurry and wildness in the remaining part.

I paid my respects to the Duchess of Brunswick on Monday forenoon. She is full of gratitude to me for recommending to her to read Lord Orford's works, particularly his correspondence and reminiscences. She has devoured them. They are of her own time in England, to and concerning persons she knew and remembers. In speaking of her nephew's determination to retain the Ministers she cried with pleasure; she is a good hearted, simple-hearted person such as are so rarely found among sovereigns or princesses. A few days ago she spoke to Lady Glenbervie of the retirement of her daughter since the King's illness. Lady Glenbervie mentioned the general approbation this had met with. "Thank God," said the Duchess, "she

has for once done right"—this with tears starting from her eyes. She then added, crying still, "She lost herself terribly last year"—still crying. This alluded to the part she took in the election of the Chancellor of Oxford.

At a small dinner we gave last Monday, where the party was the Dowager Lady Donegall, her sister Miss Godfrey, Miss Charemile Grant, Sir Henry Englefield, Mr. Charles Moore (the late Archbishop's son and Lord Auckland's nephew), Mr. Charles Grant, Lady Glenbervie and myself, the manners, character, vulgarity, wit and pristine beauty of the Duchess of Gordon became a topic of conversation, and several instances of her wit were recollected. One, where all of us agreed there was not much wit, though a *jeu de mots*, it occurred to me to mention. The late Sir William Nairn, of Dunsinnen, having been made a Lord of Session took his title from that name of his estate, though of late it has been I believe not uncommon for them to be called Lord with their surname, as Lord Cullen, Lord Robertson. In Scotland Dunsinnen is pronounced with a strong accent on the middle syllable, not, as in *Hamlet*,[1] Dunsináne. The Duchess either had not, or pretended not to have heard what title Sir William had chosen, and asked, on his appointment, how he was to be called. The answer was, Lord Dunsínnen. He was a remarkably grave, formal man, and had the repute of uncontaminated chastity. "I thought," said the Duchess, "my friend Willy Nairn had never begun sinning."

The name Dunsinnen pronounced as I have observed is so familiar to Scottish ears that when *Macbeth* is acted in Scotland the players change Shakespeare's line thus:

When to Dunsinnen Birnam Wood shall come.

Birnam Wood is in the Duke of Atholl's pleasure ground at Dunkeld, and is but about six or eight miles from Dunsinnen. It is now covered with oak and oak stools and shoots, most probably the same from which the army against Macbeth had cut the branches which served to verify the prophecy. At least

[1] A slip, of course, for *Macbeth*.

the wood we saw there in 1805 must be sprung from acorns produced, ultimately, from the trees of those days.

Feb. 7, *Thursday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—I attended the Privy Council yesterday. It was held at Carlton House at two o'clock. All the members were summoned. There were present I should think about ninety. The house is magnificently fitted up. After the Prince had taken the oaths, and made the declaration against Popery, all the members present came up, one by one, and kissed his hand. They then subscribed their names attesting the oaths and declaration of his Royal Highness on two separate parchments. These autographs will be a fine morsel for the paleographer of future times. It is now said the Prince is not to open the session in person although his three sets of horses, one of eight and two of six, have been parading the streets and parks daily for the last fortnight, and his new liveries have been made. It is supposed his determination now to issue a commission for opening it, in the manner used by his father of late years, has been occasioned by his reluctance personally to pronounce a speech written by these Ministers.

Feb. 11, *Monday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—Lady Glenbervie went into waiting on Saturday last, 9th February. When I called upon her yesterday forenoon she told me some of her Royal Highness's news to her the day before. The Princess says the sudden change in the Prince's resolution concerning an administration was entirely the contrivance of the Duke of Cumberland and the Chancellor. They had concerted together the sort of letter which the former was to persuade the Queen to write to the Prince. This letter she did write on the suggestion of the Duke, and charged him to deliver it to his brother, which he did, and then frightened him (bullied was her Royal Highness's word) to write the answer and to take the sudden determination of retaining the present Ministers. The Prince has, during the agitation of these things, had three epileptic fits. He has besides been very ill, with sicknesses, swelled legs, etc. This last, and perhaps the whole of the above circumstances, Lady Glenbervie thinks were told the Princess by the Duke of Kent, her great political and family intelligencer. Sir Walter Farquhar

has said that the Prince has been very nervous. The Princess says Lord Grenville is furious. Canning she says was not proposed to be of the new Administration and had no offer of any situation in it. That if he had, he had determined not to accept of any *under* Lady Holland. I fear he has got into the situation of the bat in the fable.

The Princess invited *Perceval* and the *Attorney* and *Solicitor-General* to dinner for next Tuesday. They all sent excuses, pleading the House of Commons. They are all invited again for Sunday next, when she says they can have no excuse. I think they will find one.

The other day we were talking of Swift's verses on his own death, when Lady Glenbervie amused us very much by what she said [would be said]at a dinner, *en petit comité* at Kensington, if she happened to die in the morning. The company, Sir Henry Englefield, Lord Henry FitzGerald (this was now a considerable anachronism), Sir William Drummond, Ward, Luttrell, Lord Archibald Hamilton and the Monk (Lewis).[1] Sir Henry, an old friend of Lady Glenbervie's; Lord Henry FitzGerald, a very particular friend of her Royal Highness (*i.e.* till about three quarters of a year ago); Sir William Drummond, a professed atheist, or according to the more energetic name which he and some others are said to have assumed of echthrotheist; Ward, very witty, but inclining it is thought to Sir William's sect, and very malicious; Luttrell, suspected also of the same bias, frightfully ugly but extremely agreeable and obliging; Lord Archibald Hamilton (long the *bon ami* of Lady Oxford, and heretofore of his cousin the *soi-disante* Duchess of Sussex), extremely deaf; Lewis, disliked by all man and womankind, but thrusting himself into all the best society and frequently at Kensington, a hateful little animal, with just genius enough to complete his disagreeableness, constantly talking about himself, his heart, his feelings, etc.

It is impossible to render the humorous manner with which Lady Glenbervie accompanied the speeches she made for each

[1] Matthew Gregory Lewis, often called the Monk or Monk Lewis with reference to his most famous book.

of her *dramatis personæ*, admirably counterfeiting their looks and manner of expression.

Princess: "Sir Henry, you will have been very sorry for poor Lady Glenbervie ——."

Sir Henry: "O Madam, nothing but obedience to your Royal Highness's commands could have made me dine out to-day. The account of her death this morning made me quite sick. (To one of the servants.) Be so good as to bring back the turtle soup."

Lord Henry FitzGerald: "I fear it will be a great inconvenience to your Royal Highness."

Sir William Drummond: "Lady Glenbervie was a woman full of prrrejudices."

Lord Archibald Hamilton (staring to know what they had been talking about).

The Princess (bawling to him): "Lady Glenbervie died this morning."

Lord Archibald: "Umh!"

Ward: "People thought her clever and agreeable, but she was *d'un fanaticisme profond, et elle se formalisoit de tout.*"

Luttrell: "I own I liked her company, she was such a good laugher at a bad joke."

Lewis (*the Monk*) (drawling and grinning): "She might be agreeable, but there was never anything congenial between her and me."

Feb. 17, *Sunday*, 1 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—The Princess (with whom I dined on Thursday and yesterday) says the King was a good deal hurried after the Prince's visit. But her intelligence is seldom correct. She assured us yesterday that the Prince now never tastes wine, but liqueurs, particularly eau de Garuche, his favourite dram at present, and excessively strong and hot. But Lord Hampden saw him drink at least three bottles of wine, besides maraschino punch and the eau de Garuche, when he dined at Carlton House about a fortnight ago.

The Princess Charlotte, Lady De Clifford, Lord Aberdeen, Ward, Sir William Drummond, Lady Glenbervie, Lady Charlotte, Miss Hayman and myself were the party. The

Princess Charlotte took extremely to Drummond on the occasion and afterwards to Ward. Lord Aberdeen and Ward were in her company for the first time. After dinner Drummond told us that she questioned him very much during the dinner (during a great part of which she was engaged in a close whisper with him) concerning the other two, asked if they were friends, and being told they were, and yet strenuous partisans, on opposite sides, in politics, she said she was surprised how that could be.

Feb. 18, *Monday*, 1.30 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—On Saturday either the Princess or Lady De Clifford told Lady Glenbervie that the Princess Charlotte cried when she learned that her father had determined not to change the Ministry.

At a great dinner at Sir Thomas Sutton's at Moulsey, just before the Prince's resolution to keep the present Ministers was known, the Duke of Clarence said, "The King is as mad as ever, but we have now shut the door and turned the key upon him. We shall never let him out again."

Yesterday we had at dinner, of visitors, besides myself, only the Master of the Rolls,[1] the Solicitor General (Sir Thomas Plumer) and Hugh Leycester. The Princess, after a strained panegyric on the great part Perceval had acted, how much she loved and had always loved him, etc., etc., complained to Sir Thomas Plumer that he would not accept any of her invitations. She then asked him if he was determined never to come to her. Plumer said he certainly believed he had, while Minister to the Regent.

At supper, after the three lawyers were gone, she repeated what had passed, and said it was very absurd in Perceval. That it was true she had she believed said she did not think him fit to be Minister, and that somebody must have repeated this to him. The fact is she had written to him, on the resignation of Canning, that she thought him a very bold man to undertake to govern the country. This will probably never be forgiven. It has also been reported both to Perceval and Mrs. Perceval that she said Perceval was entirely governed by that silly woman his wife. This neither will ever forgive. Nothing can be less

[1] Sir William Grant.

true. Perceval is a very fond and kind husband, but keeps his wife to her own sphere.

Leycester, in spite of his deafness (a symptom of old age daily growing upon me) is a man of very gentle and very engaging manners and conversation. Sir William Grant is a *fagot de bois sec* in society. Great on the Bench, an oracle in Parliament, but like Mrs. Siddons a preposterous body in a drawing room. Plumer is lively, shrewd, coaxing, but vulgar and savouring of the Inns of Court.

Feb. 24, *Sunday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—I dined yesterday at the Duke of Gloucester's, a dinner of men. The dinner was given to Luis Lopez, the Deputy or Envoy from the Caraccas, who arrived here last June (with a colleague who is since gone back). I sat next him. He speaks tolerable French. He is much connected with Miranda [1] and married to a niece of his. Miranda has been sent out again with the permission of this Government, and Lopez thinks he arrived there about the end of December. Lopez and his companion and a secretary came over in an English man-of-war. The voyage from the Caraccas to England was only thirty-one days. The Duke drank Miranda's health, of whose talents and *integrity* he is a great admirer or panegyrist, and success to the independence of Spanish America. An indiscreet thing, but he confined it in a sort of whisper to Lopez and me, who sat next him. The rest of the company were Wilberforce, Jackson, fresh from America, a most exquisite coxcomb, presumptuous and vulgar, Freeling, Secretary to the Post Office, Arthur Stanhope, Mr. Booth, two equerries and a secretary of the Duke's, Sir John Sebright, etc.

The Duke is now residing in a house of John Manners and the Duchess of Roxburghe.[2] But he has just bought Lord Elgin's house in Piccadilly.

[1] Francisco Miranda, a Venezuelan, who fought under the French flag both in the War of Independence and the Revolutionary War, and spent his life in working for the cause of South American independence.

[2] The widow of the fourth Duke of Roxburghe had married the Hon. John Manners, son of John Manners of Grantham Grange and his wife Louisa, *suo jure* Countess of Dysart.

Poor Mrs. Cholmondeley, at the age of near eighty, has been seized with madness, about a fortnight ago, and is now, I am told, quite furious. She was always singular and eccentric, but with several agreeable and many good qualities. My acquaintance with her began at Paris in 1770. I met her son George Cholmondeley two days ago, sadly altered and seemingly in dreadful spirits. I did not venture to mention anything of his mother to him. He said, "I am in body and mind become like an empty egg-shell."

> Alas, how changed from him,
> The life of pleasure and the soul of whim.

Malone has drawn up and printed, but not published, a short biographical memoir (twenty-four pages octavo) of Windham, long the most intimate friend of Cholmondeley, who, among many others, jilted unhandsomely Mrs. Windham, many years before Windham married her.

The following is a passage in a letter I have received lately from Kitty Chester at Hampton Court Palace.

> "The day after the Regency was fixed, the Duke of Clarence dined at Sir Thomas Sutton's and talked worse than ever. After abusing Perceval, etc., violently for their restrictions, he said, 'But we have turned the key upon the King. He'll come back no more. That I promise you.' Lady Erroll, who was in [the] company, gave him a good batch of abuse as he deserved. He is always ambling to the Palace for something or other. One cannot stir without meeting him, and they (meaning the gossips of Parr Corner) do say he is very thick with Lady Emily Wellesley."

Feb. 26, *Tuesday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—To-day the Prince Regent is to have his first levee. In the meantime the King is recovering daily.

I dined on Sunday at Kensington. Canning and his particular friends, Frere and Charles Ellis, were invited. Henry Legge and various other men sent excuses. The Princess has complained lately very much both to Miss Hayman and Lady Glenbervie that so few of those she invites come there. Her

temper is much altered. We had only the Chevalier Puysegur, who was very entertaining, the Dean of Windsor (Legge) who was quite in a passion before the Princess appeared, scolding her two ladies, for her, because the Princess's invitation had prevented his being of Canning's dinner. Henry Legge in his note of excuse to Lady Glenbervie concluded by requesting that she would endeavour to stop those tormenting invitations.

March 3, *Sunday*, 9.30 *a.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—I dined on Saturday at Kensington. It was a dinner given to Mrs. Pole, her daughter Priscilla, and Lord Burghersh, a talkative, good-natured man, son to Lord Westmorland.[1] Her figure is fine, but she has less beauty than her sister Mrs. Charles Bagot, or even than her unmarried sister Emily. She has more sense than either. But in figure, sense and agreement, none of the three are comparable to the mother. There was a party of beauties in the evening, Lady Charlotte Campbell, now a has-been, Mrs. Berkeley Paget, Mrs. William Locke, etc.

On the day of the Prince's levee (last Tuesday) the Princess of Wales went accompanied by Miss Hayman to Blackheath, at an early hour, and spent the best part of the day. On going up to the ante-room she found a fine bust of the Duke of Cumberland, which before their rupture she had ordered of Tonerelli, and which had lately been sent home. It stood on a bracket, too high for her short arms to reach, but she immediately seized the poker and began to strike the bust with it, but was only able to stain or black the lower part of it. She was interrupted by a servant coming in, whom she desired to take it down and place it on the table. This being done, and the servant gone, she again took the poker, and with hatred and fury in her eyes broke the bust by repeated blows into a thousand pieces, which she made Miss Hayman throw out of the window.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!

March 8, *Friday*, 6 *p.m.*, *Office of Woods.*—I dined on Wednesday at the Princess's, and slept there. The party was

[1] Whom he succeeded as eleventh earl. He fought with distinction in the Peninsula, and was about to marry Miss Priscilla Pole, daughter of William Wellesley Pole (afterwards third Earl of Mornington) and therefore Wellington's niece.

not agreeable. Her temper is strangely altered. She told Lady Glenbervie that the King had been not so well on the Tuesday, that he is always agitated the days when the Queen's Council meets, and that he grew very violent lately on being told, when he wanted some money, that he could obtain it by the authority of the Queen.

The Princess made a long visit to Mrs. Beauclerc on Wednesday morning and heard from her that Lord and Lady Holland abuse the Prince for having retained the Ministry. That Lords Grenville and Grey approve of his having done so.

Ferguson (Pitfour) told me yesterday several anecdotes of my ancestor the first Gordon of Fechil.

He was during the time of the Covenant ordered by the Presbytery to appear in sackcloth on a certain Sunday, for having been in some engagement on the King's side. He obeyed, but came on horseback, with his horse also in sackcloth, and on being asked the reason of this said his horse had been in the battle as well as he himself.

He had been once detected in some amour and two clergymen were deputed to reprimand him. They brought their wives with them and came to pass the day with him. One was a young man with a young wife. The other couple were both old. Fechil made the two husbands very drunk, and before they went to bed had the clothes of the young minister laid by the bedside of the old woman, and those of the old man by that of the young man's wife, the ladies being sound asleep. When the husbands had eat and drunk themselves quite tipsy each went to the bed where his clothes lay. Fechil was *aux aguets* and not long after the young man had got into bed, he heard the old lady with considerable glee exclaiming, "O, weill, weill, gude, gude. But this canna be my auld man John." Fechil broke in with lights, and pretended to be mortified and scandalised by the mistake. The parties were confounded, and the two ministers did not think it expedient to execute their mission, which the hospitality of Fechil's table had induced them to postpone till the morning.

March 11, *Monday*, 7 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Sir William

Drummond told George Mercer, the other day, that the Princess Charlotte had expressed to him opinions as philosophical and liberal as his own, and that he had warned her not to mention this but to very deaf ears for that otherwise she may injure herself very much. A wise advice. But how discreditable the fact is, if true, to those who have the care of her education, and how strange it is in her mother to encourage, as she certainly does, a confidential intimacy between such a professed infidel as Sir William is and her daughter.

March 12, *Tuesday*, 7.30 *p.m.*, *Southampton.*—Lady Glenbervie and I have got thus far on our way to New Park in the New Forest. Milne went before us by Sunday's stage. We came here to dinner from the Pheasantry and mean to sleep here. We have just dined. There is a subscription ball in the Inn (the *Dolphin*) which I am going to.

Lady Glenbervie told me on our way hither the following circumstances.

Some time after the Delicate Investigation, Lady Carysfort (one of Lord Grenville's sisters) asked Miss Hayman if she had heard anything of a package of letters which had been left in a hackney coach. She said she had not. Lady Carysfort then said that such a packet sealed had been entrusted by the Princess of Wales to Admiral Nugent to be delivered to Captain Manby. Admiral Nugent is a very absent man, and left the packet in a hackney coach, but on missing it advertised the loss and offered a considerable reward for it. The hackney coachman, who had found the packet, upon seeing the advertisement and offer, conceived it must be of importance, opened the letters and found that in them was mention of a *child* of the correspondents. Information of this reached the Prince of Wales, who sent to offer the coachman £1,500 if he would deliver them up to him. The man said he must have £2,000. The Prince's messenger had not authority to go so far, but said he would go to the Prince and would acquaint the coachman next day whether he would give that sum. The Princess in the meantime heard of the business, sent the £2,000 that very evening and had the whole packet delivered up to her. The man, however, had had copies

taken and sold those copies to the Prince, who is now possessed of them.

Miss Hayman, when this story was told her, endeavoured to find out if, about the time, £2,000 of the Princess's privy purse money (of which she has the disbursement) had gone in any private way. But she could not make any discovery till lately, having been sent to Gray the jeweller to offer him for sale a remaining part of a diamond coronet of her Royal Highness's, he immediately said, "This offer explains to me a circumstance which happened a year or two ago. The rest of this coronet, consisting of diamonds very fine and known to be her Royal Highness's, were at that time sold in the City in a very awkward manner, and for one fourth the value. I bought some of them afterwards." Miss Hayman believes the produce of that sale paid for the letters.

March 20, *Wednesday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Bath*, *Laura Place*.—We arrived here yesterday at half past four and dined with Lord and Lady Guilford, where, besides ourselves, there was only a very old crony of Lord Guilford's, Mr. Webber, an Irish barrister, sickly and melancholy, resembling the idea I have formed to myself of the hero of a modern novel called Wanley Penson.

We were met here by the disagreeable news of the King's relapse.

March 21, *Thursday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *Laura Place* (*Lansdowne's*, *No.* 2).—We dined again yesterday at Lord Guilford's. The company besides Lord and Lady Guilford and ourselves were Dr. and Mrs. Bowen (sister to Lady Guilford), Miss Kitty Boycott, a cousin of theirs, Miss Sharp, a singer, niece to Mrs. Kemble, and Bob Heathcote, as he is called, brother to Sir Gilbert Heathcote, a great bottle companion of Lord Guilford, Kemble, Dr. Moseley, Sir Charles Bampfylde, Jack Lee (formerly Smith) of this place and neighbourhood, George Colman and others. *Ambubaiarum Collegia.*

Heathcote has very easy gentlemanlike manners, and no appearance of a hard drinker. He is a good deal younger than Lord Guilford. Having succeeded early in life to a very considerable second brother's fortune, he launched out into every

sort of expense, and, among the other modes of dissipation, built a magnificent library, and became a first-rate bibliomaniac. This library and the house where it was, which he had fitted up with great elegance, or at least at a great expense, soon came to the hammer, which, if I recollect rightly, has also been the fate of a second collection of books made by him. About two or three years ago he married the Columbine of Drury Lane,[1] a pretty, and, they say, a pleasing, well-behaved young person, much beyond what was to be expected from Harlequin's mistress. Since their marriage they have lived principally in a cottage somewhere about the New Forest. One of his principal vices, of course, has been play. He is here only for a day or two, but when we broke up last night about ten o'clock, his friend Lord Guilford suspected he would go to the club at York House, frequented by Major Aubrey and other notorious gamblers.

Heathcote told us yesterday that, at the Prince's first levee, his speech to him as he knelt to kiss his hand was, "G—d d—n you, are you here?"

March 24, *Sunday*, 11.30 *a.m.*, *Bath*, *No.* 68 *Pulteney Street.* —We removed on Friday from Lansdowne's Lodging House (No. 2 Laura Place) to this excellent house, on the south side of Pulteney Street. It costs me ten guineas a week, but we shall not remain in it above a month and then proceed to Dean Forest. It is the house where Lord Gardner and his father-in-law Lord Carrington and their families lived when we were here last year. Our next door neighbours at present are Lord and Lady Newark at No. 69 and Lord and Lady Pembroke at No. 70.

Lady Glenbervie was talking the other day of the Dowager Lady Monson, who is sister to the present Earl of Essex, being both children of the late Earl by his first wife, one of the daughters of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. I mentioned the concluding stanza of one of Sir Charles' little poems, addressed to this daughter.

A little vain we both may be,
Since scarce another house can show
A poet who can write like me,
A daughter half so fair as you.

[1] Elizabeth Searle.

But according to the account Lady Glenbervie had heard of her from her mother, Lady Guilford, Lady Essex's beauty was more the gift of art than of nature. At that time high foreheads with the hair in peaks were the fashion. Lady Essex's hair by nature grew down almost to her temples and eyebrows. But she had contrived a plaster which plucked out all the low part and formed its edge into two or three of the fashionable peaks bordering a forehead very high and very smooth. Her skin was originally black and dingy, but by the application of powerful cosmetics she had made it white and clear, and the dentist had in the place of very uneven teeth, several of them decayed or discoloured, supplied her with a perfect set, and thus she became a celebrated toast and beauty.

April 2, *Tuesday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Bath*, 68 *Pulteney Street.*—The Prince has sent an order to Lady De Clifford that his daughter is not in future to be allowed to meet any company at her mother's. For the circumstances under which this order was announced to the mother by Lady De Clifford, *vide* Miss Hayman's letters to Lady Glenbervie, and also for the scene at Kensington the same day between the young Princess and Sir William Drummond. He had asked to correspond with her. Strange! This was not allowed, but on that day he was preaching up to her his sceptical and infidel opinions, when she told him, to the great edification of Miss Hayman, that she preferred the lessons of her Catechism and broke off the conversation abruptly. The discomfited infidel looked very much disappointed and mortified, and when her Royal Highness was going away she withdrew her hand, which he expected she would give him, as on other occasions, and sneeringly said, "I thank you, Sir William, for the excellent principles you have endeavoured to teach me."

Here follows the second journal published by Mr. Walter Sichel, No. X of the manuscript volumes, which extends from April 6, 1811, *to February* 9, 1815. *The Glenbervies and their son left England in July* 1814.

1815

Feb. 25, *Saturday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *Nice.*—I am going, as soon as the post comes in (about 10 o'clock a.m.), to set out in a felucca for Genoa, and to go by Leghorn, Florence and Siena, to Rome, to be there in the Holy Week, and to be back here, if possible, by the first week of April. Lady Glenbervie's convalescence is so favourable that she has persuaded me not to give up this part of my original plan, which I had quite relinquished during her late illness. I have been at Nice since the 1st of last November.

March 3, *Friday*, 10 *a.m.*, *Genoa*, *Albergo di Londra presso il ponte di Legna—sopra il Porto.*—I arrived here on Monday, the 27th of February, about 8 a.m.

Yesterday a report was brought by some sea-faring persons who a day or two before had left the health office at Leghorn, that Buonaparte had made his escape from Elba. It was hardly credited by any of the English except Sir John Dalrymple, who thought it extremely probable from the neglectful manner in which Colonel Campbell [1] (either from a contempt he professed for Buonaparte or in pursuance of instructions) has watched him. About six o'clock in the evening while I was at dinner at Hill's, he was called out by Sir John Dalrymple, who had just received a despatch from our Consul at Leghorn, containing letters from Colonel Campbell dated at sea, with the information that Buonaparte had sailed from Elba on Sunday the 26th, on board a brig of his own, accompanied by Generals Bertrand and Drouot and between eleven and twelve thousand men, and two

[1] Sir Neil Campbell.

pieces of cannon in seven *polacres*. He was supposed to have sailed with this little but ominous fleet towards Marseilles, but the conjectures here are that he has gone to join Murat's army near Rome. *Vedremmo*. I have put off my voyage to Lerici at least for to-morrow.

March 5, *Sunday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *Genoa*.—I went with General Dalrymple (or Colonel, I forget which he is) on Friday evening about nine o'clock to a conversazione at the house of one of the Serra family, where there is that sort of assembly every Friday, and last night I went to another, at a Signor and Signora Pallavicini's. This house is also open in the same way every Saturday. Conversation is very little the business or amusement of these meetings. In the beginning of the evening the ladies sit round in a formal circle, and the gentlemen stand either in an inconvenient group at the door, or behind the circle of ladies pressed up by the little distance between their chairs and the wall, very like what happens, on a larger scale, in the pit at the Opera in London. There is on the opposite side to the circle a harpsichord or piano, and a guitar perhaps, or harp, and from time to time some of the ladies or gentlemen play and sing. In another room there is a Faro table, where there is no high play, chiefly for a few Genoese scudi of eight Genoese livres, of which three scudi or twenty-four livres make a napoleon. At Mr. Serra's there is generally a supper, but I did not stay for it. I understand the same formality of the circle prevails at Paris. I observed it did at Strasburg, and it does at Nice. Mme. de Perigord told us, at Spa, how indecent it was thought at Paris at the assemblies for Lady Burghersh to walk about arm and arm with gentlemen (chiefly Sir Charles now Lord Stewart) [1] and to have them sit down by her and whisper. The shortness of the English ladies' petticoats and their careless or (as might in some cases be supposed) the studied display of the ankle gave great scandal to the *prudery* of the Parisian society! This is the place to remark that little or no rouge is

[1] Castlereagh's half-brother and his successor as Marquess of Londonderry. He was Wellington's adjutant-general in the Peninsula and English Ambassador at Vienna during the Congress.

used by ladies of fashion here or in France wherever we have been, or at Nice, or, as I understand, at Paris, much less than in London. What a change from what I remember when I was here and at Paris, etc., in the years 1766 and 1767.

Yesterday morning, or the night before, an account came from my friend the Commandant at Nice that Buonaparte had landed between Cannes and Antibes, after having made an attempt on the latter place. He had received this account from the Prince of Monaco who was travelling towards Nice and Monaco and stopped by a party of about sixty men of Buonaparte's troops and carried before him. He talked to him about half an hour, and then allowed him to proceed. He seemed to the Prince in great agitation. He was marching, accompanied, it was supposed, by about fifteen hundred men he had brought with him, to the town or village of Grasse, from which circumstance the Chevalier de Revel, in a letter I received from him yesterday, argues that he is in great distress, as Grasse cannot be a position of any consequence either in a political or military point of view. Revel is going to-day (or perhaps went last night) to take the command of the troops sent to oppose him. Some Piedmontese artillery under a Colonel Burke are, except the newly forming regiment at Nice, all those troops I know of. There will also be Captain Thomson's crew and marines perhaps, and what can be collected from that side of France, when the fidelity of the French soldiers will be tried.

I am under the most painful anxiety about poor Lady Glenbervie and know not what to do, but have resolved to wait here till I hear from Nice, as, if I set out, we might possibly pass one another. I have written to her by the post, by Revel and by Captain Thomson, who sailed to the westward on Friday morning.

At Madame Serra's last night a gentleman, Signor Giaimi (I am not sure of this orthography), Secretary to the Government, improvisoed both the music and the verse of a song of about a quarter of an hour, while the beautiful Louisa Durazzo accompanied him on the guitar. He began by a thoughtful silence, as if waiting the illapse of inspiration, and then proceeded

scaldando, *infiammando*, etc., as he went on, in a sort of address to Harmony, concluding that that goddess had then given the fullest effect to her enchanting powers by assuming the form of the charming person on whom everybody's eyes, he observed, were turned, and who had it always in her power to enchain every [? heart].

Madame Durazzo, at my instance, had prevailed on him to exhibit his talent, which appeared to me very considerable, though accompanied with music and singing it is difficult to judge how far the verse is either correct in measure and language or in thought.

March 9, *Thursday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Genoa*.—On Tuesday evening I went, by the invitation of Madame Costa, to a small sort of weekly conversazione, where there is a Faro table, as at those of Madame Serra's and Madame Pallavicini's, but less numerous, less the *ton*, and where the play is lower than at the other two. She has a son who is like Lord Burghersh, but *en beau*. A lady at Madame Costa's, Mme. Morando, desired that she would introduce me to her. She is aunt to Madame Louisa Durazzo, by a sister of her mother, and is distinguished from others of the name, as is the custom both here and in the other parts of Italy, by her Christian name of Teresa. Both she and Madame Costa are said to have been women of great gallantry, and I found that La Morando had had great acquaintance with the English in former times and great partialities for them.

The three great beauties I have seen or heard of at this place are Madame Louisa Durazzo and two Signore Centuriones. One is the daughter of Madame Costa. She is ill, and has not been anywhere since I have been here. The other was at Madame Serra's on Sunday last, and is a most lovely creature, svelte and elegant in her person, with beautiful black hair, arched eye-brows and eyes of the same colour, a peculiar sweetness in her smiles, though too often excited in order to display a set of the whitest and most regularly set teeth, of a perfect size. Her complexion perfect both in red and white, but like that of a woman of fashion, not like the milk-maidish red and

white of Miss Blaney now at Nice, though with as great an indication of health as hers. The only defect of this Signora Centurione's face is that her nose is perhaps somewhat too large. She is said to be fond of reading and clever, but liking toad-eaters, and what is reckoned inferior company. Madame Costa it seems is of a very inferior family, and it was thought to be a great mesalliance when Centurione married her daughter, the father [*sic*] of the Centuriones being, I believe, one of the most distinguished. I asked Madame Louisa Durazzo if she was going to her assembly. She said, No. She knew her by meeting her in society but they did not visit.

March 28, *Tuesday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Genoa*.—I went back to Nice to fetch Lady Glenbervie here the week before last, having embarked at eleven a.m. Friday, 17th March, in the felucca, the *San Francesco*, the patron, old Francesco Bianchi di Chiavari, now eighty-four, a famous man for the last sixty years and loaded with certificates of good behaviour, chiefly from English, and which character I found he perfectly deserved. On the Saturday afternoon, when off Monaco, Bianchi declared the wind was so contrary that it would be impossible to reach Nice, though so near. That night I therefore wrote to the Prince of Monaco to request an asylum and immediately received an invitation to his palace. He and his *court* were finishing their dinner, but he ordered me something immediately. I had a long conversation with him, in which he related to me the particulars of his meeting Buonaparte between Cannes and Antibes. I slept at Mr. Rey's, the port captain, the Prince's apartments being as he told me almost entirely without furniture.

Next day, Sunday, I reached Nice about half after twelve, when I found that Lady Glenbervie was gone to church. When that broke up we went to our house, where I found she had, with extraordinary activity, by the assistance of Mrs. Higginson and her two Nissard maids (her only servants) prepared everything for our embarkation the next day. Before and after a hasty domestic dinner I visited almost all our English friends in the suburb of the Croix de Marbre, and also Madame Davidoff, and in the evening paid my respects to the Commandant, where

I found several persons of his more select society. After that I went to the Countess Ste. Agathe's conversazione to take leave of all the rest of my Nice friends, whom I was pretty sure to find assembled there. Next morning, before we embarked, and while we were obliged to wait for our crew, finding myself near the house of the Count and Countess Lorenti, and knowing how matinal the Nissards all are, I called on them and found her, the most beautiful woman by far at Nice, in a very becoming morning undress, teaching her two little children to read. She and her husband were the last people I saw, perhaps the last I shall ever see, at Nice. I ought to say probably and not perhaps, but it has always been painful to me to say or even to let myself think that I am not likely ever to see again places and persons where and with whom I have contracted friendships and attachment.

We embarked Monday, 20th, at nine a.m., slept the first night on board the felucca, but the second day were forced by contrary winds into Oneglia, where we had an excellent dinner, followed by a concert, and an excellent bed at M. Amoretti's, Vice-Consul of England, Spain, the Porte and other Governments, and one of the principal and richest persons of this place, where with a population of only two or three thousand there is much more bustle and greater appearance of active inhabitants than at Nice. We embarked on Wednesday morning at five, and having slept that night again in our carriage in the gondola, we came in sight of this magnificent, most *superb* city on the west side of the Great Fanale about seven, and rowing slowly into the harbour, while the scene quite enraptured Lady Glenbervie, we landed at the Ponte Legna about nine, and have continued at this inn—the Albergo di Londra—ever since. How long we shall remain is still quite uncertain. The Governor, Chevalier de Revel, had gone away the day before I did and the King and his ministers on the same day with me (the 17th) and the Corps Diplomatique are going to-day or to-morrow.

The day before yesterday the Princess of Wales arrived early in the morning and landed at the beautiful Palace Durazzo di

Scoglietti, without the inner walls on the west side of the town, which had been taken for her. She has no English attendant with her but Dr. Holland and a Mrs. Falconet, a banker's wife at Naples, and they are both dying to leave her and are determined to leave her. Soon after her arrival the news of Buonaparte's peaceable reception at Paris was made public.

May 20, *Saturday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Leghorn.*—We remained at Genoa till Wednesday the 17th, when we embarked about three o'clock p.m. on board the *Aboukir*, a seventy-four gun man-of-war commanded by Captain Thomson, and after sleeping two nights on board arrived at this place yesterday morning about eleven. Our passage was delightful. The sea was very little ruffled, we never lost sight of the coast, and did not perceive the motion of the ship, where the order, silence and cleanliness which prevailed appeared to us like magic. The deck appeared almost a considerable plain to eyes accustomed for months to the *salite* and narrow streets of Genoa, the weather was just what we could have wished, warm but not hot, and the nights lighted by the moon nearly at the full and numberless stars. Yesterday from early in the morning we had a full view of Corsica, Elba and and Leghorn.

Besides ourselves and our two servants the Captain had given a passage to his and our old acquaintance, Mr. and Mrs. William Brodrick, and their servants. Captain Thomson is a mild, gentleman-like man, with a gentle countenance, more reading than usually belongs to those of his profession, a fondness for books, love for good company and the society of women, in which he had been either initiated or encouraged by having been some years ago a lover of Lady Edward Bentinck, at Ramsgate and Tunbridge, and by that means also familiar with her father, Cumberland,[1] Sir James Burges[2] and that set of Tunbridge Wells wits.

My whole *séjour* at Genoa was principally occupied by a very singular episode in a life so far advanced as mine.

[1] Richard Cumberland, the dramatist.

[2] Sir James Bland Burges (later known as Sir James Lamb), Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs from 1789 to 1795, and an author of plays and poems.

Lady Glenbervie has borne the voyage remarkably well.

June 7, *Wednesday*, *Pisa*.—Alas, that very Saturday morning which is the last date in this journal, Lady Glenbervie, getting out of a sort of hackney coach at the Protestant burial place at Leghorn, cut her leg so very severely with the sort of awkward stirrup which forms the step of their common carriages, that it put her to great torture, and swelled so much that we were obliged to come by the canal to Pisa, but in the hope of proceeding the next day to Florence by the way of Lucca and Pistoia. But that unfortunate accident has rendered it impossible hitherto to remove her from hence. Matter appearing to have formed, an incision was thought necessary by Professor Morelli, the eminent physician who attended her, which operation was performed last Monday week by Mr. Vacca, an eminent surgeon. . . .

Nov. 7, *Tuesday*, 6 *a.m.*, *Arezzo*.[1]—We left Florence yesterday at this hour after having remained there from the [eleventh] of June, the first part of the time at Schneider's or Schnaiderff's, as the landlord has metamorphosed his ordinary German name, one of the best inns in the world, and from the second of September inclusive till yesterday in the Marquis Torriginari's *casino* or garden, a perfect *rus in urbe*, containing about as much ground as the Pheasantry, very near the Roman Gate and in a straight line from the bridge close to Schneider's. I paid £20 a month for it.

We have found very good rooms, supper and beds here. Fred Douglas is with us. He joined us at Florence in September. Lady Glenbervie, thank God, is better than at any time since we left England, and I think more reconciled to the country.

Nov. 12, *Sunday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *Rome*.—I have at length, *per varios casus*, accomplished what had been an object of my wishes through every period of my life. We arrived within the walls of Rome the day before yesterday, Friday, the 10th of November, about two o'clock a.m.,[2] having descried the dome of St. Peter's from a height about two hours before, under a fine clear sun,

[1] There had been no entry in the diary since June 22, on which date Lady Glenbervie's leg was better.

[2] Obviously a slip for "p.m."

over the intermediate, barren, bare, ill-cultivated ground. Lady Glenbervie, thank God, has borne the journey astonishingly, and no man ever made the same journey with more interesting or more agreeable companions than she and our dear Fred have proved.

Nov. 23, *Thursday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Rome*, *Albergo d'Europa*, *Piazza di Spagna*.—We have as yet, though already a fortnight here, seen but little. The impediments have been house-hunting—a most serious business at this time at Rome on account of the great conflux of foreigners, chiefly English—and the scarcity of furnished lodgings—all wretched in point of furniture and conveniences, yet all enormously dear. The pauls at the accustomed prices have become crowns first, and are now in many instances zecchins.

Nov. 25 [? 26], *Sunday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Rome*.—The Avocato Fece sat with me above three hours yesterday morning, and gave me much interesting information concerning some of the principal remains of antiquity here. He has an office which Winckelmann once had, and afterwards I believe Venuti, viz. President of Antiquities, and being also a *legale*, or lawyer, what he told me partook both of antiquarian and legal knowledge. He is the editor of an edition, with notes and additions by himself, of the Italian translation of Winckelmann's *History of Art*.[1] He is a man of acknowledged learning, but splenetic and satirical, and has brought upon himself much animosity and abuse from his fellow antiquarians, by combating the hitherto received opinions concerning the Colliseo, the Pantheon, etc.

Dec. 5, *Tuesday*, 9.30 *a.m.*, *Rome Casa Pio*, *Via S. Sebastianello*, *Piazza di Spagna*.—We entered on this house on Saturday last, the second of December, at the enormous rent, for such a house, in a city of palaces! and so furnished! worse, if possible, than any of those!

Fred Douglas left us for Naples, Wednesday, 29th December.[2]

[1] The *Geschichte der Kunst des Altertums*, an epoch-making work, published in 1764, which had a profound effect on subsequent critics.

[2] An error for "November."

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Jan. 4, *Thursday*, 11 *a.m.*, *Rome*, *Casa di Pio.*—I understand the Laocoon and Apollo with part of the other works of art carried away by the French from this city are expected to arrive to-day. They have come by land by the way of Mont Cenis. The other part is to come by sea, being shipped at Antwerp. There is to be no public testimony of joy for their restoration (similar to what I believe has been the case at Venice on the arrival of the Horses of Bronze, etc., and at Florence for the Venus of Medicis, etc.). Cardinal Consalvi, Secretary of State and first Minister, told me last Monday at the Duchess of Bracciano's concert that the weakness and despondency of this Government has been afraid by any public demonstration to give umbrage to the French nation. He said the satisfaction was great but must be only heart-felt, and added, what the Pope had said to me before, that they owed the recovery of these proud monuments entirely to the liberal and disinterested interference of the English.

I have received within these few days notice from London of the loss of the ship on board of which were embarked the large and valuable collection of standard Italian books, with several portfolios of prints, which I had bought at Leghorn and Pisa, and which had been shipped from the former place. Many of these books I probably shall never be able to replace from their scarcity. Others I shall perhaps be equally unable or at least unwilling to purchase again on account of the cost.

March 2, *Saturday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Rome.*—Yesterday, 1st March, I have always felt to be a particular anniversary in my life, having arrived on that day in the year 1771 in London from

Paris. I was then within little more than a month of twenty-six, and little foresaw that at the distance of forty-five years, having nearly completed my seventy-second year, having outlived so many contemporaries, and alas! so many friendships among the few still alive, I should on this day find myself at Rome.

Thank God I have with me here my dearest and best friend, my companion, my counsel, the object of my uninterrupted and dearest affection for almost twenty-nine years. She is young compared to me, but she has attained her fifty-sixth year, being born March 16, 1760, and is in a very weak and disquieting state of health.

We mean to set out for Naples the day after to-morrow, Monday, the 4th of March.

March 19, *Tuesday*, 10.30 *a.m.*, *Naples*.[1]—On Saturday, about 1 p.m., my dearest wife was, to me most unexpectedly, seized with a sort of lethargic stupor, accompanied with an almost total cessation of pulse, coldness of the limbs and loss of recollection. Luckily Sir JamesWynne De Bathe, who happened to be sitting by her (for I had remained in bed under a severe headache), found almost immediately Dr. or Mr. Riley, an English medical person, who bled her in the arm. This produced an almost immediate and happy effect in the diminution of all the alarming symptoms. She was put to bed and fell into a slumber, but, in the space of about two hours, had two other affections of the same kind, but much slighter, especially the last, which took place about half past three. Since that time she has had no return, though her head aching severely on Sunday morning the doctor thought it advisable to apply leeches behind her ears, and to give her a dose of manna, senna and salts that evening, and another yesterday morning.

May 28, *Tuesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *from my bed*, *Rome*.—We have prolonged our stay here [2] till to-day at 4 p.m. Lady Glenbervie has continued to mend.

I went to Frascati on Friday, and after seeing the extensive

[1] Where they had arrived on the 7th.

[2] They had arrived at Rome on May 21, having left Naples, on their homeward journey, on May 16.

beauties of Lucien Buonaparte's Ruffinella or Tusculaneum, containing the ruins of Cicero's Villa, and dining with him and his accomplished and respectable wife, together with his mother and brother the ex-King of Holland, I returned at midnight yesterday. Fred North and I had an audience of leave of the good Pope, when Consalvi presented me with the lives of the Popes—fifteen volumes.

May 30, *Thursday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Terni* (*in the Pope's territories*).—This begins our third day's journey from Rome, and Lady Glenbervie seems to have borne it as well as that from Naples, except that she is more frequently, and for longer spaces of time, drowsy, I hope from the laudanum. Her room is at this time so quiet that I flatter myself she has had a good night, but my heart will flutter, as usual, when Mrs. Higginson or Mr. Riley come to give me an account of it.

I have just written to Lady Charlotte Lindsay a short account of the journey and country we passed through yesterday, whose beauty has struck Lady Glenbervie and me exceedingly though, I know not why, we hardly noticed it in the beginning of November last when we passed through it. I will transcribe what I have said to Lady Charlotte as a memorandum to myself. It will tire anybody else (if ever this inaccurate and incoherent journal is seen by any other eyes but Fred's—it would vex me to think that he would never read it) except those who have passed through it and also know all or some of the other places I have referred to.

Oh, Charlotte, what an Elysian country between Borghetto and Obricoli and as far as Terni. You must remember its winter or spring appearance last year. But now it is clothed in the richest green or rather greens of every variety of tints, with all sorts of wild flowers and flowering shrubs, most beautiful to the eye, and many most fragrant to the smell. The River Tiber, yellow indeed, but majestically full, but not o'erflowing, from two days rain, by its windings through luxuriant meadows resembles in some respects the Thames, but still more the Forth near Stirling, with a town and castle (I think of Obricoli) like that town and castle, while other scenes, to the left and right,

before and behind, put one in mind of Bridgenorth, Edinburgh Castle, Clifden, Marlow, Ludlow, etc., and valleys and romantic hills, with their lovely or grand intermixture of the true British and Italian evergreen oaks, vines, olives, fruit-trees, rocks, dells, torrents, fertile meads and cornfields, and here and there concomitant flocks and herds of sheep, cattle and picturesque goats, resemble but with superior grandeur or beauty the hills and dales of Monmouthshire and north and south Wales.

On Friday last, the 24th of May, and my *seventy-third birthday*, I went with Mrs. Davidson and Miss Hay, her niece (daughter to General Hay of the Hays of Ranas in Aberdeenshire), to see Frascati, and having visited some of the beautiful but form[al] villas of that celebrated place, which have all the advantage or misfortune of overlooking the monotonous and melancholy Agro Romano, though terminated by the magnificence of Rome and the sacred sublimity of St. Peter's, I left them at the inn to make my promised visit to M. and Mme. Lucien Buonaparte, otherwise the Prince and Princesse de Canino, at the Ruffinella, his superbly beautiful and commanding seat, worthy to rival what is most grand and beautiful in any of our three kingdoms, with the peculiar advantages of its historical and philosophical reminiscences and its containing within its extensive boundaries of six Italian miles circumference the site and remains of Cicero's favourite Tusculum. Having made the circuit of his grounds in a char-à-banc, which he lent me, and afterwards walked for an hour or two either with him or with his wife, his mother (Madame Mère), who must have been very pretty and interesting and is still agreeable both in looks and manner, his brother Louis,[1] who is stupid, his two grown unmarried pretty daughters and his physician and the Chevalier de Chatillon, who seems a sort of Chamberlain, I dined with them at seven, and having joined Mrs. Davidson and her niece at half past ten, we did not get back to Rome till past twelve, when I found my dear wife more uneasy than her good nature to me would own, uneasy from our stay so late.

Pauline or the Princess Borghese [2] was also at la Ruffinella,

[1] The ex-King of Holland. [2] Napoleon's sister.

but being indisposed (or as I have some reason to think, out of humour) did not make her appearance. There were also there two or three young children of Lucien and his wife, and she is now with child, and little Napoleon, the son of Louis, who seems to be about ten years old, and his tutor, a Franciscan friar. This boy was the subject last year of a singular law-suit in France, where his mother [1] endeavoured to detain him from his father, there called Comte de St. Leu. But the decision was against her. The scandalous chronicle says this child is really the ex-Emperor's, an anecdote first told me by our King, on the terrace at Windsor.

June 3, *Monday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Florence*, *Sneiderff's* (as this innkeeper ridiculously and affectedly spells his name in order to pass for any countryman but what he is, a German, and the name of one of our Irish Marquesses, Taylor,[2] is not genteel enough for a Florentine *aubergiste*).—We arrived here yesterday at half past two p.m., Lady Glenbervie being in better health, and much better able to walk than when we left Rome last Tuesday. She travelled seven posts in one of the six days and slept sound for seven hours that night.

On our arrival we had the great delight to find Fred, who had been here waiting for us for five days.

I soon afterwards received a note from Madame de Staël,[3] and in the evening paid her a visit, when I found her preparing to set out this morning for Coppet, and with her her daughter, lately become Duchesse de Broglie, her son and Monsieur [de Rocca], by many supposed to be married to her [4] (author of an esteemed history of part of the late war in Spain, etc., etc.).

June 4, *Tuesday*, 10 *a.m.*—Yesterday I went to a ball at the formal, bowing Count de Salis', who has rented the pretty Casino Corsi, opposite our Giardino Torregiani of last autumn. The little whimsical garden was scantily illuminated with lamps, *à la* Vauxhall, but more and more agreeably by the twinkling of numerous *luccioli* flying about above, below and in all directions.

[1] Hortense Beauharnais. [2] The Marquess of Headfort (Taylour).

[3] There is a good deal about Madame de Staël in Mr. Sichel's volume.

[4] The marriage had taken place in 1812.

Madame de Salis is a niece of the late Speaker and Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland.

June 11, *Tuesday*, 10 *a.m.*, *Florence.*—I think it was this day last year that we arrived at this town. Alas! I fear poor Lady Glenbervie is in a much worse, though very different, state than she was even then. She has slept tolerably, but is now feverish, low, and short-breathed.

Lady Glenbervie was carried up the long stairs of the Gallery yesterday and sat in the Tribune opposite to the Venus, which has been replaced (wonderful event in this age of wonders) since we were last here. She thinks it much superior to any cast or copy she ever saw.

June 15, *Saturday*, 7 *a.m.*, *Bologna.*—We left Florence at 4 p.m. the day before yesterday, slept at Le Maschere, and reached Bologna at six yesterday. My dear Kitty on the whole as well as could be expected. In 1767—forty-nine years ago—I crossed the Apennines, I think in the same month. I was on my way to Venice. There in the autumn or winter a circumstance befell me, to which I can trace without much straining of the chain of occurrences in my chequered life all the leading features of my life since that time. Of this afterwards.

June 16, *Sunday*, 3 *p.m.*, *Bologna.*—Lady Glenbervie had a very tolerable night, breakfasted as usual, and about half-past nine was carried to the church or convent (no longer one) where the pictures returned from Paris are hung up, for the present at least, as those returned to Rome are in a chamber in the Vatican. After sitting opposite successively to each and admiring particularly the famous St. Cecilia of Raphael and the St. Agnes of Domenichino and the single figure of an angel by Hannibal Caraccio, which we agreed resembles in colouring and design some of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best pictures, she was carried home and I went to see the Public Library, and the famous linguist and librarian there, *il Professore et Abate* Mezzofanti;[1] when, alas, on my return home about half past one, I found her just

[1] At this time professor of Oriental languages and librarian at Bologna University; subsequently chief keeper of the Vatican Library and a Cardinal.

recovering from an epileptic fit (the first since the sixteenth of March), and she had another, slighter, about six in the afternoon.

This determined us to call in Dr. Tommasini, a physician formerly of Parma, but now settled here, and who from what I have seen of him in four long visits to her, seems well to deserve the reputation of being the most eminent in these parts—some say in all Italy.

I was told at Rome that l'Abate Mezzofanti thoroughly possessed eighty-three languages; by my lackey-de-place here that he spoke fluently forty-five. He himself told me twenty.[1] On mentioning this to the stupidest and most ignorant of those blockheads inflicted on the Italian inn-keepers to inform and conduct their foreign guests, he replied, "O, probably the Professor does not reckon German, Hebrew and others of that sort."

I found this very learned man, and equally modest and unpresuming, singularly master of our language, though never having been out of Italy, and still more of German. He is, it seems, the son of a common carpenter still living, who finding the genius and learned propensities of his son, bestowed everything he could spare of his gains to cultivate his turn and talents. He is in countenance like Dr. Holland.

June 17, *Monday*, 4 *a.m.*, *Bologna.*—It is our intention to set out to-day at six in the morning, and, hoping to travel at the rate of an Italian post, about eight English miles, in two hours, we expect to reach Modena by mid-day, and lay by there till next morning. Dr. Tommassini has given me a written opinion on Lady Glenbervie's case, which I intend to copy and send to Mr. Chalver and Dr. Warren.

In this journey we had read the *Antiquary* written by the author of those two justly popular novels, *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, who is said to be a brother of Walter Scott's.[2] The

[1] According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "it seems certain that he spoke with considerable fluency, and in some cases even with attention to dialectic peculiarities, some fifty or sixty languages of the most widely separated families, besides having a less perfect acquaintance with many others."

[2] This was very widely believed at the time.

character of Meg Merryless [*sic*] in *Guy Mannering* is a masterpiece, a creation scarcely inferior to Caliban, and Oldbuck in the *Antiquary* is but just inferior.

June 19, *Wednesday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *from my bed*, *Parma*.—We in fact performed the three posts, from Bologna to Modena, without Lady Glenbervie suffering fatigue or painful symptoms. We got there early in the forenoon, and before dinner saw the palace, which has recovered about twenty-two of the pictures stolen from thence by the French, and in the palace a large well-stored library. In the afternoon, Mr. North and I took a drive to see the Cathedral, which he supposes of Byzantine architecture, and, in the adjoining tower, the worm-eaten bucket, secured by a strong iron door under five keys and suspended like a lamp in the midst of a sort of cell. Yesterday morning Fred North dressed himself in a full suit and sword, and paid his court to the Duchess, whom he has long known, and had just time to have his fine clothes repacked, when we dined at one o'clock, and at half past two set out for this place, which we did not reach till half past eight p.m., our slow proceeding being occasioned by the smoke and fire of the wheels, an accident which has occurred every post since we left Bologna.

June 21, *Friday*, 4.30 *a.m.*, *from my bed*, *Piacenza*.—Yesterday morning at half past eight we left Parma, lay by till half past four at Fiorenzuola, and in two hours from that time performed the stage of two posts from thence to Piacenza.

The Minister at Parma, Count Magawly-Cerati, procured us the next box to the stage in the first row at the Opera, exactly opposite to "*her Majesty the Arch-Duchess* Maria Louisa" on Wednesday evening. The opera consisted of a drama called *Ginevra in Iscozia*, formed, not ill, from the story in *Ariosto*, with delightful music by the celebrated Mair, a German, now the most favourite composer in Europe so as to be preferred to Perr (query the orthography of both names)[1] author of *Agnese* and also a German, and *Rosa Rossa*, *e la Rosa Bianca*,

[1] They should be Mayr (Johann Simon) the correct title of whose opera is *Ginevra di Scozia*; and Paër (Ferdinando), who was an Italian.

etc., and to Rossini of Rome, a young composer whose *Italiana in Algeri* has had so great a run all over Italy.

The part of Ariodante was performed, in man's clothes, by the Marcolini, an admirable and much admired singer. The others were very second rate. There was no ballet. I could not see the Arch-Duchess (or Empress) but imperfectly on account of the distance, the want of light in the body of the theatre, and a green fan fixed before her. Fred Douglas had seen her in 1814 at Berne and Fred Douglas[1] lately on her passage through to Nice. Count Magawly, or rather his Countess, showed me two miniatures of her, both by the same painter at Parma, both handsome and yet, as they said, like. They, and indeed the two Freds, say she is handsomer than any of the prints. The Countess Magawly is first lady to the Arch-Duchess, of twelve whom she has in her service. She, I suppose in that capacity, has the box next adjoining to her mistress's. I went there at the end of the first act to return the Minister's visit, who had come to visit me, from the sovereign's box, some time [after] she arrived, when she was attended by him, by Count Neuperg, a general, who, though he has but one eye, is said to be a *very great* favourite with her, another general, and two ladies. I believe M. de Neuperg is the grandson of Maréchal Neuperg, whom I knew at Vienna, being then extremely old. He had been governor to Francis,[2] father to Joseph, the Queens of France and Naples, etc., and had accompanied him when Duke of Lorraine in a visit to England.

His daughter, and consequently I suppose an aunt of this General Neuperg, the Princess Ausperg, was even then (in the years 1768-9) though past thirty, not one of the most, but the most bewitching creature I have ever seen, with the sweetest and most seducing countenance, the sweetest voice, the gentlest manners, and this united to high breeding and external propriety of demeanour. But this was all outward. Her adventures of

[1] In one case Glenbervie evidently meant to write "North." In this part of the diary there are many *lapsus calami* (which for the most part have not been reproduced) due, no doubt, to the writer's anxiety about his wife's health.

[2] The Emperor Francis I.

gallantry and play had been notorious and upon a very unusual scale. She one evening had lost 27,000 sovrans (about thirty shillings each) on a single card at Faro. The Emperor paid it for her, but the Empress (his wife) prohibited that and all games of chance from that time. Her inordinate passion for Guadagni the *castrato* she had gratified and indulged in a manner scarcely credible, having even left Laxenburg, one of the country palaces of the Empress Maria Teresa, one of whose ladies she was, situated about twelve miles from Vienna, about twelve o'clock at night (perhaps from the arms of the Emperor) and come by post to the lodging of Guadagni, to pass the remainder of the night (as I heard from many persons of rank and of both sexes, who had the means of knowing) in the same bed with that celebrated soprano and his sister. Other anecdotes of this remarkable woman I may insert afterwards.

I was told by a person of intelligence at Parma the following circumstance concerning Count Magawly. He and his brother, now a captain in the Guards at Parma, came to that city towards twenty years ago young Irish gentlemen of apparently very small means to complete their education first in a small *pension* and afterwards at the public college or university. After some time the Count, from his talents, insinuating manners, good conduct and address became much acquainted and liked in the best society, and in short so distinguished that on the appointment of a Regency, when the late Duke died, he was made a member of it.

In 1814, General (now Prince) Nugent, who, as Magawly himself told me, is his first cousin, on coming to Parma had this Regency removed, and Magawly made Minister, with appointments of about eighty thousand francs clear, a house annexed to the office furnished, etc. My informer also said he is supposed to have profited greatly by his situation at the head of the finances. About nine or ten years ago he married the daughter of a Count Cerati, a nobleman of one of the first families in the Piacentine, and received a large fortune with her for this country, about fifty or sixty thousand francs. He now takes the name of Magawly-Cerati. His wife, whom I saw at his house and at

the opera, is a genteel, lively woman, not handsome, nor ugly. She is it seems a great horsewoman (the only lady of that country who rides) and accompanies the Empress on horseback, she also being fond of that exercise, and of painting and music. I understand from Magawly that hitherto she speaks Italian very little, and though a German (an Austrian German it is true) but very little of that language. Her familiar tongue is French. She was born at Vienna, as was her grandmother, the late Queen of Naples. Her father was born at Florence.

June 22, *Saturday*, 4.30 *a.m.*, *Milan*, *Albergo Reale*, *Contrada de' tre Rè*.—We dined yesterday at Lodi, famous for its cows and manufacturing of what is erroneously called Parmesan, but should have the name of Lodesan or more properly Lodigian cheese, and more of late years for the battle fought between the French and Austrians in the beginning of Buonaparte's career. A clergyman who resides at the foot of the bridge over the Adda, for the possession of which that desperate affair took place, told my son and Mr. Taylor [1] that the Austrians had only six cannon on the occasion and not twenty-six as has been said, and that Buonaparte himself was not personally present in the successful attack by the French. The Austrians were retiring (or flying) before their enemy, who not having been able to overtake them at Lodi so as to prevent their passage from thence over the river, attempted and carried that passage and, after a most bloody and desperate conflict, totally routed and dispersed their opponents. We drove round the outside of the town to see this famous bridge.

I say little or nothing in this diary of the objects of art in the different towns : *fecerunt alii*, *multi*, most of them infinitely more competent, and some two or three, though perhaps fully as incompetent, infinitely more confident. During my early tour in Italy, I like others had worried myself with youthful eagerness running from church to palace to view pictures, statues, buildings and so forth, and had I been rich, the demon of *vertu* was ready to whisper in my ear, but though pleased,

[1] Clough Taylor, a friend who travelled with the Glenbervies and is often incidentally mentioned in the journal.

much pleased, with many masterpieces in painting and able from long habit to guess with tolerable success at the fare [?] of Raphael, Guido, Vandyke, Rubens, Bassan and a few others, as I like simple airs sung by fine voices, yet nature having denied me all power of imitating in the most remote degree with pen or pencil the simplest objects, a face, a figure, a beast, bird, tree, flower, or even leaf, as well as the organs and faculty of singing to the degree of being unable to hum *God Save the King* in a manner to be known, I have long abandoned all attempts at acting the connoisseur in either of those arts, the sources of such delightful enjoyment [to those] who have the happiness of being more favoured in those respects.

I will, however, just mention here that I saw very repeatedly with admiration and pleasure, the Gallery and Palazzo Pitti at Florence, the Vatican and Capitol at Rome, the Studj [1] at Naples, all the principal palaces and villas at those places with their galleries of pictures and marbles, and on my return by Rome and Florence the objects which the liberal disinterested and vigorous exertions of the English Government and the Duke of Wellington have compelled the restoration of. I besides formed the acquaintance, and admired both the talents and character and manner of ὁ παυυ Canóva, the excellent Torvalsen, the Cavaliere Camuccini and Landi, the Plaisantine painter at Rome. At Florence too I frequently saw and observed the talents and acquirements of Monsieur Fabre,[2] who has the advantages and reputation of being very particularly favoured by the Comtesse d'Albany, and who, though a Frenchman, seems to possess a correct and severe taste and talent for painting. A portrait he made of Prince Borghese when I was first at Florence (a mere head and bust) with the full length picture of the present Pope by Camuccini at Rome, seemed to my unlearned and ungifted eye the finest portraits I ever beheld. I was tempted to have my own gray head painted by Fabre, and Lady Glenbervie thinks it very like. As to the portrait of Borghese, he has been

[1] The Regia Università degli Studj.

[2] François Xavier Fabre, lover of the Countess of Albany (widow of the young Pretender) after the death of Alfieri.

able to infuse into a most striking likeness of that handsome but insipid countenance, a wonderful degree of life and spirit. As a pendant he also painted in the small size the Duchess of Lanti.

June 24, *Monday*, 6 *a.m.*, *Milan.*—We reached Milan at eight p.m.[1] and Lady Glenbervie had gone in a carriage with her brother to the promenade on the ramparts. She was, in the opinion of our servants, better than she had been any day since the sixteenth of March. This was confirmed by her own account and appearance, on her return home about half an hour afterwards, and by Mr. Reilly.

Fred and I, among many different topics of conversation during our little journey out and home, had much talk concerning the different persons, in any way remarkable or interesting for whatever reason to either of us, who have died since we left England, who still remain, or who have come on the political stage or into society since that time, now on the verge of two years.

I perceive, however, that Fred's reports and opinions of men as well as things have a considerable tinge of Opposition, a circumstance by me much lamented. He avoids, notwithstanding his late correspondence, all conversation with me on his own conduct past and to come, partly I fancy from unwillingness to give me pain. But what then are his intentions or prospects as a member of Opposition? He is approaching to twenty-six!

How much reflection that leads to. He will perhaps some day read this, when I shall be in my grave, and regret that, perhaps owing to faults of temper in me (but, my dear Fred, are those faults all on your poor father's side?), there has been never anything but forced intercourse and discussions between us on what has been for years the dearest interest of my heart and the grand subject of my thoughts and wishes.

June 28, *Friday*, 4 *a.m.*, *Domodossola.*—We slept last night at the miserable inn of Baveno, a village on the banks of the

[1] Glenbervie and his son had visited Como on the previous day, the former carrying his diary with him and making a short entry there.

Lago Maggiore within about a mile of the Isola Bella and the Pescatoral and at nearly the same distance from the Isola Madre and that of S. Giovanni. On coming to the post immediately prior to Baveno called Arona, near which, in an elevated commanding situation, stands, and stood unmolested by the French, the stupendous colossal statue of S. Carlo Borromeo, which the Princess of Wales, by a sort of slip-slop (almost incredible even in her) is said to have called the statue of Sir Charles Burroughs. Buonaparte slept twice at the Isola Bella, while still only a general. He was never there afterwards. At Arona having found no horses we took a boat, and from that accident had the extreme pleasure of proceeding by water to Baveno, embarking at six in the evening, in the finest weather, and getting to Baveno between nine and ten. The daylight continued till we passed the Isola Bella and Pescatora. Our carriages arrived at Baveno in the night.

Yesterday morning, though it rained hard, I got up at four, got into a boat with four rowers, protected by an awning and umbrella, and visited the Borromeo palace on the Isola Bella, having posted a man on the shore near the inn to make a signal in case Lady Glenbervie, whom I left in a sound sleep, should waken and call for me. She had borne the journey and the fatigue of climbing a stair, or rather steep ladder in the inn too narrow to admit of her being carried, particularly well. A great part of our pleasure on the lake arose from her enjoying it. It rained all day yesterday till about six in the evening when the rain ceasing and, the misty clouds on the hill dispersing, we saw the beauty of the situation where this inn is placed to great advantage. The hills which nearly encompass the small level plain on which it stands, consist on the left hand, as you look back, of steep, almost perpendicular, and naked rock with masses of snow in different places and of a wooded less rapid hill on the other side with white chapels, cottages and small vineyards interspersed at different distances and on its summit.

June 29, *Saturday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Brigue* (*in the Valais*).— We left the Sempione or Simplon, a village about eight miles I should suppose from the summit of that grand and, from

its lateral abruptness in many parts on one side, still tremendous road to nervous or sickly travellers, being nowhere protected on the side next the declivity by sufficient parapets either to satisfy the imagination or to secure against real danger. The winter snow had done less damage than might have been expected, but, at this advanced time of the summer, there are still several places where the road has been broken up and others where the snow is imperfectly removed, and two important circumstances struck me. Firstly, there was not a single labourer at work on it from the one end to the other. Secondly, not a single cart or waggon, or even horses or mules loaded with goods. While it was making, at times three thousand men were employed. It is said of late that the different governments interested mean to maintain it, but those circumstances seem to render this improbable. There is an annual fund still kept up for repairing it, by a heavy duty of transit on this side Sempione, but from the unfrequency of the traffic the amount collected must be very inadequate. The Valesiens are known to be averse and incompetent to their share of the expense.

July 3, *Wednesday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Geneva*.—We got to Secheron yesterday about four p.m., but finding the inn full, we proceeded, after dining there, to a lodging about a short league from the town, which I have taken for a week. It commands a tolerable view of the lake and the mountains on the opposite side, and has the advantage of being within half a mile of the colony of the Mintos, who have been settled here for some time. It is also so far on the road to Coppet where Madame de Staël, her daughter and son-in-law the Duc de Broglie now are. This is no recommendation to Lady Glenbervie. She arrived tired, but otherwise well.

Among more than sixty English travellers here, there is Lord Byron, who is *cut* by everybody. They tell a strange adventure of his, at Dejean's Inn.

He is now living at a villa on the Savoy side of the lake with that woman, who it seems proves to be a Mrs. Shelley, wife to the man who keeps the Mount Coffee-house.[1]

[1] So much for the reputation of Shelley in 1815.

July 5, *Friday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Geneva*.—Fred dined with Madame de Staël at Coppet on Wednesday, and I did yesterday. I met there her daughter and son-in-law, the Duc de Broglie, M. Rocca, a melancholy sight, handsome, extremely and highly interesting, from his figure, countenance and voice, and evidently in almost the last stage of a pulmonary consumption. It is very commonly said that she has married him. Probably the exigencies of her love have contributed their share with his wounds, and the other fatigues of her journey three years ago to Sweden, towards reducing him to his present state. His work has proved him to have excellent talents. I had always thought he had, even when in London and at Richmond he used to sit at the farther end of the table and scarcely ever speak. I had always liked to talk with him. He is one of the best Genevan families.

We had besides at dinner her Mr. Schlegel, author of the pamphlet on the Continental System, and of the work on dramatic composition, but a different person from the Schlegel translator of Shakespeare. There was also there a fat-headed, plain, taciturn woman who is, as Fred tells me, English, and a toad-eater of Madame de Staël's.

Rocca bestowed high commendations on Walter Scott's account of the battle of Waterloo. This was a pleasing and flattering confirmation of the judgment I had formed.

Madame de Staël says her book will be out in about fifteen months. It is to be a sort of essay on the causes, events and consequences of the French Revolution from 1789 to the Battle of Waterloo. I said that was matter of vast extent and that it must occupy at least double the number of volumes with her *Allemagne*. No, she said, just the same number. That she thought no book of more than three volumes (except professed history) was ever endurable. That hers was not to be a history, but a discourse; that Montesquieu (to whom she disclaimed all comparison) had embraced an infinitely more extensive subject in the small volume of his tract on the rise and fall of the Romans. That her principal object was to be to show that the French wherever they had departed from the English constitution in attempting to improve upon it, had blundered;

that the adoption of it, as sanctified by time and experience, could alone make France happy. That this view of things would naturally lead her to what would constitute about half of one of her three volumes, a view of England in its constitution and the effects of that constitution on the nation. That she would of course write as having herself been there and a personal observer of those effects. She said it was not her project to return to England till some considerable time after the publication of her work for this reason : that speaking in it with enthusiastic admiration, it might be thought that coming there immediately afterwards, she had come to extort panegyrics and compliments. That her intention is to go to Sicily first, and Greece, and perhaps Asia, for the sake of the work she has also in hand on the subject of our Richard the First.

She said she did not mean to enter into details on our laws, that being a subject to which as well as to military details she was totally incompetent, and that it would be absurd in her to meddle with what had been already done by Blackstone and Delolme, coupling those two writers together. She was surprised when I mentioned to her that I thought Blackstone perhaps the best prose-writer in England of our days, and she begged Mr. Schlegel to attend to this. Neither Schlegel nor her son-in-law took almost any share in the conversation, either during or after dinner. This seemed partly ducal and French *morgue* in the one and literary *morgue* in the other. But it also was probably in both ignorance of England and English literature, which formed the principal topics of conversation between Madame de Staël and me. When they did a little open, it was on the conduct of Buonaparte and Lucien after the battle of Waterloo. De Broglie spoke of Buonaparte as having [behaved] like a pusillanimous dastardly coward, the deserter of his army and the country, and with expressions equally depreciatory of Lucien. Schlegel seemed disposed to controversy on this occasion, but Madame de Staël, after a little *quiet* share in the discussion (she was remarkably quiet and gentle all day, strange to tell), adroitly shifted the discourse to Florence and then back to England. She talked a great deal

about Lords Grenville, Liverpool, Grey, and Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Canning, the probability or improbability of the Opposition coming into power before the next session or on a new general election. Lord Grey is her hero. She talked also about Sir James Mackintosh, and his wonderful fertility and felicity in conversation, but agreed that his flattering success in that respect debauched him from literary exertion and his history. She says she does a great deal of literary work in the mornings and forenoons. She thinks women read and write a great deal more and better in England than in France, but shine much less in conversation and in grace. She thinks Lady Charlotte Campbell has more grace than Lady Charlotte Greville. She said to me, and repeated to Schlegel (but without his assent) that if some being from another climate were to come to this and desire to know in what work the highest pitch of human intellect might be found he ought to be shown the *Edinburgh Review*. She of course seemed to know little of the *Quarterly* and to disparage it.

She and Rocca seem violently *frondeur* of the present system of government in France, and she fancied we had no such word as the equivalent of *espion* in French. They were full of the circumstance of the late sort of gunpowder plot by the boot-top maker and his associates at Paris, thinking the plot contemptible, and the proceedings against those miserable wretches tyrannical; that they had been urged on, and drawn in, by the spies of the police, on whose evidence they were now to be put to death. I own I very much agree with them on that practice of making spies become accomplices, to obtain proofs, and then bringing them as witnesses.

I recollected the remarkable cases of John-the-painter, and Jackson (who poisoned himself, and expired during his trial at Dublin) in which that had been practised in our own country.

July 6, *Saturday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Geneva*.—I am told, and indeed recollect, that we ought to see Mont Blanc from these windows (Maison Brelas—about two miles from the Lausanne or Coppet gate, and a mile and a half up the sloping ground from the lake). But though the near part of our smiling prospect

is now bright, and almost transparent, with the sunbeams dancing on our miniature Mediterranean, that sulky giant is only visible to the mind's eye, for still, hitherto,

Black shadows, clouds, and darkness hang upon him.

July 7, *Sunday*, 6 *a.m.*, *Geneva*.—I have been twice in Lady Glenbervie's room since three o'clock. She is very nervous, short-breathed, with a lethargic drowsiness which has attended her in a very considerable and often alarming degree to me, chiefly since the two or three last days at Florence.

Madame de Staël and her daughter came yesterday from Coppet to see her, attended by Rocca. But Lady Glenbervie was too ill to admit them.

July 9, *Tuesday*, 3 *a.m.*, *Geneva*.—Lady Glenbervie was very ill yesterday, the whole day. She has, thank God, at this moment been in a quiet and sound sleep for four or five hours.

We have, on account of her state, put off the renewal of our journey for another week. We are lodged in the house of a Mr. Brelas, at a place called the Petit Morillon, about two miles from the gate of the town, on the rising ground between the lake and the skirts of Mount Jura, whose ridge has still large masses of snow on it for the whole length within sight. This I am told is very unusual at this time of the year.

July 11, *Thursday*, 5 *a.m.*, *Geneva*.—I think Lady Glenbervie's day was rather, and scarcely rather, better yesterday than the day before. She has had a wretched night since 11 p.m., but for the last half hour has been quiet. Her son and her maid are with her, and I have heard from the outside of the door her son reading the service of the sick to her, or some prayers she has selected in Taylor's *Holy Dying*. Different English clergymen and Mr. Reilly the surgeon, whom we have brought from Naples, and who sits up constantly till about three with her, have repeatedly, and I sometimes, read these prayers ever since she has been so ill. She has great pleasure in hearing Fred read, which he excels in. She has twice to-night taken in all twelve drops of laudanum.

Mr. Brougham came to Secheron about four days ago, and the day before yesterday arrived Captain and Mrs. Clifford and

Mrs. George Lamb. Fred tells me that Brougham pays and displays a decided and insidious attachment to Mrs. Lamb, as he did to the late Lady Rosslyn in her life time. The Grenville and even the Fox party are much dissatisfied with his late party conduct, especially his brutal, ungentlemanlike, personal diatribe against the Prince and his society. He has long professed himself in the House of Commons the professional adviser of the Princess of Wales, who has been at Turin and is now supposed to be at Constantinople. Fred says Horner is rising above Brougham in parliamentary speaking and reputation, and that Brougham is jealous of him, in so much that when Horner has any motion announced beforehand to make, it is remarked that Brougham and his small knot of adherents do not attend. Brougham has long been thought long-winded, and to speak on all subjects too much. I understand Horner has attached himself to Lord Lansdowne.

July 12, *Friday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *Geneva.*—Last night I went with Mr. and Mme. d'Ivernois to a party at Madame —— [*sic*], a near neighbour of the Mintos, where I met all that family and the widow of Black Piggott, who told me many anecdotes of the Empress Josephine, whom she had seen a great deal both here and at Paris. She also lives in this neighbourhood. She says she had seen Josephine while Mme. Beauharnais, while wife of Buonaparte, First Consul, and as Empress. She was gentle, not clever. She had left her brown in the extreme and yellow, and at an interval of seven years, she came into this country, where she spent a twelvemonth, of a brilliant complexion, lilies and roses and arms of alabaster (these were Mme. Piggott's expressions). She used mineral cosmetics to produce this effect, and at last fell a sacrifice to that practice. The Emperor Alexander among his numerous conquests or love-makings had the ambition to succeed with the divorced Empress when first at Paris, and her vanity, as well as his youth and good looks, led her to encourage his gallantry. They used to take long walks in the dusk and damp air, *tête-à-tête*, at Malmaison, when the effect on the washes she used was so pernicious as to produce the illness of which she died. Alexander was

during that illness so assiduous still as to sit by her bedside two or three hours every day, and (said Mme. Piggott) she may be said, almost literally, to have expired in his arms.[1]

Mme. Piggott says she believes Joseph Buonaparte is still concealed in his house or somewhere in this neighbourhood. That at the time at which the American newspapers announced his arrival at Baltimore, Dejean had seen him in his kitchen, where he had come, on foot, incognito, and called for a glass of *Kirschwasser* and water. That when he perceived that Dejean recognised him, he went away suddenly towards Nyon. Query the exactness of this.

July 16, *Tuesday*, 4.15 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Geneva*.—I wakened about half past three and soon after heard Lady Glenbervie speaking a little, but very quietly, and she very soon ceased. I sleep in a room immediately over hers, and can hear the lowest voice and slightest noise in it, though not so as to distinguish the words. She went to bed between nine and ten, and I trust there will be little doubt of her being able to proceed to Nyon this afternoon, and to Morez, a long and trying stage for her over Mont Jura, to-morrow. There is it seems no place at which she could even rest between Nyon and that place. At Les Rousses no other accommodation but a mattress on the floor of a common room. Dr. Mackey is to go with us to Nyon, in the carriage with Lady Glenbervie. He will see how that short journey (a stage of about ten or twelve English miles) affects her, and how she is to-morrow morning, and I believe we have almost persuaded him to accompany us to Morez. Lady Glenbervie is much weaker since she came to this place, but yet, thank God, in many essential respects better. Nothing so true as what my old and excellent friend Mr. Freudenreich of Bern wrote to me a few days ago, in an English letter so truly correct and vernacular as to be quite surprising. Speaking of Lady Glenbervie's illness: "Your case," said he, "is the nearest interest in life."

[1] Alexander had called at Malmaison the day before her death, but she had been too ill to see him. She died in the arms of her son, Eugène de Beauharnais.

Wickham, with whom and Mrs. Wickham I spent an hour yesterday forenoon, told me the following anecdote. Mrs. Wickham's father, Mr. Bertram, whom I knew at Geneva when there with Mr. Windham in 1788, was much acquainted with Voltaire and often at his house. One day, while they were playing a game at chess together, at which Mr. Bertram had supplied the usual place of the Père Adam, a young gentleman was shown into the room and presented a letter of introduction to Voltaire, who read it and then threw it by and continued the game without saying a word, or scarcely looking at the bearer. At different intervals, however, he would throw a glance at him, and in a sort of fidgetty hurry ask him a question, in which he proceeded from mere commonplace to more particular and interesting points, and beginning to be struck with the good sense and information of the answers he received, he threw the chess table and men aside topsy-turvy (having perhaps the worst of the game), and looking the young traveller full in the face, said to him : " How can you, sir, at your age, have got so much knowledge on so many subjects ? " This young Englishman (or Irishman) was Lord Macartney, with whom Mr. Bertram continued from that time to maintain a correspondence. The anecdote was long afterwards confirmed to Mr. Wickham by Lord Macartney himself.

Here is another anecdote of Voltaire which I told Mr. Wickham in return for his. About the autumn 1777 or '8 George Hardinge (Lord Camden's nephew) after the summer circuit, made a tour through France and Switzerland (during which, by the bye, he had the indecorum to introduce to the families and ladies to whom he had letters a woman of the town, who accompanied him, as his wife). When at Geneva, being ambitious to see Voltaire, and knowing how difficult he had become in that respect, he sat down and composed in the most Ciceronian style in his power a Latin epistle full of admiration for the transcendency of the great man's matchless genius and requesting to be admitted to venerate him in person. Hardinge was a remarkably good scholar, having on that account been a favourite of Barnard while at Eton. But Voltaire, instantly on

reading his letter, on a ragged dirty piece of paper, which, from the smell, appeared to have wrapped up some chocolate, wrote the following answer, "80 *annis*, 80 *morbis*, *oppressus*, *non sum tam visendus*, *quam obliviscendus*;" and this note was all the intercourse which that eccentric character, with parts which none could trust, could have with Voltaire.

8.30 *p.m.*, *Nyon.*—Mr. North and I arrived here at half past three, and Lady Glenbervie and the rest of the party at half past seven. The inn of the *White Cross*, at the end of the town nearest Geneva, though homely in its appearance towards the street, has a beautiful view of the lake from the principal rooms and is only separated from it by a small flower and kitchen garden. Lady Glenbervie was attended in her carriage by Dr. Mackey and Mr. Reilly, the former wishing to see how the motion of the carriage affected her. She bore it remarkably well, having talked very cheerfully for the first seven miles and slept the remainder. She ate more than usual with her for the last ten days at dinner before she set out, and has now ate an entire slice of toasted bread and butter with her tea, and is going to bed at this moment. Dr. Mackey goes with us to-morrow to Morez. We are to set off at nine a.m.

July 17, *Wednesday*, 2 *a.m.*, *Nyon.*—George Hardinge was the person who, in one of the early years of the French Revolution, pronounced the famous words, "*Perish commerce*, *live the Constitution.*" Fred North, who was then representative of Banbury, heard him utter them with marked emphasis, yet very soon afterwards they were almost universally attributed to Windham and made the ground of many libels printed and spoken against him in the House and the newspapers, and particularly by his enemies and opponents in the commercial town of Norwich, which he represented, and in his native county of Norfolk. I think he never took much pains, if any, to contradict the imputation, but on the occasion of some of the debates on the acquittal of Hardy the shoemaker, etc., I myself heard Hardinge, from one of the back rows next the gallery on the right hand or Treasury side from the Speaker's chair (the left from the door) vindicate those words to himself, and under his

own interpretation of them again acknowledge and boast of the sentiment they express.

July 17, *Wednesday*, 5.30 *p.m.*, *Morez.*—We left Nyon about nine, and after changing horses, and eating an omelette in the kitchen of the hut of an *auberge* at Les Rousses, near which the road from Geneva by Gex joins that from Nyon, we arrived at this very good inn about four. The village of Morez is situated in a glen or narrow valley through which the Braine passes and, falling into the Ain, serves to augment the waters of the Rhone.

Dr. Mackey returned from Nyon to Geneva thinking it quite unnecessary to accompany Lady Glenbervie farther, and she not desiring it. On our separating, he positively refused taking a fee for his late attendance. I pressed one of fifteen napoleons on him, but he persisted.

July 18, *Thursday*, 5.3 *a.m.*, *from my bed*, *Morez.*—I think I mentioned, while at Geneva, that Mr. Charles Ellis [1] arrived there, at that time, with his two sons and his daughter. He had been at Lisbon with his friend Canning, had accompanied him and *his* wife and two sons to Bordeaux by sea, and from thence had come through Lyons to Geneva, having deposited Canning's sons, the eldest of whom will be deformed for life, at Barcce. The youngest has some appearances of the same sort of dissolution or exfoliation of the bones of some of his limbs. The eldest is now fifteen, and in intellect and many points of knowledge, advanced beyond that age. He composes easily both in Latin and English verse. He can walk on crutches.[2]

Among those of celebrity, or of our acquaintance and greater or less intimacy, who have died since we left England, I have to mention George Ellis, first cousin to Charles, and half brother to Mrs. Steele, who was the daughter of Admiral Sir John Lindsay (nephew to the first Earl of Mansfield, Ch. J.B.R.) by his marriage with the widow of George Ellis's father. She also has since our departure been numbered with the dead. She

[1] Charles Rose Ellis, at this time M.P. for Seaford. He was created Baron Seaford in 1826.

[2] Canning's eldest son died in his nineteenth year; the second entered the navy, became a captain, and was drowned in 1828; the third became Earl Canning.

was a singular person, had been handsome, had a *piquant* conversation, but generally too brusque, and her natural capriciousness was increased by long [ill] health. All this made her unpopular in general. I liked her and so did Lady Glenbervie.

George Ellis distinguished himself among the wits and *literati* at the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this. He was one of the most successful and popular writers in the *Rolliad*, both in verse and prose, and afterwards in the *Anti-Jacobin*. In the former he was the collaborator of Fitzpatrick (the first of all his contemporaries as an easy, elegant and gentleman-like poet, the Sir Charles Hanbury Williams of his day, both for the wit and also for the indecency of many of his fugitive poems), of Lord Townshend, a wit by hereditary right, direct and collateral, Dr. Laurence, the principal writer and compiler, a man of extraordinary abilities and learning as a civilian, having attained the highest reputation and first practice at Doctors Commons, and as a scholar and politician. His memory was prodigious, his literature ancient and modern, foreign and domestic, very considerable, and, what many of those who knew him or had heard him either in conversation or the House of Commons will hardly credit, he possessed, with his pen, considerable humour both in verse and prose. Burke soon discovered his merits, and as his labour was indefatigable he employed him, advantageously, in collecting from the mass and chaos of the Indian papers, materials for his grand work, the prosecution of Hastings. His friendship and recommendation afterwards led Lord Fitzwilliam to bring him into Parliament, where he was a frequent speaker, but from his uncouth person and countenance, and disagreeable articulation, though his speeches, of immoderate length indeed, were however replete with good legal and statesman-like knowledge and reasoning, he became a sort of dinner bell to the great majority of the House, even of those of his own party. He seldom attempted wit, either in his oratory or in society, and when he did, failed to produce any effect. Wit ceased to be wit from his lips, and with his countenance. During the impeachment of Hastings I had much intercourse with him. He was good-natured and

cheerful. In his latter years he must have made a great deal of money, but I understand he died poor. Lord North, as Chancellor of Oxford, either appointed him or procured him to be appointed Professor of Civil Law in that University,[1] in which place he was the successor of the gentle, amiable Dr. Wenman, who had himself succeeded to the odd, witty and mad Dr. Vansittart, author of several temporary and occasional pieces of verse both in English and Latin, much circulated at the time, and some printed.

I know not if ever George Ellis attempted to speak during the short time he sat in Parliament. I believe he may have attempted. He probably would not have wished for a seat if he had not had that ambition. But how many men of eminent talents and acquirements have had it, and from want of nerves, or some indefinable defect either physical or intellectual, which both they themselves and the House feel, but frequently cannot describe, have failed and relinquished all attempts after one or two trials. Among the more remarkable of those I have known have been Hare—*the* Hare—and my own brother-in-law, Frederick North. Gibbon never could work himself to make one attempt. At least, I think his memoirs tell us so, and that he had often gone down to the House fully charged with matter and quite determined to make the effort, but, like a person often attempting and, as it is called, balking a leap, never could bring himself to rise.

I remember Windham's first speech in the House of Commons. He lost himself very soon after he began, and either remained for a long space in silence and embarrassment, and either sat down abruptly, or cut very short what he had premeditately intended to say. I saw him immediately afterwards, and found him almost thinking of abandoning all future trial. But the elasticity of his mind, and ambition, the persuasions of his friends and admirers, male and female (for he was much a favourite with the admirers of talents and manly beauty among the other sex), and the success with which he had harangued at

[1] French Laurence received this appointment in 1796, the year in which he entered Parliament for Peterborough. He died in 1809.

election and other public but local meetings, urged him on to further exertions, till he soon became one of the most popular and perhaps the most graceful speaker in the House.

July 19, *Friday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Champagnole*.—We arrived here yesterday at half past five. Lady Glenbervie had ate some excellent trout at the last stage, Maisonneuve, which had refreshed and strengthened her so much that she arrived better, more lively and less drowsy, than I have seen her at the same hour for many days. The road for the last two days has been nothing but a continual succession of ascent and descent, though we have been always told at the beginning of each stage that from the stage after that we should find nothing but plain. The roads are also, generally speaking, rough and stony, with precipices in many parts, on one side, and no parapets, but in daylight and with careful drivers (as they all are) and safe horses, perfectly safe, and for the most part of the breadth of three, four or more carriages. Lady Glenbervie never got out of her carriage.

This village is situated near the banks of the Ain, the river from which the department takes its name. At Maisonneuve there is another rapid stream (called the Aune or Arne) which falls into the Ain before it reaches this place, and united they join the Rhone before it gets to Lyons. The stream which runs by Maisonneuve passes through a deep gully, overhung by romantic rocks, covered in many parts with spruce fir, which has a winding direction, and gives that form to the road, on the right side of the stream. There is a manufactory of iron wire, etc., here, and I believe also at Maisonneuve. In coming out of that village under a bridge over which the road crosses to the right side of the river, there is a beautiful waterfall, formed by the whole of the water tumbling over the rocky bottom, with the addition of a degree of artificial dam for the purpose of a mill adjoining the bridge. There are also two or three less considerable falls lower down. The season in this country is so very very backward that the corn is yet but three or four inches above the ground, and the weather is still so rainy that they hardly expect it to ripen. I have not observed any larches, or

Scotch firs, anywhere on the hills of the Jura all the way from Nyon to this place. The wood is chiefly spruce fir, with a considerable mixture of beech in some parts. They cover their houses and the wall next the weather universally with a sort of smooth shingles (or tiles) of wood about one-sixth of an inch thick, a foot long and four inches broad, which they make up into circular parcels of the size of a common cart wheel tied together round the circumference with withy. These bundles contain a thousand and are worth from two and a half francs to three francs. I believe they nail them on, but on the weather side (that side turned to the mountains) large stones are laid loose on different parts of the roof to secure them from being torn up by the winds.

The village of the Rousses had been nearly all burnt by the Austrians last summer on the occasion of an affair with the French and was now rebuilding. There had been a great conflagration there also, but accidental, about thirteen years ago. Nobody should attempt to sleep at Les Rousses, nor at St. Laurent, nor at Maisonneuve. The inn of the *Croix Blanche*, though of a mean external appearance, is admirable, that at Morez, the *Post*, tolerable. The *Post* here is the best, though worse looking than another, and though bad is that best.

In this country (the old Franche Comté) the language of the common people is French, with no mixture of German, nor with the German accent, as in the eastern parts of Lorraine. But the accent here is coarse and harsh.

July 19, *Friday*, ½ *p.m.*, *Poligny*.—We arrived here at half past twelve. There is a very steep hill to descend by oblique turnings to this place. Lord and Lady Oxford, three daughters and their son Alfred, with their secretary, maids, etc. (but without Lord Frederic Montagu) arrived at the post at Champagnole as we were preparing to set out, and afterwards overtook us near the top of the hill above this town, and walked down it with the two Fredericks and M. Reilly, her Ladyship's former medical attendant in Italy. This party, together with Lord Frederic Montagu, were in the same inn with us at Milan.

On the side of the hill there are a great many vineyards,

I think the first we have seen since we ascended Mont Jura. The crops are still so backward that they despair of their ripening. To-day is fine, with bright sun, but also a pleasant, refreshing wind.

We passed through or near some extensive oak woods to-day, but they seem to be used as copses, and if there have been large trees there, most of them have been cut down. There remain some, however, which may contain from ten feet to thirty or forty of timber.

When we got on this side of the Alps the brick floors in general ceased, and on the road to Geneva and at that place the floors are of deal, separated into four or more large square compartments by bars of a dark coloured wood (perhaps walnut-tree) about four inches broad, and of this there is also a border round the room and a skirting board. Very often there is only this border without the compartments.

July 21, *Sunday*, 4.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Dôle* (*l'auberge de la ville de Lyon*).—We passed the Doubs on a wooden bridge before entering Dôle, and on our right hand saw the remains of a stone bridge, which had probably been broken down during the war, and some arches of a new stone bridge close to the wooden one, on the left, with the stones for completing it lying near, but no work seems to have been done to it for some considerable time. About a league before we came to Dôle we passed the river La Loue on a stone bridge, and immediately after crossing the Doubs we passed also on a stone bridge a canal situated at the entrance of the town.

This is a well-built town, with many substantial stone houses on an ascent, not steep, from the river. We passed yesterday a large forest of oak, beech, etc., much of it in copse-wood, and with the large timber chiefly gone. A great part of the country is bare of wood, and there are no hedges. Since the descent from the hill over Poligny there is a great variety of crops, vineyards, all sorts of grain, maize, or Indian corn, flax, hemp, etc., and in the meadows grass, rank and coarse. Bruand says that agriculture (meaning good agriculture) is *nulle* here.

In every town, village, and in the case of single houses in

the country, throughout the whole of Buonaparte's late empire where we have passed, in Flanders, the Liegois, Spa, Germany, France and Italy every habitation has a distinct number on some conspicuous part, in regular series. This seemingly inconsiderable circumstance served very powerfully to assist in adjusting and levying impositions and apportioning the conscriptions. I for the first time observed many houses in this town of Dôle without numbers, but on enquiry I found they have been effaced merely for the purpose of some alterations in the series. It would be an ill-judged thing to destroy what has been found done, and must be highly useful to the administration of the country.

July 23, *Tuesday*, 5.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Val de Suzon.*—I thought I heard Lady Glenbervie, who is in the opposite room, about half an hour ago, but on listening at her door I found everything quiet. She went to bed about ten last night. The sky is clear at present, but it is more than cool, and was so the greater part of yesterday, a thing which pleases, but also surprises us, at this season of the year, and so it does the inhabitants of the country. Indeed during the whole course of our journey from Naples we have scarcely once found it hot, more than warm, except perhaps for a chance quarter of an hour, and that very rarely, when exposed to a mid-day sun. But we have frequently found it cold, in the plains of the Agro Romana, of Lombardy, and here of Burgundy, not to mention the Apennines, Alps and Jura, where it always must be so.

Brougham informed my son, at Geneva, that legal proceedings against the Princess of Wales are actually commenced, and Pigou heard, either from Brougham, whom he met at or on the way to Lausanne, or from Tierney, whom he had found at Secheron, that it is said a great deal of decisive evidence has been procured from Captain Pechel (the officer who brought her in his frigate last year to Genoa). Lady Charlotte Lindsay also writes in a letter of the 8th instant to her brother, and which he received at Dijon yesterday, that proceedings are begun. Tierney told Pigou that he does not believe there is any chance either of a dissolution or a change of the Ministry. But he

thinks the proceedings against the Princess of Wales may occasion the meeting of Parliament before Christmas. This process may in its early or remote consequences produce much embarrassment and confusion, disputed succession, questions of succession to the crown, etc., etc.

A matter of more immediate interest to me and mine is the possibility of an early dissolution of Parliament. Fred has now sat —— [*sic*] years[1] in this, and has not as yet acquired any solid footing with either of the political parties in the country. Yet he has already reached *al mezzo del camin di questa vita*, according to common computation. What a different course Charles Grant[2] has pursued. Fred indeed has deservedly acquired a most enviable character for amiability in manners and agreeableness in what is considered justly to be the best society, as well as for the more essential qualities of the heart and understanding. But I fear he took *the water too deep* (according to an expressive Scotch phrase) first, on his coming from Oxford, where he and others of his companions of the One O'clock set at Christ Church were all to be First Lords of the Treasury or Chancellors of the Exchequer because Mr. Pitt had been so at twenty-four, and afterwards on his coming into Parliament I remember he said to me, when Charles Grant was made a Lord of the Treasury, that he thought he had let himself down by taking such an unimportant office. I reminded him that his grandfather and Mr. Fox had begun by being Lords of the Treasury, and that it was a dangerous thing to expect to add to the examples of Titus Flaminius (*vide* the beginning of his life in Plutarch) and of Pitt. Fred I believe must now be a little sensible of all this, and if he ever reads these pages he will think perhaps in a different way from what he did at the time, of the opinions and suggestions of his old and affectionate father, who launched him, at his outset in life, from as high a place in it as he had been able to attain after a laborious and diversified

[1] He entered Parliament as member for Banbury in 1812.

[2] Charles Grant, eventually created Baron Glenelg, had gone into Parliament in 1811 and become a Lord of the Treasury in 1813. He was to become Irish Secretary in 1819, and to sit in the Cabinets of Goderich, Wellington, Grey and Melbourne.

course, from so humble a beginning, at the end of so many years. Fred has always proved himself an excellent son to me, and to his dear, suffering mother, to whose tender care of his infancy and early years he owes, under God, the health, character, and principles of virtue and religion, which she made it her principal object to watch over and secure.

I trust he will read this and other parts of this motley diary with feelings of a sort which, whatever emotion and regret may accompany them, can never fail of leaving a desirable and beneficial impression on so tender and so good a heart as his. God bless him, God bless him. His station in the world will perhaps be fixed before his eyes meet what I have now been writing. May he by that time be but half as blessed in a wife as I have had the unusually happy lot of being with his incomparable mother.

July 24, *Wednesday*, 3.30 *p.m.*, *Montbard.*—I am in a room next to Lady Glenbervie with my bed divided from hers only by a thin partition. I think she went to bed about eleven and everything is at present quite quiet in her room, and I believe has been so all night. This inn, *Le Point du Jour*, for lodging and eating, is one of the cleanest and best we have been in during the whole course of our long journey, which began on the 16th of May and we now hope may end at London before the 16th of August.

Montbard lies on the side of the small river of the [Brenne] in a valley which possesses no distinguished feature. The town itself is chiefly remarkable for having been the residence of the celebrated philosopher and naturalist Buffon. As soon as we landed at our inn, Taylor and Fred Douglas set off to visit the house and domain of that very eminent man, and Fred North and I soon followed them. My poor wife, if she had been able, would not have been left behind. Much of the pleasure ground consisting in terraces with long and steep flights of stairs from the one to the other, Fred North soon turned back to resume the reading of Sismondi's *Italian Republics*,[1] till supper should be ready. We found the grounds in a state of great desolation.

[1] Then in course of publication.

They were shown us by an old gardener of the age of seventy-three, who had lived there ever since about the year 1770, except for about eighteen months during the reign of terror and Robespierre, when he was imprisoned, and his young master Count de Buffon's son guillotined. This old man, though of the same age with myself had, I flatter myelf, a much more decrepit appearance, but we found him intelligent and so interesting from the natural and at once respectful and affectionate manner in which he spoke of the Great Genius, as he called him, that I cannot help recording his name in this place, St. Pierre Buillet.

He showed us with a sigh a summer house where Buffon used to study (*travailler*) during the four months of the year which he used to pass here, generally with a numerous society of visitors, many of them foreigners and chiefly English. This summer house, a high tower which commands an extensive prospect, and the botanical garden, formed on the model of the Jardin du Roi, were entirely devastated by the revolutionists, or, where not entirely, the mischief was completed by the German troops during the campaigns of 1814 and 1815 The house consists of several handsome apartments. It is a long, plain building in good repair, but squeezed in between the town and the stages of terraces which rise immediately behind, with only the intervention of a narrow courtyard. In one of the rooms we saw a half length picture of Buffon in a full court dress (a good portrait which has been engraved), and on the chimney the busts, not in marble, of himself, and Daubenton [1] his co-adjutor. The sides of another room and a long gallery have the walls entirely covered with coloured drawings of birds, and some butterflies and other insects. The gardener remembers Voltaire's dining and sleeping here—probably when on his way from Ferney to Paris, when he last visited and died at that place. He also remembers Jean Jacques Rousseau dining there. He would not stay all night, but got into his little chaise and went to

[1] Louis Jean Marie Daubenton (1716-1799) was also born at Montbard. He wrote the anatomical part of Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle* and was subsequently professor of mineralogy in the Jardin du Roi.

sleep, as I understand, at a cottage, two or three miles off. There I suppose he may have left his *gouvernante*—afterwards (or perhaps then) become his wife.

"Rousseau was not here," said the gardener, "at the same time with Voltaire. That could not have been. You know they did not see or like one another."

The place now belongs to the widow of Buffon's son, his second wife. His first, who according to the gardener had been a Mademoiselle Castra, I remember, the professed mistress of the then young Duke de Fitz-James, in the year 1770. We afterwards saw her in England in the same situation with the last Duke of Orleans, Egalité, and she was one of the company at his house, the Palais Royal, when Lord Stair and Lindsay (Mrs. Steele's brother and our Secretary of the Embassy) were also of the party on the memorable occasion when the Princess de Lamballe's head on a pike was carried by the windows, with the strong suspicion that Egalité was the contriver or at least privy to her murder, having in right of his wife the survivancy of the immense Penthièvre property. Buffon's son had divorced this first wife and married his present widow, a daughter of a brother of Daubenton's. She was imprisoned and would have been guillotined at the same time with her husband, but her execution was deferred, on the plea of pregnancy, and in the meantime Robespierre's catastrophe took place and saved her. She has no children, and her husband left none by his first wife, and a brother of Buffon, an old maréchal de camp before the Revolution, who still lives in a house near his brother's, at the great age of ninety-two, was probably never married and has no issue, and I understand the estate, which besides this place consists of vineyards, woods, and iron forges, etc., in several parts of Burgundy, was left to the widow in full property. Buffon the father died in 1787 at the age of eighty-two.

I understand the Côte d'Or is in this neighbourhood, the wines of which are famous.

We had some wine last night which the landlord called Vin de *Romanée*, that famous vineyard of the Prince of Conti, none of which used to be sold, being all consumed by the family

or sent as presents chiefly to crowned heads and royal personages. I drank some of it at l'Isle Adam, the Prince's country seat, in 1770, when Mr. Mathew (afterwards Lord Llandaff) and his beautiful first wife, who had been a Miss Smith, and whose sister about that time married Comte Jarnac, Lord Edward Bentinck, and the late Duke of Orleans with his then new married wife, Mademoiselle de Penthièvre, now his widow and mother of the present Duke, as well as the Comtesse de Bouflers and others were of the party. I think the Prince of Conti or his son, then Comte de la Marche, and not then on speaking terms either with his father or with his own wife, whom I used to visit in her hotel Rue de Grenelle, Faubourg St. Germain, sold that vineyard, and that it has been since terribly spoilt. We found the wine good but not very particularly so.

July 30, *Tuesday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris*, *Hotel de Rivoli*, *Rue Rivoli*, *au premier*, *an apartment which overlooks the garden of the Tuileries*.—We arrived here yesterday about three p.m. in a rainy, heavy day. About mid-way from Fontainebleau our postillions changed horses with a carriage in which it happened that Lord de Dunstanville, my old client and friend, was with his wife and daughter. They informed me that Fred had taken this lodging for us, which they had just left. He had been very active and very lucky. We have a first floor, very scanty, but Lady Glenbervie's is neat, not magnificent, but very cheerful. The price for the week (and we mean not to stay beyond Monday next) is three hundred and seventy francs or, at the exchange of twenty four francs to the pound sterling, just fifteen pounds and ten francs.

Lady Glenbervie held out very well yesterday. She was sick in the evening, but had ate a comfortable dinner with appetite. I have not yet gone to her room, nor heard of her.

In the evening I called at Galignani's shop, where in the reading room I saw about the same crowd of English occupied in reading the English newspapers as are often to be seen of a forenoon at the Alfred or the reading parlour of the Royal Institution, but younger and seemingly more *των πολλων*.

Galignani himself looks and speaks like a pert, disagreeable sort of Jefferey of Pall Mall, or Lackington.

I then went to Mrs. Crosbie's, and sat an hour with her son, now attached to this embassy, and her two *still unmarried* daughters *malgré tous ses efforts*.[1]

Mrs. Crosbie received me with the kindness of an old and unaltered friend. The son is very gentle and obliging. One of the daughters is reckoned handsome. They were, and I believe still are, very graceful, but to my yet unaccustomed eyes a little too Parisian in their *déshabillé* and manners. They also seemed very glad to see me. She and her daughters set out next Monday for Florence.

I find from my son that Lally Tolendal is in the country for four or five days, that the Beauvan family are at Spa, and Madame de Souza *souffrante*. I conjecture that it is with her as with Mirabeau, who said when dying, on being asked by his physician if he had not a pain in his right, "Non, Monsieur, c'est de *la côté gauche* que je souffre." To understand what he meant and what I do now, the denomination of the Jacobins at the time of his death, and Madame de Flahault's politics since, must be recollected. Mrs. Crosbie has lent me a great many numbers of *Le Nain Jaune*, which it is almost treason here to have in one's possession.

I intended to have gone to Court to-day, it being a day for presentations, and had written a note to Sir Charles Stuart[2] desiring he would present Fred North and me, but think I shall not send the note, nor go, but stay with Lady Glenbervie.

Lady Stuart and the Hardwickes are gone to Spa, to Lady Glenbervie's great disappointment.

July 31, *Wednesday*, 4 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris*.—I and Fred North were presented at Court yesterday by Sir Charles Stuart. The ceremony was nearly the same, according to my recollection, and in the same apartment, as in October, 1791, when I was presented by Lord Gower to the brother, the virtuous, sensible but weak-hearted brother of the present King.

After the King we and all the Corps Diplomatic, with the

[1] Boileau, *Epître au Roi*.—G.

[2] The British Ambassador.

few others who were presented, went through narrow passages and up and down different staircases first to the apartment of Monsieur,[1] who is grown extremely thin and to appearance almost twenty years older than when he left England in the beginning of 1814. The courtiers whom I observed this to ascribe it to a severe illness he had last year and great anxiety and fatigue of body and mind. We then went to the Duc de Berri's,[2] who after mentioning the continued alarming state of the weather, said to Sir Charles Stuart and us: "C'est encore un coup de fouët que la Providence nous donne." *Remarque qui avait plus de* levity (how express that by a French word ?) *que d'esprit.* It rained incessantly all yesterday, and threatens more rain this morning, and the weather it seems is the same in England and I understand throughout all Europe. The Duc de Berri has the same cheerful but vulgar and (*pace tanti principis*) black manner as when in England. Out of his *salle de reception* we passed *de plein pied* into that of the Duchesse, whom I had never seen at Naples.[3] She has very good looks, and appears quite a child. With her I saw Madame de la Ferronays, still handsomer than in London, and as much with child as she used to be there.

Among the foreign Ministers a fat, tall, broad and ruddy-faced general in an embroidered uniform and red ribbon and star spoke to me familiarly in English without my being able to recollect in the least who he was, till on asking Fred North I found it was Pozzo di Borgo.[4] By Lady Burghersh's accounts he became latterly much less of an Englishman. This must be a Russian measure. I saw in the diplomatic body also d'Aillie or D'Aillie St. Martin, and we had a great deal of talk together about the Hampdens, Mrs. Davison, etc. While [with] the King, a tall, soldierly-looking officer, who seemed nearest in

[1] The future Charles X.

[2] Monsieur's son, who was assassinated in 1820.

[3] She was a daughter of the King of Naples.

[4] A Corsican by birth, and at one time a member of the French Legislative Assembly, he was now in the service of Russia, representing that Court at Paris and afterwards London. He was one of the most influential diplomatists of the time.

attendance on his person, acçosted me in a very obliging manner. I was equally at a loss as to him, but learned from Stuart that it was the Duke of Grammont, at present Captain of the Guards in Waiting. He has a much more martial and younger and more distinguished appearance than when he used to walk about at Brighton and in London in a plain brown coat and round hat, with a stout oaken stick in his hand, or when I dined with him *en petit comité* at Lady Downshire's and learned from him the French method of carving a fowl. His son the Duc de Guiche is not at Paris. The King's countenance is young and healthy, and his limbs did not appear swelled. He had on tight leather boots, which the courtiers mentioned as a criterion of health.

When we were introduced, he merely said, "Vous deux beaux frères voyagez ensemble?" On returning to retire, after having gone round the circle, he said to Fred North, "Avez-vous vu Mr. Touville? Il est ici." This was new to us, and it will please Touville to hear that he spoke of him.

There were no English at the Court to-day but Hammond, who is here as one of the six Commoners concerning the liquidation of the demands between the two countries, and Sir James Crawford and the third son of Lord Bathurst, who is aide-de-camp to General Murray. He was presented when we were. His face and voice are very like his mother's.

The Duke and Duchess of Angoulême are absent on a progress to the southern and eastern departments.

August 3, *Saturday*, 5.45 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris*.—I daresay I have bought [books] here for a hundred pounds, when the duty and expense of bringing them home shall be added. How few of them shall I wish to do more that consult and how very few shall I be able to read, with the short space of life that can now remain to me, and the anxious cares that are ready to meet me on my return to London. *O Bibliomanie! Bibliomanie!*

I went to the Théâtre Français, now a building between the Rue Richelieu and the Palais Royal, after dinner yesterday, where I remained only for the first two acts. The play was *Zaire*, the part of Orosmane by a debutant, who has acted several

other parts already. His name is [Bernard].[1] I understand he has been well received. I thought his countenance and manner of acting too ignoble. The part of Lusignan was very well done by [Baptiste l'Ainé].[1] I did not like Zaire by Mlle. [Bourgoin],[1] and the sleep, which all my life has been so apt to overtake me after dinner and especially at the theatre, besides the anxiety about Lady Glenbervie, made me come home at eight o'clock instead of making the various visits I had proposed. The house is dirty as is also the Théâtre Feydeau.

Mlle. Bourgoin is the best I find from Frederick for such parts, but is reckoned, as I thought her, very indifferent.[2]

Some time since Mlle. Bourgoin lodged opposite the Hôtel de la Duchesse de Dalmatie, Madame Soult, who it seems had been a very low person. A cat belonging to La Bourgoin was it seems offensive to this *parvenue* Duchesse, and she sent a very peremptory and *haut-en-bas* note to the actress, desiring or ordering her to put away the cat, signing herself, " Isabelle, Duchesse de Dalmatie." Mlle. Bourgoin answered laconically : " Je n'en ferai rien " and signed " Iphigénie en Aulide." *Actrices toutes les deux !*

Aug. 4, *Sunday*, 5.30, *in bed*, *Paris.*—Yesterday Lady Glenbervie was so well as to go with me and Reilly before dinner in her open berline to the gates of the Jardin des Plantes (formerly Jardin du Roi) along the quay, on the left side of the river, and to return, crossing the Seine over the bridge called in the Buonaparte dialect Pont d'Austerlitz, on the other side, and in the evening, which proved (as the whole day had been) clear and without rain, to the top of Montmartre, as far as the way is *carossabile*, so as to have a perfect bird's-eye-view of this very fine town, so much larger and superior in its streets and environs and elegancies and conveniences of every sort, fountains perhaps excepted, to the more magnificent city of Rome, as seen from the Trinità de'Monte, the tower of the Campidoglio, the Villa Lanti, the Dome of St. Peter's, etc.

[1] These names are supplied from a later passage in the diary.

[2] Marie Thérèse Étiennette Bourgoin (1785-1833), though she constantly appeared in tragic parts, was considered by many critics to be better in comedy.

I went first to Lady Carrington's rather on an evening visit than to her grand assembly, which was to be that evening but to which, not having called before, I was not invited. Though past nine I found I had arrived so unfashionably soon as to find nobody but her and some daughters, for my Lord had dined out, and of foreigners, only that lively, talkative, hump-backed old Monseigneur Bombelles,[1] who is a standing dish in all English and in all Royalist French houses. I had before met him and made his acquaintance through his old friend Fred North at Court, and afterwards at dinner at the Duchess of Orleans.' He has a son attached to the French Embassy at London, another Minister for this country to Dresden, and several others. I believe he became Monseigneur after his widowhood. He has formerly resided two years in Great Britain and travelled about during that time almost all over England, Scotland and Ireland, besides most other parts of Europe, and has gossiping anecdotes concerning *le grand monde* in them all. He is of course a great crony of Fred North's.

From Lady Carrington's I paid a visit to Madame de Souza, and found only two or three men and ladies with her. But five minutes after me came in a little, brisk, bustling person whose face found no traces in my memory but whom, after she had uttered or rather croaked a few words, I immediately recollected to be the wicked, witty and, thirty years ago, the pretty Madame de Coigny,[2] Conflans' daughter. Her saying, " Qu'elle avoient toutes les voix pour elle exceptée la sienne," has been in everybody's mouth for near half a century, as well as during for the same time as familiarly applied in England to Lady Malmesbury.

The other company having left me *en tiers* with these two celebrated Napoleonists, Mesdames de Souza and de Coigny, I passed a very agreeable hour with them, talking over Madame de Staël, her works, her Mr. Rocca, her daughter and son-in-law and herself, the two Duchesses of Devonshire and Devon-

[1] Marc Marie, Marquis de Bombelles, in turn diplomat, soldier and prelate ; at this date over seventy. He died in 1822.

[2] For Madame de Coigny, see Mr. Sichel's volume.

shire House, Mr. Clifford, Mrs. George Lamb, and Miss Courtenay, Lady Caroline Lamb and Lord Byron, etc., etc.

On going away, handing La Coigny to her carriage, I told her I was going to Lady Aldborough's,[1] and asked her if she was going there. "No," she said in good English, with a sort of emphatic sneer, "*I don't visit her.*" How English and how Coignyship.

A few days ago, during my first visit to Madame de Souza, I was followed soon by Sir Charles Blagden, the scientific, but most conceited and most pedantic, ex-secretary of the Royal Society, whom I first saw, and learned to dislike, at a great supper at my friend Mr. Freudenreich's at Berne in 1788. Poor man, his legs begin to bend outward, as Lord Huntingdon's had done, and Sir Gray Cooper's, some years before their death.

After dinner we saw at the window of Very's, the *restaurateur* directly opposite to us, Mrs. Crosbie and her son and two daughters. She had brought them to dine there, in a private room communicating with the terrace which is directly over that most lively, animated and, for a town scene, most beautiful open part of the Tuileries. We propose to dine there ourselves to-day. That house and ours and this part of the street occupy the garden where in 1791 was the Hall of the Assemblée Constituante (formerly a riding school) and the Terrace des Feuillants. There is now no terrace on this side of the Tuileries.

At Lady Aldborough's I saw all the English demireps now in Paris, with a good sprinkling of others and of French Grand Croix's, Foreign Ministers, etc., Mrs. Jackson, Sir Sidney and Lady Smith and her daughters, Dowager Lady Hawarden, etc., etc.

Madame de Gontaut and also the Duchessse d'Aumont, better recollected in England as Duchesse de Pienne, have sent Fred and me tickets to the Royal Chapel to-day. I shall go, from gratitude for their attention, and a little, very little, curiosity, not from being musical, which no man is so little. I believe I shall go there, though the sort of afternoon dress necessary and the time necessary will interfere greatly with the much I have

[1] See Vol. I, p. 38.

to do this last day. In the course of the day I should wish to take Lady Glenbervie to St. Cloud.

Aug. 6, *Tuesday*, 3 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Chantilly*, (*Hôtel de Bourbon* —clean, neat and comfortable).—As exact to the intended time as it is in general practical to be, we set out from Paris yesterday precisely at four, and arrived here about half past eight. Lady Glenbervie bore the motion extremely well, though at first setting out the feelings and reflections which naturally crowded upon her, on commencing this last great stage or period of our long journey, oppressed her poor exhausted spirits, and produced a fit of crying, and afterwards of religious and awful forebodings, most affecting and painful to me to hear her express, with peculiar fervour mixed with extreme tenderness towards myself, our dear son, and her sisters and brothers. The rest of the way both she and I and the doctor (Reilly) were, for the most part, asleep. Last night again more rain, and during the latter half of the way very heavy rain, announced and accompanied by frequent bursts of lightning and loud thunder. Saturday was the only day entirely free from rain during the seven we passed at Paris. Renewed alarm was the consequence on the Parisians, whose hopes had begun to revive a little on Saturday.

It had been a distressing sight to see the fine crops of corn between Fontainebleau and Paris, bending and couched as we drove by, by the torrents of rain which then fell, and the same melancholy sight was renewed yesterday evening. Similar weather has I understand prevailed, and perhaps continues to prevail, throughout France, in Italy, Germany, and England, and the apprehended consequence to those countries are frightful —a scarcity approaching to famine, supervening on the present fermentation of men's minds, from the strong revulsion occasioned by the sudden passage from a war of half a century and other concomitant circumstances. Pozzo di Borgo, however, told me that there is the most promising appearance in the southern parts of the great Russian empire, besides great stores of grain of last year's crop.[1] I had also heard that the crops are most

[1] They were reaping barley in several places near the road as we came along yesterday. The rye was quite ripe, but the wheat still scarcely turning, and much of it couched.—G.

plentiful in Poland, and at Lady Aldborough's party on Saturday evening the Duke of Grammont told us that a plentiful harvest has already been got in in the south of France, but as he added that the corn between Fontainebleau and Paris had not suffered in the least, I a little considered these assertions of his as dictated by what the Court and Ministry think it right to give out. A belief begins to prevail among the many in all countries that there is something more than natural in the present state of the weather, and not a few have a tendency to think it may be owing to the late appearance of new spots or perhaps one ought to say districts of blackness or opacity on the disc of the sun. This notion is so common in France that the Government has thought it necessary or advisable to circulate printed papers containing historical statements of similar appearances on the sun at different periods, from the earliest times.

On Saturday morning I took a walk in the gardens of the Tuileries and tried to recollect what my sensations had been when I first walked there in the years 1766 and 1767, and afterwards in 1770, 1771, 1788 and in the autumn of 1791. At the first of those periods, I was but twenty-two years of age, totally ignorant of France, except from books, and almost as much so of England, and of what is called the world. In 1770 and 1771, I had not been long returned from my travels of above three years, in the country of France, in Italy on this side of Rome, at Venice and Vienna [and] in Hungary. In reflection and theory I had by that time acquired much improvement and maturity of understanding, but the follies and imprudences I then committed proved how just has been the application I have so often had occasion to make to myself of the

Video meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor.

When I left London about Christmas, 1769, with Mr. Douglas, I remember forewarning him of the temptations and perils he would have to encounter abroad, and quoting to him the hackneyed beatitude: *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*, deeming idly, but *bona fide*, that I had acquired and would set him the example of that caution which I had purchased by

experience. He was then a little more than twenty-one, and I myself but twenty-five, and alas, how very ill qualified for a mentor. Indeed I was at great pains on all occasions to disclaim that character.

11 *p.m.*, *in bed*, *Breteuil*.—We left Chantilly at nine this morning and reached this place at four. It might have been wished that we could have gone on to Amiens, and secured our arrival at Calais, as concerted with Fred North on Friday the 5th. But Lady Glenbervie, though she had held out remarkably well, felt herself unwilling to go further, and we shall make a sort of resting place of Amiens, an interesting town, especially since the Peace it has given its name to, to-morrow. Our inn here is comfortable in bed and board—the sign of the *Angel*. Shoals of English passed us on the road, or have come in since our arrival. Among others, we are told, a Sir Francis Wood, lately High Sheriff of Yorkshire.

Aug. 7, *Wednesday*, 9.30 *a.m.*, *Breteuil*.—It is market day, and I found the observation I had made confirmed, that ever since we entered Burgundy the French women of the lower orders wear silk or cotton handkerchiefs wrapt close round their heads and brought to a sort of pyramidical point projecting at an obtuse angle upwards behind, so as to cover so entirely the hair that for aught can be seen they might all be bald. After the eye is used to this costume, it comes to be very agreeable. The middle aged and older women wear white mobs fussed at the sides into projecting round blinkers.

I had from the extraordinary good looks of the female waiter at this inn, and of others whom we had accidentally seen as we came from Chantilly, too hastily concluded that the sex was particularly handsome in this district. The great majority in the market soon convinced me of the contrary and furnished a new proof of the danger of generalization.

2.30 *p.m.*, *Amiens* (*L'Hôtel de France et de l'Angleterre*).—We arrived here at half past one, after a short journey of three and a half posts, in a fine but cloudy day. Lady Glenbervie was remarkably well. We mean to stay here all night.

I have just read in the critical part of the *Journal des Débats*

of Monday last, 5th August, two lines which have recalled to my memory the disposition in which I found Lord Byron when I called upon him in his small lodging at the bottom of St. James' Street, very soon after his return from abroad, when all London were in raptures about his *Childe Harold*, then lately published. He talked to me of that and his famous satire,[1] which he now I am told would wish to be able to suppress, as mere amusements, and seemed full of the idea of distinguishing himself in Parliament as a politician and an orator. His unsuccessful attempts in the House of Lords soon convinced him that would not answer. The lines are

> De soins plus éclatans l'ambition les presse,
> Ils traitent l'art des vers d'erreurs de leur jeunesse.

Aug. 8, *Thursday*, 5.30 *p.m.*, *Abbeville*.—We left Amiens at half past ten and reached this town at half past two p.m., five posts and a half in four hours, Lady Glenbervie saying that she has not felt so well for many days.

It is remarkable that in this town, which is to-day much thronged, being one of the last days of an annual fair, I have not seen any women with the handkerchief tight over the hair as in the other parts we have passed through. They have all white mobs, with large flaunting blinkers. The labourers and countrymen, all the way on this side of Paris, wear blue (I believe hempen) shirts as their upper garment, like those in Sussex.

There is no wine cultivated beyond Clermont (l'Oise) to the northward. This part of Picardy is chiefly cropped with grain, chiefly wheat and oats, with a considerable intermixture of other corn, and of potatoes, and large fields of hemp and flax. There are no waste lands, and no hedges. Considerable patches of wood, oak and beech, etc., for fuel and other purposes, and in the low grounds peat for fuel. I met some teams with pit-coal, which I was told is only used by blacksmiths and other manufacturers, but never in this country as common fuel. It comes I was told from the country about Valenciennes.

[1] *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

The teams and carts of all sizes in every part of France where we have passed are of very simple, coarse work, and have universally but one pair of wheels, high, strong and clumsy.

Aug. 10, *Saturday*, 3.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Boulogne*.—We met Sir William Gell [1] on the road between Abbeville and Montreuil yesterday. He had set out with his fellow Chamberlain,[2] Keppel Craven, from Naples about three weeks before we did. He was now returning thither, by the way of Paris. Craven, he told us, is gone to Anspach on some concern of his mother the Margravine's.[3] They were both, but especially Gell, most extremely kind and attentive to Lady Glenbervie after her attack at Naples. He says all the business of the divorce of the Princess of Wales is at an end, though Lady Oxford is taking great pains to furnish materials for keeping it alive. Lady Glenbervie, however, does not believe it to be dropped, though Gell may have a reason for wishing it to be thought so. He said Brougham did not believe it could come to anything. Now he was far from holding that language at Geneva.

9.30 *p.m.*, *Calais* (*Quillacq's*, *formerly Dessein's*).—We left Boulogne at half past eight a.m. and got here at one. Lady Glenbervie particularly well. Fred had come to the entry into the town to meet us and has got us good apartments toward the garden in this celebrated inn.[4] He has also secured a packet for us at £8. But the wind is now contrary, and we are not likely to get away before Monday. I have found no letter from Lord Melville and expect no ship through him.

Fred, while walking in the garden about an hour ago, met Brummell, who as soon as he perceived him hung his head down and brushed by him. He is under a strong imputation of having, together with Lord Alvanley, swindled Lord Worcester into

[1] Traveller and archaeologist, the "classic Gell" (originally "coxcomb Gell") of *English Bards*.

[2] To the Princess of Wales. Both Craven and Gell gave evidence at Caroline's trial.

[3] A beautiful and notorious lady, who had left her husband, the sixth Earl of Craven, for the Margrave, whom she married after the Earl's death. She wrote several plays, which were acted.

[4] Immortalised by Sterne in the *Sentimental Journey*.

being security for them in a very large sum, and upon the discovery of the transaction Brummell left London suddenly.

How changed since we saw him at Brighton on his first joining the Tenth or Prince of Wales's Dragoons—handsome, young, ingenuous and clever. Lady Glenbervie took great notice of him both for those qualities and because she had known his father long, as private secretary to her father, or since, afterwards, he enjoyed for a while the sunshine of Carlton House, and upon a rupture ensuing between them, affected to cut the phrase [*sic*], and is reported to have said he would bring the King into fashion instead of the Prince. He was one of the four dandies who gave a magnificent ball and supper at the Festino Rooms in Hanover Square. The other three were Harry Pierrepont, [Lord Alvanley and Sir Henry Mildmay]. Brummell, who has now been twenty-two or twenty-three years on the town, has been nicknamed the Dowager Dandy; the Emperor of Russia has been called the Scythian Dandy; some known character is the Dandy Lion; Rogers the poet the Dead Dandy from his corpse-like colour and appearance.

Aug. 11, *Sunday*, 10.30 *p.m.*, *in bed*, *Calais*.—The wind proved contrary and so high all day that we could not venture to sea. Mr. and Mrs. Phillimore came over in a storm. Lady Glenbervie had an excellent night, and has been particularly well all day. She walked twice round Quillacq's garden and has been to the play-house in his house this evening, having walked up about fourteen or fifteen steps to a box and sat out the whole performance from about six till near ten.

One of the pieces was *La Caravane du Caire*, the music by Grétry. Lady Glenbervie liked it very much, and enjoyed the thoughts of feeling herself in some degree not like an invalid. She had not been at a theatre since we left Florence at the beginning of November last year. She was at a masked ball at Rome, in one of the theatres, the last evening of the Carnival, about twelve or fourteen days before her attack at Naples.

Aug. 12, *Monday*, 4.10 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Calais*.—It but just has begun to dawn. If the wind proves fair, and the sea smooth, the packet we have hired (the *Ant*, Captain [Barnet]) is to go

out from the pier about this time, and we to embark at 7. I shall first go down to the shore to see what convenience there is for Lady Glenbervie getting first down to a boat, and then from thence on board the vessel.

It was a particular pleasure to me that Lady Glenbervie was able to see, hear and enjoy the amusement of the theatre last night. She has been always remarkably fond of dramatic representations and of music, and Grétry's music last night delighted her. Indeed she has a great deal of natural talent for acting, especially comedy, and for mimicry. But she has never given way to either. Our friend poor Kitty Chester was an excellent mimic. Some persons' voices and manners and ideas, such as Lady Cecilia Johnstone, Lady Pechell, Mrs. Bagot Howard, etc., she took off so well that, shutting one's eyes, one might have thought oneself in company with them.

For myself, I have never been very particularly fond of the theatre and have less of an ear for music than most people, I might say than anybody I have ever known. But I am far from thinking this defect of nature the having thus " pleasure at one entrance quite shut out " (Milton) an advantage, as Steevens (*Commentary on the Theatre*) did, though it has its advantages. Besides, I am so deaf—more so much since we came abroad—at least as much as we remember Lady Glenbervie's great-uncle Gilly Williams, and his friend (*mais quel ami !*) the late Duke of Queensberry, or than we left poor Thomas. Nobody can well follow the words of airs, but I could not make anything almost of the recitative last night. *La Caravane* contained great flattery to the French, and a sort of tacit dislike or contempt of the English. This I in some degree could hear, and Fred told me it was so. Taylor, though but about thirty, is nearly as deaf as I am. I intend to get the book of the opera from Paris.

6.30 *p.m.*, *in bed.*—The morning proved very unpromising, and about 11 the captain decided that the wind was, and would continue, too high for us to get our passage to-day. To-morrow Lady Glenbervie has resolved, if the wind is favourable, to embark at four in the morning, when it being high water she

can get on board *de plein pied* from the pier. On that account she has determined not to go to the playhouse to-night, and on that account and because the pieces advertised are all musical, both air and recitative, I shall not go.

The playhouse is attached to this hotel, now kept by Quilliacq, nephew to the late Dessein, both from Gascony. It has a communication from the garden, on which our sitting room is situated, on the ground floor. The inn is the only rival of Schneider's at Florence, I believe in Europe. The style is different, but both on a great scale. Schneider has a better establishment and a greater number of waiters, and they are better trained and more ready and in the way. The troupe of actors is stationary here all the year and act thrice and sometimes four times a week.

Leleux the bookseller informed me to-day that Miranda is the son of a respectable inhabitant, not noble, of the Caracas, who was a lieutenant in the local military of the country; that the son had his education in a college there, and then was at first in that service, and afterwards came to Spain and served. He says he understands perfectly, speaks, and writes, besides Spanish, English, French, Italian and German; is a good classical scholar both in Latin and Greek, and is a great reader in the classics of both.

According to Leleux, he had written, or had copied by secretaries, between eighty and ninety folio volumes of memoirs, observations and authentic papers. I think he told me that before Miranda was taken he himself escaped, and with these books and other effects of Miranda's landed at Curacoa, then in our possession, meaning to bring them to England, but that the Government then seized them and sent them to the Foreign Office in London to Lord Castlereagh, and that Miranda and his secretary, who I understand resides in his house in Grafton Street, has made many fruitless efforts to have them restored to them.[1] The general is very strictly guarded, together with two or three other adherents, at Cadiz, and can never write or

[1] A large collection of Miranda's papers are now in the possession of Earl Bathurst at Cirencester Park.

communicate with his friends but by private opportunities; that he thinks if it had not been for the zealous exertions of some friends in England of great consideration he would have been put to death long ago. He mentioned the Duke of Gloucester as strongly befriending him. I have been in Miranda's company at two different periods, and once dined with him at Lord Sheffield's, since he lived in Portland Place, not long before Miranda went out on his last expedition. He was never married. Leleux is an intelligent, clever man, but too communicative to lead one to be quite persuaded of his correctness. I will endeavour to verify the matters I have stated from his mouth through other channels.

Aug. 13, *Tuesday*, 3 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Calais.*—Joseph has just wakened me from a sound sleep. He says the morning is fine. I am going to get up immediately.

England

Aug. 14, *Wednesday*, 5.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Sittingbourne.*—We embarked from the pier at Calais yesterday at half past four, and after a most favourable passage, though in foggy, drizzling weather, but without once backing or shifting the sails, or the slightest tossing of the vessel, [arrived] at 10 a.m. at the *Ship* Inn at Dover.

Lady Glenbervie has shown great, the greatest, delight at finding herself returned to her dear country and so near seeing her sisters, and has not said half what I know she feels. There was all yesterday a manifest and striking change in her countenance and spirits, and the ease and haleness of her voice all day yesterday. When she did sleep her sleep was easier and more natural in the carriage and in the inn, and she ate a hearty breakfast *à la fourchette* at the *Ship* about 12 o'clock and a more hearty *souper* at about 9 at this inn of the *Rose.*

We found the inn at Dover crowded with travellers about to embark for France, particularly numerous gentlemen, ladies and servants, the Duke of Wellington's friends and suite, who were waiting for him. Among the rest, Lord and Lady Worcester, Lord William and Mr. Russell, Mr. Ramsden from

Yorkshire, Captain Harvie, etc., etc., etc. The Duke had stopped at Ramsgate to dine with his brother, Lord Wellesley. Our passage in the *Ant* packet, Captain Barnet, cost us £8 and £1 to the steward, etc., besides charges of £2 and some shillings for the exclusive service of the Dover porters in bringing us, our servants, luggage and carriage on shore.

These prices are fixed by regulations of the Custom House or Corporation and stated on printed bills. At the Custom House the officers were remarkably civil, contrary to the old inveterate habits there. This it seems is owing to the late suspension of two of them for having been very brutal to Miss Berry and some other travellers on their return to England, who had taken the proper means of representing their misconduct. Madame de Staël had told me at Coppet of the treatment her friend Miss Berry had experienced, but she had not heard of the revenge she had obtained. We learned this from her friend Sir William Gell during our short interview on the road between Abbeville and Montreuil.

The duty I had to pay for things which I thought would have cost nothing amounted to £9. The heaviest part of the sum was for my picture painted by Fabre. Luckily it did not measure four feet or it would have been much higher.

We left Dover at 3 and did not reach Canterbury till near 6, having stopped about half an hour to see a race on the race-ground at Barham Downs, this being the time of the annual races at Canterbury.

My Italian courier, stopping Fred Douglas and Taylor's chaise, said to them: "O come é cosa bella! Sarà qualche festa della famiglia reale." It happened to be a fine afternoon, with a clear light on the race-ground. The splendour of the numerous carriages, the beauty of the saddle horses, the holiday dresses and cheerful happy appearance of the company, the gaudy brilliancy of the the frequent stage coaches which passed, forming so striking a contrast with the unwieldy hulks of diligences of the Continent, and the excellent crops of all sorts, corn and hops, on every side of the road, furnished a pleasing refutation of the exaggerated representations of distress and

approaching scarcity which so many of our newspapers contain, and which seem to be copied with great care and *grateful* zeal into the Government journals of France.

Aug. 15, *Thursday*, 6 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *London* (*Fred North's house in St. James's Place*).—Lady Glenbervie had an excellent night at Sittingbourne, having slept soundly all night, and in bed, not, as most usual with her of late, in her chair, till near 9 in the morning. We left that place at half past ten, and got to town about half past six p.m. Lady Glenbervie continued remarkably well and cheerful all the way, except for about three quarters of an hour, on the stage from Rochester to Dartford, when she complained suddenly of a sort of confusion in her head, and was manifestly, though tacitly afraid of an attack like that at Naples. Mr. Reilly seemed to have no such apprehension. She at length, however, was relieved by hysterical crying, and having soon after slept for some time, she wakened, composed and well, only less cheerful, till we came within five or six miles of London, when she resumed the same good spirits she had set out with.

On our arrival here Fred North came running down to meet his sister, and we found in the house, arrived since yesterday, Lord and Lady Sheffield, and dear little Annie Holroyd. Lady Glenbervie bore the meeting without any violent effect on her nerves, and passed a most happy day, in the beautiful and lovely apartment her brother Fred had provided for her, with her sister Anne. It seems Fred North had calculated at first that we should come on Tuesday, and afterwards not till to-day, and he had for the intervening day of yesterday engaged to dinner Mrs. and Miss Rawdon together with Mr. Toresti, Charles du Blaisel, and Mr. Hawkins, brother to Sir Christopher, of election notoriety. Lady Charlotte came soon after us. John is gone to his island of Herm, and to dinner arrived also dear Georgey, or ὡς εὐχεται ἐξονομαζειν his worthy papa, "*George Augustus Lord Viscount Pevensey*,"[1] with his tutor Dodson. Nanny remained upstairs to a *tête-à-tête* unspeakably delightful repast for both.

After dinner little Anne, I, Fred Douglas, Cha., and after-

[1] Lord Sheffield's son and successor.

wards Lord Sheffield, Charles Grant, Miss Rawdon, Georgey and Charles du Blaisel successively paid my dearest Kit short, quiet visits. At half after ten she, unwilling, yielded to our instances, and consented that Nanny, Cha., and the rest of us should leave her, and I have this argument to believe that she had passed a quiet night, that for the greatest part of it I have heard Reilly, who sleeps in an adjoining room, snoring like one of the Wroxton Owls. Clim [1] had chosen to dine at a coffee-house but came in the evening, when Miss Rawdon, who was talking with me,

Turned upon her heel
And in a moment fastened upon *him*.[2]

Not rhyme, but *true*.[3] Such is the power, with the most learned young ladies, of youth (comparative youth), good looks, and good humour.

Aug. 16, *Friday*, 5.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *London*.—This is the prettiest, and which is a great beauty in the mind of its excellent owner, the most singular house ever seen. The library, saloon (or drawing room) above it are remarkably handsome, and the dining room is very well sized, and not unlike other dining rooms, except for the small marble statues fixed against the walls, on a Barrè-coloured ground, and the cistern, at one end, formed of the large rude marble circular mouth of an ancient well, with indistinct bas-relief figures on it. To give room for these apartments, in the rest of the very limited space from the ground plot upwards there are scarcely any two rooms in the house *de plein pied*, or on the same floor with one another, and they communicate by numerous and for the greater part, narrow staircases so that a corpulent person could not move up or down on them. There is a very pleasant little garden behind which opens into the Green Park.

Fred North has had a bed put up in the drawing room for poor Kitty. That room is very airy, and opens on a pretty balcony or verandah. There is a little ante-chamber to it, out of which

[1] Clough Taylor, who is often referred to by this nickname.

[2] Swift: "fastened upon Steele" is the original.—G.

[3] A reference to a well-known retort of Ben Jonson's.

is a small cabin where her maid sleeps. On the whole the house, which is substantially well furnished, though in some things fantastically, is quite such as ought to be shown by tickets, and is fairly entitled to be reckoned one of the curiosities of London. But it is more to be seen and described than lived in. You enter down steps from the street as if you were going into some subterranean heathen crypt or temple, and while within, both below and above, one has a feeling of being squeezed, and almost suffocated. This is the general character of the owner's architecture, one leading principle of which is to allow only the least possible space of staircases, landing places and anterooms, and except as to the one or two chambers to which all the rest is to be sacrificed, to think nothing of what is seen from the windows, nor much of the quantity of light received by them.

I wrote my name yesterday at the Prince Regent's, for I found that to be the custom, at the Princess Charlotte's and Prince Leopold's, Camelford House,[1] at the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's and at the Princess Sophia of Gloucester's. I also left my name with Lord Liverpool and Mr. Vansittart, and made several other visits, all with Fred North and in his carriage. I shall never again be able to keep one of my own, and I am, alas, now approaching 73, and though in good health, and in some respects in tolerable preservation for that advanced age, very incapable of much personal locomotion. But that would weigh little with me if I could have the means of procuring the necessary motion and air for my poor wife. Alas, my prospects are more gloomy than the weather to-day, and the chance of their clearing up much more desperate.

I walked down Whitehall Place. The line of the houses, from the office, has been continued for four or five new houses since I went abroad. The project of the new street [2] seems to be in a deplorable way and Nash I hear is held in universal abhorrence, except by his royal master and dupe. The lessee of the Circus at the end of Portland Place has broke.

[1] The Princess had married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards King of the Belgians) on May 2, 1816. They had rented Camelford House from Lord Grenville.

[2] Regent Street.

Aug. 17, *Friday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *London.*—At half past three I went to Lady Glenbervie's door, and found everything quiet. I then went into Reilly's room. He told me he had remained in hers from the time she went to bed till three; that she had been tolerably well, and had remained in bed and slept a good deal. I then lay down anxious for sufficient daylight to be able to read the thoughts of others. My own were mere despondency. My poor wife is all that remains to me of earthly existence, and, O God, what is her present situation, and what the near, near prospect!

Reilly says he met yesterday at dinner an acquaintance, a young navy surgeon on half-pay, who might suit to come to live in the house with us, for a very small allowance. I asked his name. He said Donelly, or Donellan. An *Irish Navy* surgeon —a Mr. Donelly—to become an inmate in our family—a third in almost all the domestic intercourse between my sick, suffering angel, and her aged, unhappy, decaying husband! But what can I do! I asked if Mr. Donelly had a turn for reading or the pursuits and conversation which he (Reilly) knows to be mine. He gave a very faint answer, and what is the probability? He repeated that he had not hinted the matter to his acquaintance, whom he had occasionally met at the house of a common friend.

My thoughts run most on getting Margaret Gordon to come to us, and as soon as may be. But my poor wife does not renew the subject, which she herself had, for the first time, said at Paris she meant to propose. She has always hitherto felt a great reluctance to having any young female relation or friend established in the house with her, from the fear that her health disabling her to go out with her such a person might feel the situation melancholy and uncomfortable. I will I believe get Lady Sheffield to speak to her on this plan to-day or to-morrow.

She begins to perceive and to apprehend that it deranges her brother to have so much of the best part of his house occupied by us. The Sheffields return to Sheffield Place on Monday, and she had planned that we should go and establish ourselves at the Pheasantry on Monday. I have persuaded her of the difficulty or rather impracticability of this so soon, and I am

to go down that day and try to make some arrangement for our removing thither. When Lady Sheffield goes her sister can have her room and dressing room, which will leave the show, and indeed only, drawing room here free, and then Fred North will find little inconvenience and indeed little additional expense from our remaining with him. He has schemes of great dinners I think for perhaps all the time he means to remain in England, such as there have been every day since our arrival, and his table is so copious that my share at it, and his sister's in her sick bedroom, can hardly add at all to his weekly bills, which however, comprising the wine, must be enormous.

Aug. 20, *Tuesday*, 3.45 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *London.*—I saw Mr. Vansittart yesterday at the appointed hour, and found him, as I always have found him, mild, unaffected, unimportant and obliging, and, which is a most uncommon case, not older in looks, by being fatter, notwithstanding the peltings of the perilous storms of the last session of Parliament. He has had difficulty in keeping the Report to the Treasury on our proceedings under the Ch. [?] Land Tax Acts back for my signature (without which he thinks he could not have paid the proportion of the compensation money to me). I could gather that Lord Radstock has been very urgent and impatient on that head. I am to be with Vansittart again to-morrow at 12.

The Sheffields left us yesterday after breakfast. Poor Lord Sheffield had been at death's door in the spring, but is now wonderfully stout and active. He has just republished, in a little pamphlet, his last report on the state of the wool market, which is really very clear, and, to those who like statistical subjects, interesting. The ostensible publishers, or rather re-publishers, are the editors of the *Farmer's Journal*, in one of whose numbers it was first printed, and the pamphlet has a preface by them, in which they eulogise his laborious exertions during a long life, in benefiting his country, very deservedly, but in the concluding sentence they unluckily call him this *venerable* peer. It is quite laughable how this epithet has fidgetted him, and yet I have feelings of the same sort. Nobody I believe likes to be reminded, even with kind and flattering

intentions, of that incurable disease old age.[1] I remember how much I disliked Mrs. Cadogan's telling or rather distinctly hinting to me that a lady, our common acquaintance and correspondent, had spoken to her of her *veneration* for me. But Lord Sheffield seems really out of humour and surprised that at the age of about fourscore people should think him old. "How could these people call me the *venerable* peer. They never saw me." This indeed was repeated five or six times for several days, as partly a kind of joke, but with more of earnestness than joke. When he brought me one of the proofs to look over I expected to see that he had struck out the offending epithet, but it remains.

It is a very striking and mortifying thing to see how those of my acquaintance and more or less contemporaries are grown older, beyond the expected effect of two years, since we left England. This I think is more owing to some loss or defect in the teeth, especially the front teeth. The fresh and beautiful countenance of the younger Lady Minto, to whom indeed the words "contemporary of mine" are little applicable, had lost almost entirely its former effect when we saw her at Geneva, by a speck in one of her exquisitely white front teeth. But I could mention numberless examples among those I have found in London.

Aug. 21, *Wednesday*, 8 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *London.*—I found the Pheasantry in great beauty, and so tempting on that account on account of the sitting rooms being *de plein pied* with the ground, and particularly because it is home, that I feel a great wish that my wife may go down there. The great difficulty is now to make an arrangement for almost constant regular attendance.

I went to Hampton Court and found nothing but grief and mourning, for I only called on the Chesters, Mrs. Fanny Bradyll, and Mrs. Wilmot, where her sister Mrs. Bouverie came from her apartment to see me.

I found numerous boxes with books and other effects, the *spolia opima* of Germany, Switzerland, Nice, Genoa, Florence,

[1] Lord Sheffield was over eighty.

Rome, Naples, Milan, Geneva, Dijon, Paris, and Calais. This reads very grand but, in my present mood, and indeed in my financial circumstances, they serve only to prove that my *bibliomanie* is incurable, and probably ruinous.

On my return, at about 7 p.m., I found Lady Glenbervie in the garden with Cha., and pretty cheerful. But in the latter part of the evening she was often sick or oppressed with more drowsiness than I have observed of late, owing I believe to some opium in draughts Warren has prescribed. He has it seems urged very strongly that it is of the first importance that she should diminish her use of brandy, and hopes that repeated small doses of opium or laudanum may enable her to do so. She has no confidence in this herself.

Jos. has just brought me word that she has passed a good night, but I understand she has been in her chair almost the whole time.

Sept. 7, *Saturday*, 9 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—I have had no heart to continue this diary since we came down to this favourite place, and so much longed for by my dearest Kitty during the whole time of our absence abroad, but particularly in proportion as we approached nearer to England. We have found it in very good condition under the management of the old gardener who has had the care of it first in Mr. Winchester's time and since in ours for about fifty years. We came here on the 28th August, and Lady Glenbervie was so very ill from that day till Thursday last (the day before yesterday) that we went that day to town to see her physician, Dr. Warren, who having advised that Cline,[1] the great surgeon, should be called in, they agreed in thinking that her liver is affected and have ordered a mode of treatment suited to that disorder. Her two last nights were better than any of the previous days since we had come here, and we are now returned, Lady Glenbervie, Lady Charlotte, Fred and Maria Birch, in better spirits, all of us, than we carried to town with us.

Lady Glenbervie found here a note from Charles Grant, who

[1] Henry Cline, for many years anatomy lecturer and surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital.

had been at Wroxton with Fred, and with it a rose and the following little poem :

A ROSE FROM WROXTON ABBEY.

You sent me once a lovely flow'r [1]
From Tivoli's enchanting bow'r,
And gladly now in turn I send
As fair a tribute to my friend.
In your own Wroxton's happy ground,
Dear native shade ! this rose I found,
And bade it haste, with blushes sweet,
To lay its beauties at your feet.

Wroxton Abbey, September 2, 1816.

Sept. 9, *Monday*, 1 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—If I ever write my proposed historical and critical account of the life and writings of Gavin Douglas, I should wish to find a proper place for introducing something concerning the Italian families who claim to be descended from the Douglases.

Sept. 15, *Sunday*, 2 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Fred Douglas went on Friday with Mr. Shepherd, the apothecary who attends Lady Glenbervie, to consult Dr. Baillie, who is with his family at Bognor, and to get him to meet Dr. Warren here in consultation. He would not fix any earlier day than Friday next (at 2 o'clock), and declined giving any opinion on the nature of her case till he shall have seen her. He told Shepherd that nothing short of a royal order would induce him to leave Bognor except when his attendance at Windsor two days in the week obliges him to do so.

We (*i.e.* Lady Glenbervie, Lady Charlotte, Fred, my niece Mrs. Birch and I) had a family dinner together to-day. My poor Kitty was low but cheerful. We talked over the qualities that contribute to make a person agreeable in conversation and society. The first we agreed, after a foundation of sense, information, vivacity, good temper, etc., we agreed to be the being a good listener and the not talking for the purpose of vying with another, and, in good earnest, instead of discussing fighting for victory, as Johnson owns he did, and as Madame de

[1] Lady Glenbervie had sent him a violet from Horace's villa.—G.

Staël, Sydney Smith, Ward, etc., do. Miffiness, or being apt to take things amiss, or to apply disagreeable opinions as if meant against one's self is a great drawback on agreeableness. This is what is proverbially said to prove *that the cap fits* or of the person sulky or taciturn in consequence of his own appropriation to himself of what was spoken generally.

Sept. 17, *Tuesday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *Pheasantry.*—Lady Glenbervie had very little sleep the night between Sunday and yesterday. But, in almost all respects, yesterday was one of the best days she has had since we came here. I saw her this morning at 5, when according to Mrs. Higginson's account and her own recollection she had slept uninterruptedly (but in her chair) almost ever since Lady Charlotte left her, about half after twelve, and Lady Charlotte, who has just been with her, has been told that she has slept an hour since. This is very consolatory and I trust auspicious. The exact time indeed can only be well ascertained by the attention to observing the watch when she falls asleep and again when she wakes.

My narcotic for the last two nights has been *Tom Jones*, and to-night it has had good effects.

Sept. 18, *Wednesday*, 1.30 *p.m.*, *Pheasantry.*—Lady Glenbervie slept *in bed* five hours last night.

It seems to me that the idea of the disputes and quarrels between the two philosophers in Wieland's celebrated poem of *Musarion* must have been taken from the scenes between Thwackum and Square.

Oct. 30, *Wednesday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Pheasantry.*—On Monday forenoon Fred North and I paid a visit to Sir Joseph Banks at Spring Grove. We found him in bed, his body and head swelled apparently with dropsy, but with all his accustomed energy, and that true sterling politeness and manner of a sensible Englishman, now, and perhaps always, so rare. I know not by whom he can be replaced. Perhaps he is the better suited to his situation from not being eminent in any particular science. He knows what is to be known of all, and patronises them all, and serves as the channel of communication between the eminent in them all. He has a great but discriminating zeal for the

encouragement and promotion of new discoveries. He is besides a judicious, active farmer and manager of his own lordly estates in Lincolnshire, and in town and at Spring Grove lives in a handsome, hospitable style truly English. Everything excellent according to the season, game, fish, venison, turtle, fruit in perfection and the choicest and best wines; but no parade of French cookery, of fine servants in and out of livery and so forth. His only ostentation is the display of his red ribbon, yet it was a proper distinction to bestow on the situation of the President of the Royal Society, filled as he fills it. He is awkward in his person, but extremely well bred, in the best mode of English breeding, where good breeding may be fairly pronounced the highest of all countries. In short he is one of the many instances to prove that personal graces are far from essential to politeness. I believe he is a very indifferent linguist and can but ill converse with foreigners in their own languages, or even in Latin, not even in French. Fred North thinks there is a dignity in this. *Dubito!*

Nov. 19, *Tuesday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Pheasantry*.—The physicians —Baillie, Warren and Holland—give us good hopes. We went to town Friday last to consult them, and slept at Fred North's, a convenience we cannot have any longer as he has let his singularly beautiful house in St. James's Place for the next six months to Dudley (Long) North, and his family are to come into it to-morrow. Fred North and Taylor (Clim) are to set out on Thursday on a trip through France and across Italy to Dalmatia, and a visit according to North's plan of seven days, and according to Taylor's utmost wishes of three weeks, to Athens.

I have been to my wife's door. Everything is quiet.

I have just broke the ice with perhaps four or five folio pages of my intended prolegomena to Gavin Douglas. But they are so much of a mere *sbozzo* that it is probable many of the sentences and many more of the single expressions will be altered, perhaps the whole, or perhaps I may not live, or if I do I may not have spirits, or in other respects capacity, to finish this long and favourite project. In the meantime, however, it furnishes

a diversion, when they can be diverted, to my melancholy thoughts.

Nov. 20, *Wednesday*, 8.15 *a.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Poor Lady Glenbervie had a most stormy part of the night, violent spasmodic affections, difficult breathing, sickness and other most uncomfortable symptoms. This I only learned on going to her at 5. She had been chiefly out of bed, but had then had some comfortable sleep in bed. I have now had some as happy moments sitting by her as I have experienced for a long long time. She has been quite tranquil, and has talked on many interesting subjects, religion, my son, and latterly Lord Byron's third canto [1] of which, notwithstanding her sufferings, she has read about one half during the night. I read it through the night before, and I think it deserves the character Murray gave me of it, the opinion I presume of the authors he patronises or feeds—Gifford, Frere, William Stewart Rose,[2] etc., the chief contributors, in short, to the *Quarterly Review*. I have not [*sic*] it will be generally considered by the lovers and judges of true poetry the finest effort of his great and most peculiar genius. It has one characteristic which has to be placed to the credit of his wife and the habit of thinking which his conversations with her must have induced. Devotion, much less of scepticism as to a Creator and the immortality of the soul, and other topics leading to those, greatly distinguish this from the first two cantos. His plain and battle of Waterloo, preceded by the ball at Brussels, his stanzas on the Duke of Brunswick and on Major Howard's death are exquisite. So are those, in a different strain, on Voltaire and Gibbon, and many of those on Rousseau, a soul in many points congenial with his. His single line alluding to his uncle Lord Carlisle,[3] in the passage about his son, is beautiful, and, if really and not merely poetically felt, highly creditable to him. But he is in the habit of recantation. He uses endeavours to suppress, or pretends to do so (he cannot think it possible), his

[1] Of *Childe Harold*.

[2] A younger son of George Rose, the politician. He translated Ariosto and was a friend of Scott's.

[3] "And partly that I did his sire some wrong"—in *English Bards*.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and must have made much *amende honorable* to most of the authors immortalised there, lived in intimacy with many of them, and published in partnership with the author of the *Pleasures of Memory*.[1]

Nov. 22, *Friday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—I have been with my dear wife, and more than fear that her most distressing symptoms are gradually returning, and both that the powers of her constitution to struggle with them are weakened, and the most efficacious remedies, by repeated use, have less power of acting. What is to become of me? O, my God, what is to be the dispensation of Thy providence towards me? She is very nervous and hysterical, and that lessens the apprehensions of poor Fred and her sister, and Margaret and the nurse and servants. But I cannot but see that the nervousness of breath and spirits keep pace with the returning anasarca and originate in the cause, the unknown internal defect of some essential organ or of more than one. I can think of nothing else; or I cannot conclude a sentence in writing or a thought in conception without the inevitable intervention of contemplating (absent as present from her) the recollection of what has passed and fearful apprehension of the future.

Nov. 23, *Saturday*, 6 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *London*, *Mr. Milne's*.—Fred North set out, with Clough Taylor, for the Continent yesterday morning about 10 o'clock. Brownlow North, the Bishop of Winchester's second son, is to travel in their company as far as Florence. One of the numerous instances of Fred North's good nature is his proposing or consenting to this, for the circumstances which have driven this cousin abroad, and the culpable eccentricity of his conduct and character, and especially of his behaviour in general, for the last three or four years and of late to his benignant and amiable father, have too well justified suspicions of insanity in him, suspicions which indeed furnish the only approach to his own justification or palliation. I am, on Lady Glenbervie's account, under the highest obligations to his father, but yet in endeavouring to convey in this

[1] Samuel Rogers, whose *Jacqueline* had been published in a single volume with Byron's *Lara* in 1814.

diary the idea of his amiable goodness, and noble, simple, indulgent, gentle manner and deportment in his general intercourse with all ranks from his sovereign (as far as any of those epithets are applicable in that case) to his acquaintance, his friends, his relations and servants, I need not fear that any partiality or gratitude may lead me to exaggerate: to be strictly historical is all that will be necessary to speak of him as he is. But it will require other spirits, and better possession of my remaining memory and faculties to be able to say what I know of him and feel towards him than I am or have been conscious of at any moment for the last fortnight.

Nov. 24, *Sunday*, 3 *a.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Yesterday I communicated to Mr. Milne my views and wishes relative to what is to be done with these volumes when I shall be dead and gone. I mean to do so to my dear Frederick, but to avoid the chance of my neglecting to do it I have requested Milne (his co-executor) to tell him what I have said to him on the subject.

Nov. 26, *Tuesday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Pheasantry*.—Dr. Baillie saw Lady Glenbervie by appointment on Sunday (the day before yesterday) on his way from Windsor, and gave me good though not sanguine hopes of my poor wife. He is decidedly of opinion that her shortness of breathing is spasmodic or hysterical, and not occasioned by any thoracic pressure on the lung or any of the organs in the chest or abdomen.

Everybody that can read, and almost all who can hear, talk of Lord Byron's third canto, and of himself—men, who have time and taste for poetry, women who have and who have not read his poetry, and who have seen him or only perhaps heard a description of his person and his conduct to women in general, and to his wife, etc., etc., etc. *Inter alia*, I received a letter yesterday from our friend Mrs. Cadogan, who, though she never saw him, and has not read his third canto, is (*proh dolor!*) an advocate of the man, the much injured man, according to her. *O cæcas hominum mentes!*—for women are *homines*—and what mortal, moral blindness can exceed this unaccountable partiality in a clever, delicate, agreeable woman for Lord Byron? If he had been described to her with the pretended beauty and expres-

sion of his fine eyes and lofty forehead, and without the unpleasant and ill-omened formation and silent workings of his lips and mouth (in which Sir Joshua Reynolds told me he thought the character was in general more to be traced than even in the eyes), and with the limbs of an Apollo instead of the unfortunate deformity of his feet, she might have felt a wish that so much genius, with such personal charms, might not be so bad, as everything she must have heard seemed to prove him to be. But I find from my son that she is not the only woman that speaks and writes of him in the same strain. That the readers of his unrivalled poetry should, while they peruse that part of it where the horrors of the disbelief of immortal spirit, human and even divine, the hatred of mankind, and the avowal of his having run through all the long labyrinth of sin do not make you shudder, should wish, I say, and try to believe that he has been and sometimes is capable of all the tender, amiable, graceful, delicate, affecting sentiments which no poet, nor prose writer, but his fellow genius and madman Rousseau, has ever expressed so well, this is most natural, and nobody has felt and acknowledged it oftener than I have done. But indeed, Mrs. Cadogan, I cannot forgive you, and surely not for the reasons you mention to palliate his conduct to his wife, when you almost lament over him as a much injured man.

Nov. 27, *Wednesday*, 3 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Pheasantry*.—The frequent conversations I have had with Mr. Milne concerning what I am proud to call my plantations in the forests, since my return to England, and the account he gives me of them, after a recent survey, have revived in my mind the intention (or I fear I ought only to say wish) of making out some statement, which in a connected and readable shape may apprise the public and perpetuate the memory of what has been done towards establishing a permanent and ample resource in navy timber for our fleets, in time to come, and of the share I have in doing it. In my life time I do not feel I have received, on that score, the *favorem quæsitum meritis*. When I am extinct, justice may come to gratify my son or his descendants.

My former plan (three years ago) was to write a popular

discourse on the plantation, for national purposes, of oak on a great scale, and to have introduced into that treatise a history of the former and late endeavours to render the royal forests available as public nurseries. In this design, however, I was thwarted, first by the officers, or some, or one or two (Mr. Croker and Mr. Barrow) of the officers of the Admiralty, in the attempts I made to procure documents and information from that office and from the Navy Board, and little encouraged in other official quarters, and in the meantime the ill-health of my wife and myself sent us abroad in search of improvement in that respect, and I had not been gone a month when a pretext was laid hold of by Lord Liverpool to remove me from the Office of Woods.

From that time I had abandoned all thoughts of my former project but [it] has been again awakened, in the manner I have mentioned, but with the difference that I now mean only to collect and prepare for posthumous publication the different documents which contain the evidence of the proceedings under my authority or suggestions or sufficient extracts from them, and to prefix to an appendix so formed a short historical abstract. I have already desired Milne to furnish me with copies of those papers. But this plan must, in the full execution of it, be secondary to Gavin Douglas, and also to the arrangement of the letters and other papers which must furnish materials to fill up the chasms in this journal.

Nov. 29, *Friday*, 5 *a.m.*, *Pheasantry*.—Among other persons, I am to meet to-day in London Constable the bookseller on the subject of my Gavin Douglas. I had a disagreeable, discouraging letter from him on the subject of its publication yesterday morning.

1817

Jan. 2, *Thursday*, 11 *p.m.*, *London*, 54 *Queen Anne Street.*—We came to this house, which Lord Guilford has lent us, on the 6th of December,[1] since which time Lady Glenbervie has been attended daily by Doctors Warren and Holland, and to-day also by Dr. Baillie. They speak general comfort, but are so cautious in answering particular questions as to give me little satisfaction.

Jan. 5, *Sunday*, *in bed*, 54 *Queen Anne Street.*—Who is the author of *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering* and the *Antiquary*, and of the *Tales of my Landlord*? All the world seems agreed that the same author (or perhaps co-authors) wrote the *Tales* and the three other most successful novels, so successful that they will probably occupy a distinguished and permanent place among English classics and form a sort of epoch in that species of writing. The last opinion or report concerning the author, for there is one at Murray's shop, at Brookes's, White's, the Alfred, the Royal Institution and in all private companies, every other day, is that a brother of Walter Scott's, now resident in Canada, or his wife, as some say from the confession or averment of that brother himself, is the author, and reasons are assigned why his name is concealed.

This grand question and the reason and the motives for the Duke of Wellington's sudden and unexpected apparition of two days in London last week divide, with pretty equal apparent interest and curiosity, the thoughts or conversation of all classes of readers, politicians and quidnuncs.

Jan. 10, *Friday*, 4 *a.m.*, *in bed*, 54 *Queen Anne Street.*—

[1] There are no entries for December, 1816.

I have resumed my intentions, I should rather only say velleity, to compile a sort of academical essay (in English first, translating it afterwards into Italian) deducing from Chaucer's time the history of the cultivation of literature in Great Britain—this design I had formed, and communicated to our friend Johnson, at Pisa, and also to Crampe and Sacchetti, the Secretary to the Italian Academy; to prepare, but in a new form, an account of the steps taken during my administration of the Forests and Land Revenue, of the steps taken [*sic*] to increase the quantity and improve the treatment and protection of the naval timber in those forests and on the other lands of the Crown; and lastly, to publish a new edition of Roger North's *Life of the Lord Keeper* from the original manuscript in my possession. These plans,[1] I fear much too various and extensive for my diminished powers, broken down spirit and advanced years, serve at times to divert my thoughts from the terrors that haunt me of irreparable loss and *insulated relinquishment*, or at least to amalgamate and in some degree mitigate those apprehensions.

Jan. 13, *Monday*, 5 *a.m.*, *Pheasantry : in our long mutual bed here.*—Milne and I came here to a second breakfast yesterday, I to look out some papers which may be (will they ever actually be ?) wanted for my several literary or rather author-like projects, avowed in some of the late pages of this medley, and Milne, at the sacrifice of his time, and his Sunday holiday, to accompany and assist me. May he some day, by accident, turn to this passage, and read this testimony, this then posthumous testimony, of a heart broken with grief, with trembling anticipations, but overflowing with the kindest and most grateful feelings to him.

My poor Kitty encouraged me to come down for those little jobs (yet great to me), and Holland almost prescribed it. She charged me to examine and be able to report the state of her flowers, in the house, in flower-pots, and her pigmy greenhouse. These I visited and all her whilom haunts, all our seats, all our little creations and improvements and the places of all our still (still !) projected little alterations.

[1] None of them was executed.

Jan. 17, *Friday*, 3.45 *a.m.*, *in bed*, 54 *Queen Anne Street.*—After dinner I carried Dr. Holland, who dined with us, to the Royal Society, where Davy had a continuation of his paper on the effects of different mixtures of gases in preventing or extinguishing flammation, read. Sir Joseph was wheeled to his chair, but when seated looked as well and, on account of his alarming state of health and the difficulty of finding a good successor, much more interesting than heretofore, and quite grand in his elevated cathedra, with his ribbon across his breast, his large overshadowing cocked hat on, and his two secretaries on each side below with looks of humble but affectionate respect. How different from his appearance as I used to see him thirty years ago in the Thatched House Tavern at the jovial dinners of the Dilettante Society, with the beretta and short cloak of Machiavelli, about the time when one of the few publications of that fantastical association which had then appeared was the too famous treatise of Payne Knight, *De Cultu Priapi.*[1] That very learned, acute and very good-natured man (a praise justly his due whatever may be thought of his taste, or his opinions, religious or political) and the Society itself have done much to redeem their character from the imputations of indecent levity and contempt of the decorum which it was thought ought to have belonged to a company, or club, for such it was notwithstanding the more lofty substantive of its name, consisting of so many persons eminent either for rank or talents of various sorts.

Jan. 18, *Saturday*, 4.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, 54 *Queen Anne Street.*—Fred brought the news from Brookes's yesterday that the Opposition (to which I continue very sorry that he has attached himself) is very confident in their strength. He had found twenty-five persons met in the afternoon at Brookes's parlour, having never seen above two or three there at a time before. N.B.—There was not the convenience of such a room when I was a member, as I was for several years, as well as of White's and Boodle's, the three most distinguished of that description

[1] Presumably *An Account of the Remains of the Worship of Priapus lately existing in Isernia; to which is added a Discourse on the Worship of Priapus, and its Connexion with the Mystic Theology of the Ancients*, published in 1786, but not by the Dilettante Society.

of elective bodies, chosen by the theoretically best mode, of universal individual suffrages. I thought it prudent, in order to save the expense of the annual subscription, and having found by experience since my marriage that I scarcely ever went to either of them, on one and the same day to cut my name, as it is called, out of all three, on one and the same day.

The report at Brookes's was that most anxious and unusual efforts were making on the part of Government to marshal their strength. It seems their circular letter for that purpose appeared in *The Times* of yesterday. Is that paper as adverse to Canning as it is or was some time ago friendly to Lord Wellesley, or is there a secret renewal of the understanding between those two politicians? I understand that Huskisson in his confidential conversation speaks very lukewarmly of the old and more staunch members of the Administration, and such a line of conduct would not be very inconsistent with the character of his friend, Canning.

Jan. 20, *Monday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed*, 54 *Queen Anne Street.*—Fred called me at 9, when we first went to Sir Joseph Banks's, and found him, apparently, in perfect health giving scientific laws to a very thin senate of blue-stocking philosophers in the large room. In the interior stood the great Sir Humphrey Davy in the midst of some four or five admiring auditors, who with flattering eyes and ears were swallowing his discourse. I watched a silent moment to pay my obeisance to him, and was honoured with a condescending shake of the hand. I called him just now great, and he is I believe really entitled to that so often prostituted epithet, as a most eminent discoverer in chemistry and the science of nature. But he will also be a fine gentleman, a man of rank and fashion, a protector, as well as superior judge, of literature and the arts, and to those who know him, and his disqualifications in respect of most of those ridiculous pretensions, he is a very little man, or in modern phrase an absolute Quis—*oscuro figlio di non chiaro fonte.*[1]

He is said to be a candidate for succeeding Sir Joseph.[2]

[1] *Fulvio Testi.*—G.

[2] He did succeed him, as President of the Royal Society, in 1820.

Fred says the news at Brookes's to-day is that the Prince has actually sent to desire Lord Grenville to take Lord Liverpool's office, with liberty to bring Lord Grey and Lord Lansdowne in with him as Secretaries of State. That in that case Rose would be desired to vacate the Treasuryship of the Navy for Vansittart and that Huskisson should be his successor.

Repeated expresses have been sent to Lord Lansdowne by the Opposition urging his return, but he has hitherto refused, pleading—strange pretext !—that he and Lady Lansdowne have promised to accompany Lord and Lady Jersey to Naples, and not to return till March.

Jan. 21, *Tuesday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, 54 *Queen Anne Street.*—I am going to see Miss O'Neill[1] in Isabella this evening in Lord (the Marquess of) Cholmondeley's box, with Mrs. Birch and Lady (James A.) Gordon. I have never yet been able to see that favourite actress. I think I shall like her better than I ever could Mrs. Siddons. There was a certain formality, an air of pedantry, both in her and her brother, which belonged to both the one and the other in private society. They had both studied their art, and both had great natural advantages of person, being both very handsome, with a solemn, lofty dignity of manner which suited many parts in tragedy. But they both carried that solemnity with them into the gayest scenes of comedy, which led to comparison, by no means to their advantage, with his predecessor Garrick, and her contemporary Mrs. Jordan, that inimitable actress, who with so many others of my acquaintance left the stage of the world while we were abroad. Kemble's taste in literature, which was minute, grammatical, and verbal, collecting old plays for the sake of various readings, and correcting as he thought little errors that had crept into the different editions of Shakespeare or the established modes of pronouncing some of his words on the stage, was a thing very different from the lively, original wit and epigrammatic talent of Garrick. He also was a collector of old plays. That was

[1] Eliza O'Neill, who, after acting in Ireland, had appeared at Covent Garden with instant success in 1814. In 1819 she married and left the stage.

a natural and liberal taste in a man of his profession and means, but I believe the chief use he made of them was to see how far any of them could be altered so as to be adapted with advantage on the modern stage. Kemble in my opinion carried the nicety of national and of ancient costumes to an absurd length, a nicety fitter for a commentator or antiquarian than an actor and manager. To the correctness of a chlamys, a tunic or a toga he would sacrifice the grace which, with a little deviation from what ancient descriptions, or mutilated or even perfect statues, medals or cameos and intaglios may exhibit, or writers on the *res vestiaria* may have laid down, would have added much more agreeably to the *ensemble* of spectacle to the most part of his spectators, to all perhaps but a few members of the Antiquarian Society.

Jan. 25, *Saturday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, 54 *Queen Anne Street.*—Lady Glenbervie had rather a better day yesterday.

I dined yesterday at the Duke of Gloucester's. The company were the Duke and Duchess (both doing their respective parts in the most obliging, hospitable manner), the Dowager Lady Donegal (always most agreeable), Lord and Lady Ellenborough (she much *vieillie* since we left England, and he both looking old and in bad health and spirits, and softened down extremely in manner, more civilised but less witty—in his coarse way—and less entertaining), Lord Sidmouth (worn out with the fatigues of the police, for that is now the chief employment of the Home Secretary)[1] and his second daughter (a pretty, florid, agreeable girl and like her elder sister, but in a reduced scale), Mr. Justice Parke (raised to the Bench of the Common Pleas since we left England), Lady Isabella Thynne (Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess), a Mr. and Mrs. Hicks (the husband said to be the son of a horse-dealer, the wife the plainest of women, one of the daughters of Mrs. Feilding, and niece of Lord Winchilsea), a Colonel Hill (who had seen Lord and Lady Guilford at Spa), Mr. Vansittart (particularly kind in his manner to me), and lastly Colonel Dulton and Colonel Higgins (two of the Duke's three aides-de-camp).

[1] The Spa Fields riots had occurred in the previous month.

Jan. 26, *Sunday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, 54 *Queen Anne Street.*—I went in the evening yesterday to the Theatre Covent Garden to see Miss O'Neill in the part of Belvidera.[1] Her grace, tenderness, sweet and impressive voice, and in general the great justness and elegance, as well as force and energy where necessary, were still more conspicuous than in Isabella. Her only striking fault, in my judgment at least, or rather perhaps according to my taste and feeling, is the too great bending of her head and neck from near where it joins the shoulders. It is so great when she first comes on the stage that it looks to me as if it were naturally a little so. Perhaps it is. Or this defect may have arisen from the constant habit of that sort of contour which modern ladies in general rather effect, in order to avoid the straight stiff back formerly the fashion. I write all this criticism with considerable distrust, as I have not found it confirmed by the opinion of others.

Lady Donegal wanted to carry me to her box after the tragedy, but she had been so agitated or fatigued that I thought it best to decline being introduced to her to some other occasion.

Our party were Lady Donegal and her two sisters, and the box, almost the most eligible for hearing and seeing in the house, held us all five very much at our ease.

In the concluding part I could not bear to see her, in her madness. But the audience in general are always most attentive to that part. She is thought to execute it admirably, but independent of the terror it inspires me with, I think actual violent madness, as here and in many other plays, and hunger to starving as in *Jane Shore*, amount to distemper, and are not therefore proper objects of stage representation, although copies of nature. Indeed the nearer they are made by the actor or actress to imitate nature I think they are the less so. In the first place they never can be disgraceful [*sic*], the distortions and screams of disease mental (as bodily) and writhing or fainting of hunger, are natural, but how many things [there are] which in real or in the written descriptions of fictitious life are natural and affecting, that are not therefore admissable on the stage. The

[1] In Otway's *Venice Preserved.*

agony of bodily pain, mutilated limbs, etc., the screams of Philoctetes in Sophocles united with the stench from his sores, are, I believe, very generally felt to be disgusting rather than to occasion unmixed compassion when we think of their being acted.

Lady Donegal and her sisters think Miss O'Neill admirable also in some comic parts, especially in Lady Townley. I do not find that this is the public voice.

The play of *Venice Preserved* has great beauties and the three principal characters are forcibly drawn. But the plan has very great faults.

Feb. 27, *Thursday*, 8 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Sheffield Place*.[1]—

> And thus all things have comforting
> In that that doth their comfort bring.
> Save I, alas, whom neither sun
> Nor aught that God hath wrought or done
> May comfort aught, as though I were
> A thing not made for comfort here.

Feb. 28, *Friday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Sheffield Place*.—I have been able to write, and shall try to transcribe, the following answer to Miss Pigou's letter of the 20th.

"My dear Miss Pigou,

"Your dear letter has been very gratifying to me, and must have my earliest and sincerest thanks.

"Young as you are you have known sorrow, and I did not need the proof that letter affords, to know that you have a heart to judge and sympathize with the affliction with which it has pleased God to visit me. You can anticipate, and I hope will come to experience, the identity of the sentiments, affections, tastes and interests which Providence sometimes permits in this world. I dare not scrutinize that dispensation which tears asunder such an union, and leaves in my case the surviving part to suffer the irreparable loss of the other with unavailing and hopeless regret.

[1] Lady Glenbervie died on Feb. 6. The actual event is not recorded in the diary, where nothing was written between Jan. 26 and Feb. 22. For some account of it, see later, pp. 240, 275.

"My opinion of you and the affection, like that of a parent, for you, growing with the growth of my acquaintance with you, was known and shared by her by whom all my opinions were known and sentiments approved, and in a manner adopted.

"I did not think I could have written so much.

"We shall be at this place (near Uckfield) till Easter, when I shall pass through London, and perhaps you will have the goodness to let me call upon you.

"The two remaining sisters, and my son, with Lord Sheffield, and my little niece, are our party here. They two and Frederick North, now, alas, and so soon, the second Earl of Guilford of that name, who is at present, with the widow of his brother, on their way home from Italy, are all left to us of the three sons and three daughters who lived in an unity of uninterrupted exemplary and edifying attachment seldom seen, never I am sure exceeded.

"God bless you, my dear young friend, and make you as happy as I have been. To rejoin her whom I have lost in this world, is my hope, my creed, and the only idea of happiness I can form, or (may I say it unblamed) wish for in the next.

"Again many thanks for the notice you have taken, and in future may take, of me.

"Your affectionate friend,

"GLENBERVIE."

March 1, *Saturday*, 4 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Sheffield Place*.—Thus commences the 46th year which is rolling in its appointed orbit since that 1st of March so often remembered in these memorials, when I became a settled inhabitant of London.

> My lot, through what remains of life to drudge,
> Without a second, and without a judge,
> Hope humbly still, with trembling pinions soar,
> Wait the great teacher Death and God adore!

March 4, *Tuesday*, 5.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Sheffield Place*.—The other day Sir William Clinton called here, being just returned

from Lyons, where he had left his brother Sir Henry very ill.[1]

We were talking on military matters, his natural and favourite subjects, and he mentioned his opinion that if a sufficient number of officers are kept on half pay, attached to skeleton or otherwise mere nominal corps and regiments, they can be easily filled up on a sudden call from unexpected danger of war, and that, so well and readily officered, raw recruits are soon trained into perfect soldiers. This suggested to me the well-known instance of Eliott (afterwards Lord Heathfield's) Light Horse, said to have been enlisted chiefly among the journeyman tailors of London. On mentioning them, Sir William recollected hearing his father, the late General Sir Henry Clinton, tell that as he stood by Prince Ferdinand while that regiment was advancing to charge at the battle of [? Minden], but about to make a halt before this Prince, he suddenly said to Sir Henry, " Pour l'amour de Dieu, dites moi quelques mots d'anglais pour dire à ces braves gens," but that before the other had time to speak, he called out aloud so as to be distinctly heard, " Allons, brave Englishmen ! damn the French ! avançons ! "

That renowned commander became a rigid ascetic devotee in his latter days of retirement and inaction, a happier effect than a similar stagnation of spirits and active faculties produced in the unfortunate and eminent military and political character the first Lord Clive. The same adust complexion when deprived of its natural or habitual pabulum produced such different but equally marked effects.

> The same adust complexion hath compelled
> Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

March 8, *Saturday*, 2 *a.m.*, *Sheffield Place*.—Charles du Blaisel went to London yesterday morning. We expect Milne to-day, and Fred, he and I expect to go to Battle on Monday, to stay till this day se'nnight, or till Monday se'nnight. I mean to come nearer to settling some plan of life, expenditure, etc.,

[1] Both the Clintons were generals and had distinguished themselves in the war. Their father, the elder Sir Henry, commanded the British forces in America from 1778 to 1781 and took Charleston.

to-morrow, with the assistance of Milne, and then perhaps communicate fully with Fred upon it. His behaviour throughout has been that of an angel, worthy of that angel we have lost, such as she hoped and believed he would always be, such as she who best knew him, knew he would be, such as she had formed, had taught him by precept, by advice, by example to be.

9 *a.m.*, *in bed.*—

She is gone, she is gone,
And we cast away moan!
She never will come again.

Mon bonheur est dans le cercueil de mon irréparable Épouse.

March 24, *Monday*, 11.30 *p.m.*, 2 *Whitehall Place.*—Ever since Thursday last (20th) I have been in anxious suspense from the uncertainty whether I am to be allowed to remain in the occupation of the Pheasantry, *vide* my letter to the Regent of the 20th, to which notwithstanding repeated notes and meetings between Vansittart, Fred and me [I have had no answer].[1] Fred is to see him [? Vansittart] again to-morrow morning, and I must then get or give a definite answer. The whole scheme of my plan of (short) remaining life is connected with this matter. But I believe Leach (the Prince's Chancellor), Colonel MacMahon, etc., etc., through whom it seems Vansittart had communicated my wish formerly and now forwarded my letter, have not yet dared to speak to the Prince about it, or having spoken and shown the letter have had orders to say they had not.

The Bishop of Winchester came here to-day with Louisa. He is 75. His head bent to his chest, almost blind and very deaf, though not more deaf than when we left England. But his voice is hale and his manner gentle and gentlemanlike as ever.

April 8, *Tuesday*, 8 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Deanery*, *Battle.*—Margaret Gordon, Fred and I came here in the Hastings stage last Thursday, 3rd April, and return by the same conveyance to-morrow. Friday last (the 4th) was Good Friday. I had formed the design and almost made a vow to receive the Sacrament on Good Friday at the Pheasantry with my son, Lady Charlotte and

[1] This is presumably what Glenbervie meant to write.

Margaret Gordon. But I know not even now whether I am expelled from it.

I communicated on Sunday (Easter day) in this church.

Since I have been here I have had worse spirits and felt more the desolation of my living death than ever. My plans are all shaken; my proposed publications abandoned. I rise and go to bed, find myself in company or alone, but to mourn what is lost for ever.

The only book I have read here is *Les Caractères de la Bruyère.*

May 6, *Tuesday*, 4.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, 2 *Whitehall Place.*—Already three months of sorrow, affliction, despondency, melancholy, ineptitude to writing, to reading, to business (public if I had had any), and even the daily routine of necessary domestic avocations, the indispensable calls of social duties or attentions—three months have already passed over since —— [*sic*].

Much of that time has been passed in this house, and in looking out for another in some tolerably convenient situation, and of sufficient size to hold my books, to lodge Fred and myself, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, occasionally Margaret Gordon, and Mrs. Birch, or, in the absence of one of these two or both, any relation of my own or of Fred. At first, and before I could judge or act myself, Milne and Fred, having begun by thinking it a *sine quâ non* that the situation should be somewhere in one of the streets included between Piccadilly, Bond Street, Oxford Street and Park Lane, and ended their search through that quarter without success, fixed at last on No. [27] in Argyll Street, being of near vicinity to Portland Place (where Lord and Lady Sheffield have their house) and of easy access, and tolerably central, for the several parts of London of most necessary or usual resort both for Fred and myself and Lady Charlotte. The interior appeared to them such as might suit all our purposes as well as my actual funds will now admit of. They accordingly wrote to me, during my first stay at Battle, with rather exaggerated approval and recommendation so that when I came to town almost determined to take it, but wishing first to see it with

my own eyes, I hurried to look it over, but was sadly disappointed, and resolved to renew the search with the aid of Morgan, Hask's partner or assistant, etc. In this examination of every house with a bill in the window to be let, or sold, furnished or unfurnished, not only within the favourite limits above mentioned but in the streets between Oxford Street, the Regent's Park, the New Road and Paddington and also in the quarter of St. James's Street and Pall Mall, has much of our time been wasted for near —— weeks. Once I had fixed on No. 3 Gloucester *Place*, or, as in many respects still more desirable, No. — in St. James's Street. But the terms for the first could not be settled between the owner (Sir Henry Fane, now commanding the cavalry in France) and me, and for the second they exceeded what I could afford. At last, on Friday last, Lady Charlotte and I while returning to this my temporary home with a view to commit the gross imprudence of taking the St. James's Street house, it struck me that it might be worth while first to take another look at No. [27] Argyll Street. We accordingly resolved to bend our course that way, and the consequence has been that a bargain was finally struck between Milne on my part and the agent employed on the other side, for a lease of those premises for fourteen years. I expect to have possession on Thursday next (8th May) and to get enough of furniture from the Pheasantry to remove to it, with Fred and my two (great) nieces on Monday the 12th.

I will not insert here anything of the circumstances of my expulsion from that favourite, that dear abode of my dearest departed saint. Fred has been privy to all that has passed, and there are copies of all that has passed in writing. It would be unjust, I really believe, and too misanthropical (even in a restricted application of the word) to say that Princes of whatever breed or description feel nothing in sympathy with subjects, and that, in that respect, like the Vicar of Bray, they all are, and ever were, the same, but I must repeat here to the only reader who may perhaps ever read what I am now writing, a frequent saying of one of the most dear to us both, that there is a great difference between being a Prince and being a gentleman.

On Thursday (8th May) the sculptor is to place the monumental tablet in Hampton Church.

Yesterday Maria Birch, Margaret and I, dined at the Chief Justice's in Russell Square. Fred was prevented by I suppose his attendance in the House of Commons. The company consisted of Henry Legge (in full Court dress), William and Frederic Adam, and Stewart of Glasserton, besides the family.

Legge explained and apologised for the peculiarity of his dress, by informing us that he was going at 9 o'clock to a party at the Queen's House, and that he would not have had time to go home to Lincoln's Inn to change his dress after dinner. Thirty years ago it would have required an apology or explanation if he had come to dinner in a frock. He—a great authority on etiquette and Court matters and conjectures—concluded from this party being given, that there will soon be another Drawing Room, which, whenever it takes place, it is generally understood is to be the last she will hold. It is a current report that the Duchess of C. is determined to go out, and that the Queen is resolved to prevent her. *Tantæ irâe animis celestibus !*

May 7, *Wednesday*, 8 *a.m.*, *in bed*, 2 *Whitehall Place*.—I was much fatigued yesterday by walking but a little way, and at frequent and long intervals, a warning, which has often occurred to me of late, but which spoke more sensibly yesterday, than perhaps on any former occasion. Thus are old age, weakness of body (though as yet, not very perceptible by others), decay of the senses of hearing and sight and of memory, perhaps the faculty of the mind most immediately and close connected with what is merely physical in our composition, gradually but I fear with increasing rapidity co-operating with unavailing irremediable grief, regret and perpetually recurrent recollections of what I have lost. Yet, for the last two or three nights I had slept rather longer and better than I had done at any time for many months, and had also been able to glance back as it were at the literary pursuits with which I had hoped in some degree to fill up what of life is still to be allotted to me, and suspend or alleviate the despondency, if not despair, which has often seemed to be gaining upon me, like an overwhelming, irresistible

flood notwithstanding the consolations of Christianity, and the prospects it affords of future happiness. Those prospects, though not capable of being explained to our earthly intellect but by the metaphorical illustrations and resemblances to our enjoyments here at other moments, do not exclude but rather forcibly encourage the hope of that reunion with my dearest wife, which we so often contemplated together and apart as the consummation of our highest imaginable bliss.

May 9, *Friday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed*, 2 *Whitehall Place*.—Yesterday morning I sat above an hour with Lady Mornington,[1] "*Madre d'eroe*" (Metastasio). She has been very ill, is much broken since we left England, and become at last *old* in proportion to her advanced age. She seemed pleased with my attention in calling upon her, and talked a great deal about her two most distinguished sons, Lord Wellesley and Arthur, the more, in fame, than Churchill, perhaps than any warrior of ancient or modern times. She said the tumult of joy and congratulations for his glory, exploits, victories, honours and more substantial rewards in the immense accumulation of property, without the stains of rapacity, peculation or avarice, had shaken her nerves and contributed to her late illnesses. She lamented and almost complained that the constant succession of entertainments, *fêtes*, invitations and parties which filled up every hour of his time, during the short visits he makes to England, had made it impossible for her to be sure of enjoying the sight of him or his company for more than a single moment perhaps once or twice. She gave me an account of his early life, which she says was far from announcing his present unexampled eminence. He was so poor a scholar, so inept and so unwilling, that the masters of Eton advised her (she had been early a widow with the care of that numerous family) to take him from that school and that she had then placed him under a Mr. Gobert (I think)[2] at Brussels, and some time afterwards sent him to an Academy at Angers, then in great repute, but that at both these places he continued

[1] Wellington's mother.

[2] From 1784 to 1786 he was the pupil of Louis Goubert, a barrister, at Brussels. The talent he chiefly displayed at this time was playing the fiddle.

incapable, from idleness and want of any disposition to apply, of redeeming his character in point of scholarship. That he was always good-natured, frank, popular, in short answering, according to her description, to that of the Captain of Horse which Swift puts into the mouth of Lady Acheson's maid:

> He ne'er could apply in his life for the blood of him,
> And the puppies confessed they expected no good of him!

She, however, so far from quoting those lines (which while she was speaking forced themselves on my recollection) seemed in a manner to feel, revived, the mortification which at the time this his incapacity of school-improvement had occasioned. He then was put into the army, and went to Ireland with Lord Buckingham, as one of his aides-de-camp.

Last Saturday evening I saw him, and Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, and Miss Caton, at his brother—Wellesley Pole's. His Duchess was not there, then, nor last night, when Fred and I called there and found him, but without those appendages. For the scandalous have been busy in imputing more than flirtation to him with Mrs. Paterson. His propensities in that way are so universally talked of and observed that his attentions to Mrs. Paterson and her sisters, Miss Caton and Mrs. Harvey, whom he gave away the other day to his friend and military secretary, General Harvey, have been assumed as proof of an absolute intrigue with Mrs. Paterson. Yet there is a more natural and much better-natured way of explaining those attentions. Those ladies arrived in England from America with the strongest recommendations to Mr. and Mrs. Pole, from their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bagot, and went afterwards to Paris with similar recommendations to the Duke of Wellington. The first, or American, wife of Jérome Buonaparte is a sister of Paterson's. Mrs. Paterson is a remarkably showy, handsome woman, and elegant in her manners. Miss Caton showy, but not handsome, and far from elegant. She is very transatlantic indeed, and her brother still beyond her in that national characteristic, and also more of a clown and a lout than the most remote village or farmhouse in this country could supply. He is I understand very rich, and affects dandyism—has horses, gigs, curricles,

Newmarket, etc., etc.—in short seems a fit personage for a new edition of *The Six Weeks at Long's*.

My plans are more unsettled than ever. We (*i.e.* Lady Charlotte, Fred and I) go into our new house (27 Argyll Street) I hope on Monday next (12th May), when I shall with Milne's help make out a new and more correct budget of my affairs. I hope Fred North will be arrived before that time. Alas! how different my existence to-day from what it was on the 25th of February, 1815.

June 2, *Monday*, 7.30, *in bed*, 27 *Argyll Street*.—On Wednesday the 28th ultimo I, with Lady Charlotte Lindsay and Margaret Gordon, took possession of this house. Fred's rooms are not yet ready.

Yesterday Milne and I went to Hampton church. I stayed for the communion. I sat in my dear lost Kitty's corner of our old pew. The inscription is scarcely legible from it.

June 27, *Friday*, 5.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*.—I called on Talma yesterday and found with him an ordinary dowdy-looking middle-aged woman whom, however (so blind am I become), I took for Mlle. Georges.[1] But he told me it was Mme. Talma.

June 29, *Sunday*, 4.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—I have been awake about an hour and went to bed about 12. Indeed I seldom sleep above 3 or 3½ hours in bed. After dinner, when alone or not under restraint, I almost always fall asleep soon after dinner and sleep about an hour, and even in ceremonious companies, and sitting next the lady of the house perhaps, or some persons to whom from the rules of civility I ought to be attentive, or from liking their conversation I am desirous of being so, an irresistible drowsiness and sleep at last overcomes me. But such sleep is not refreshing, and I generally waken uncomfortable in my feelings, and vexed for what must be disagreeable to others, while it seems to do myself no good. This seems to be an approach to the comatose sleeps of my dearest Kitty during the two or three months we passed at the Pheasantry, almost uniformly after dinner, and from which she

[1] The famous actress who had been Napoleon's mistress. She came to London in 1816.

generally wakened in a state of fearful hysterical agony and distress. O my Kitty, my Kitty, are you now conscious of what I am writing ?—of my painful, tender, almost despairing recollections which are now passing, which are daily passing in the mind of your desolate husband, your widowed relict, your unpropped, uncounseled, unsoothed, unconsoled, unapproved husband, nay, unreproved with that heavenly sweetness of natural temper and that gentleness and indulgence which your knowledge of my wayward humour and your affection for me with all my faults, constantly softened, the most serious, the most earnest reproofs which you ever (and O, how seldom in the course of so many happy, happy years !) ever felt it a duty to speak or look, when the *molle tempus*, of which you had so unerring a tact, led you to think that representation, remonstrance, the clearest demonstration of consequences, might to correct in future that perhaps constitutional waywardness.

I now go much into society, for I cannot yet study (I believe I never must expect again to be able to do so). But I love chiefly to frequent *our* old friends, or those whom we met with abroad, and who so generally paid such kind attention to my poor wife, and enjoyed the delight of her most delightful society. On Thursday last Car Cooper dined with us. On Wednesday Lord and Lady Colchester, Charles Grant and Charles Moore have promised to dine here. I had asked this favour of Lord Colchester the very day after he had sent his letter of resignation to the House of Commons.[1] He afterwards fixed that day, and seemed pleased with the gratitude and zeal with which I urged a request, perhaps indiscreet considering his state of health, and the many engagements which I understood him to have resisted. Ever since we first spoke to one another, which was in the Assize Court at Abingdon when he first joined the Oxford Circuit, he has been steadfastly and often actively and effectually my friend.

I think his state of health very uncomfortable. He says he is better, but he says it faintly. His spirits, or rather his

[1] Charles Abbot had just resigned the Speakership, which he had held since 1802, and been created Baron Colchester.

spirit and animation are manifestly, I hope only temporarily, deadened.

Yesterday I attended a Board of the Caledonian Canal, where his successor Manners Sutton presided, but with Lord Colchester by his side. The contrast is considerable. The person and voice particularly are in favour of the new Speaker. Indeed there is a particular grace and appropriate solemnity in his voice, as well as a sweetness of tone which reminded me of the late Lord Camden's and of his eccentric nephew George Hardinge's. But Mr. Sutton is awkward in his person and gestures, and discovered yesterday none of that facility of apprehension, that commanding laconism by which he used to clear away all superfluous matter, and by the shortest road arrived without parade, verbosity or loss of time, arrived [*sic*] at the conclusive orders or measures which it was necessary or fit that the Board should adopt. I have tried, but in vain, to express the manner in which this most able, most unexampled man of business conducted the proceeding of the Board I have mentioned, and those of the Museum (of which by his kindness I am a trustee), those in and out of the House which I ever had occasion to witness, and observe, and according to universal testimony, whatever official or public concerns he was engaged in.

I believe the public in general, and the Ministry themselves, are anxious to see him fill an active station in the Cabinet. If he were well, and his convalescence confirmed, I think it impossible that he should not wish this. But I question if he at present does, and I believe Mrs. Abbot does not.

Yesterday I dined, on an invitation of the day before, with Lady Downshire. She had told me beforehand that I should meet the Duke of Sussex and Lord Essex. The company were altogether twelve—Lady Downshire, her two very pleasing and good looking daughters, Lord Arthur, H.R.H., his son Mr. D'Este, Lord and Lady Essex—she very vulgar and he a little so and a little of a rattle—Giles, the great, and the still greater, much greater, Leach, whom I did not know by sight, and a young man whom I ought to have known, but did not recollect and did not hear named. These with myself made the twelve. I am

too tired to attempt to describe the Duke of Sussex. His print in one of Lady Downshire's drawing rooms, in the Highland dress, gives a pretty just idea of his person, which is fitter (if it were not so colossal) for the pencil of a Teniers than that of a Titian or a Vandyke. Michael Angelo Caravaggio could have painted him to the life. He will never I fear be the subject of historical painting, though he ran through the whole labyrinth of politics, chiefly foreign, during the intervals from eating most plentifully, and drinking divers bumpers of *mousseux* champagne. *Come parla* ! Yet he has a good choice of words. But they are empty like Michael Angelo Taylor's, and uttered with an uncouth mixture of Taylor's pomp and a sort of royal buffoonery, being a caricature of his elder brother's wit or humour (as his parasites call it and he thinks it) as his person, and now Esquimaux complexion, is of the same illustrious person's.

I surprised Lord Essex by asking him who Leach was, and when he told me, and I said, "You see how little I am now conversant with prominent law characters," "Yes," says he, "and with the *beau monde* also. He is quite the fashion." I said I knew he was, and in the very highest quarter. This I knew, but wondered a little, such is my ignorance, when he added that he had come there with them (himself and Lady Essex) and that he had dressed, and usually does dress, at their house. I, poor man, thought such intimacy of a supposed apostate from Opposition, such a deserter to Carlton House with the *patriotic* Lord Essex, could not be. I know not the *dessous* of such great cards. Young D'Este seems on the best terms with his father, though he lives with his mother,[1] to whom I desired he would do me the favour to remember me respectfully, as an old acquaintance.

July 29, *Tuesday*, 4.30, *in bed*, *Waldershare*.—Fred and I left London yesterday at half past 7. We stopped about an hour at Rochester to take a second breakfast at the *Crown* Inn, and visit Lady Rowley, the wife of Sir Charles Rowley, an

[1] Lady Augusta D'Ameland. Colonel Sir Augustus D'Este, as the son became, made an unsuccessful claim to the Dukedom of Sussex on his father's death.

officer who distinguished himself greatly last war in the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic, during part of which time my dear nephew Sir James Gordon served under him, and, with his friend Sir Willian Hoste, laid the foundation for that reputation for gallantry, seamanship, and honest simplicity of manner and character, and benign gentleness of disposition and temper, for which he is so known, respected and beloved by all who know him, but particularly by all in that profession, the members of which, though entitled to so much praise in other respects, are not remarkable for doing justice to the merits of their fellow-officers.

We arrived at the Cottage, as it is called, in the village at half past 7 and ate a comfortable [dinner] (and at a fashionable hour) with Mr. and Mrs. George Arbuthnot, and then came to sleep in this house, of which, and the estate to which it belongs, the present Fred, Lord Guilford,[1] is the fifth owner (as well as the fifth Earl of Guilford) since I married into the family.

July 29, *Tuesday*, 10 *p.m.*, *Calais*, *Quillac's*.—We embarked this morning about 10 o'clock and landed between 1 and 2, after an uncomfortable passage owing to too smart a gale accompanied by an uncommonly great swell. The consequence was almost the universal sickness of the most crowded number of passengers ever remembered, amounting between masters and servants to eighty. I was one of the sickest. Of our party were Arbuthnot (Robert), my old and steady friend, his pleasing wife, and their little daughter Mary, a child of five years old, and her father *toute crachée* but *en beau*.

We propose to go to Dunkirk, *en voiturin*, to-morrow, to Bruges on Thursday, Ghent, by water, on Thursday, and I hope Brussels on Friday.

I perceived on entering our vessel General Cartwright, and shook hands with that old acquaintance of my poor wife at the time he wished to marry Mrs. John Weyland. But such was the crowd of carriages (no less than five) and persons on the deck that all communication was afterwards impossible. Hare and

[1] Francis, the fourth earl, had died Jan. 11, 1817, and been succeeded by his brother, the philhellene.

his brother Augustus came in another packet boat, but have dined with us by appointment. Edward Law,[1] a very clever, but who I understand continues to be a most disagreeable man, with his wife Lady Octavia Stewart (sister to Lord Castlereagh) were also on our vessel. I never was acquainted with her and scarcely ever with him.

July 31, *Thursday*, 3 *p.m.*, *Ghistelles*.—We are just arrived at this pretty scattered village, having breakfasted at Furnes, the first town in the new kingdom of the low countries. Between Dunkirk and Furnes all but the last two or three miles the road lies along the shore over an uninterrupted sand beach of many miles and which at high water we understand is covered by the sea and then the road is round by Ypres.

The crop is very good, and except some of the rankest barley none of it *lodged*. Much rye is already mowed or reaped and some barley, but no wheat. There are large and luxuriant crops of beans and oats, little or no pease, and little potatoes or turnips between this and Dunkirk. We were told there are 20,000 inhabitants in Dunkirk. It is a handsome and has the appearance of a thriving town, which is not the case with Furnes.

8.30 *p.m.*, *Bruges*: *Hôtel de la Fleur du Bled*.—We arrived here at about six o'clock. It seems a handsome [town], clean, well built, well paved, but dull and ill-peopled considering its great size. We are told the inhabitants do not exceed 30,000. Yet it seems as large as Glasgow. Living must be very cheap, to judge from two circumstances. An English physician has been pointed out to us of the name of Newbolt who has been settled here two or three years and is in great practice. We saw him at his own door—an excellent house in a good street with a garden behind stocked with abundance of wall-fruit. For this house (unfurnished indeed) he pays about from twelve to fifteen pounds a year. The other circumstance is that the fee of a physician for a visit is only one franc.

Aug. 1, *Friday*, 5.15 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Bruges*.—I went to bed little after ten and have slept without interruption till five.

[1] Son of Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough; destined to become a famous Governor General of India and Earl of Ellenborough.

Yet I am not refreshed nor invigorated. Old age and decaying faculties gain upon me, and never-ceasing grief and recollections of past, and in this world irretrievable, happiness usher in my mornings, and are when I go to bed my constant attendants. Art thou, my Kitty, now conscious of these things, and O God, is it Thy will that my past happiness with her is to be renewed and I gathered again to my sainted wife in that world where she is? Grant this, O God, through Thy Son Jesus Christ, grant this and then welcome all the past and all that may be yet to come.

We supped at the table d'hôte, where I sat next a civil Flamand who had been for eighteen years a Commissary in England. He set me right in several particulars. He said the rent of Doctor Newbolt's house, which he knew, is thirty pounds a year. Even then it is very cheap. The number of the inhabitants he put at from thirty-five to thirty-six thousand. He says the trade of this town and of all the rest of Flanders is beginning to fail and centre in Antwerp.

Fred sat next a well-behaved, well-informed English practical farmer, who told him he comes here every year to observe the modes of agriculture in this country. The soil it seems is so rich as never to require manure, fallowing or feeding with sheep, or any alteration of meliorating crops. That many parts yield two crops in the year. That the appearance of a plentiful harvest is great, but not so great as in England. That the corn has not suffered as yet in either country from the rains. That there is at present a considerable exportation of corn from England to this country and to France. (This we heard at Dover and Calais.) That it consists of damaged grain which they will not eat in England.

Aug. 2, *Saturday*, 3.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Ghent: Hôtel des Pays Bas.*—We arrived here, in the bark, about six p.m., the day having proved very fine—excellent for ripening, mowing or reaping or getting in the different sorts of corn or hay. I saw no wheat between Bruges and this place. It is true the banks are in most parts so high as to preclude the view of the adjoining fields.

We passed the time agreeably enough on the bark, having met with some persons, of very different descriptions, whose conversation served to prevent our thinking *much* of the slowness of our progress. We may be even said to have made some acquaintance that may chance to be more or less desirable, at least for Frederick. In that number I reckon particularly the Prince de —— [*sic*], who with his son, a lad of about nineteen perhaps, and the son's governor, had been making a tour from Brussels, his place of residence, to Ostend by one road, to return by this. He proved a very well-bred, well-informed gentleman, and he proved to me peculiarly interesting when he told me that he had lost a wife, with whom he had lived thirty years, about six months ago, that that was a misfortune for which there is no remedy (particularly, said I, at my time of life—he is probably little more than fifty) and that it had totally deranged his state of existence. He appears to have been much in England and to know our Prince Regent. One of the Duchess of Courlande's [1] three daughters is married to a nephew of his.

His party consisted only of the son and the governor, an Hanoverian, a man of gentle, pleasing manners and countenance, who has promised to show me and procure me several of the best Dutch authors, for which language I have a temporary *engouement*, at Brussels. (Unluckily they do not return to that place till Tuesday. This circumstance will, I believe, induce me to return by Brussels.) The Prince tells me he will certainly be there at that time. There was with them—accidentally it appeared—the young Prince of Saxe-Weimar, who is in the King of Holland's service and commandant here. He is about twenty-three or twenty-four—tall, awkward, and in his manner, gestures, and allure, as well as in looks and conversation, resembling (but *en laid*) our own Princes. He told me several circumstances of Wieland, Goethe and Mounier. The first had, it seems, begun by being preceptor to his father, from whom he had a pension and who lived in the house of his grandmother.

[1] Antoine Charlotte Dorothée de Medem, Duchesse de Courlande, mother of Dorothée de Talleyrand-Périgord, Duchesse de Dino, Talleyrand's niece by marriage, of whom later.

He says he was of a gay, lively disposition and that he and Goethe lived together on very friendly terms. Goethe had been at college with his father and I think travelled with him. He thinks he is about 65 only. He has the title of Minister of State, but without any efficient employment. Has a pension and a house from the Duke. Wieland left several sons, but none of them of distinguished talents.

An Englishman, who had supped with us at the table d'hôte at Bruges, and was one of our fellow passengers, sat next me last night at supper, and then told me that the Prince of Saxe-Weimar is very poor, having only his pay here (about five thousand florins) as his only income. The Prince told me himself that he has been married just a year, and has a little girl four months old.

We dined in a very pretty cabin with the princes and their company and had a very gentleman-like dinner at one o'clock. There seemed to be another table in another part of the vessel, where several of the genteeler part of the passengers must have dined (question: if on the same footing and at the same price). At our table, where fourteen dined, there was a very pretty well-behaved English girl and her companion, who told me her name is Spong or Spung, and who was going to join her father at Brussels. She had never been abroad before, but speaks French remarkably well. She had with her two little sisters and a little brother.

Aug. 5, *Tuesday, before* 6.15 *a.m., in bed, Brussels.*—There is no court here at present. The King [1] is on a progress through his territories, and the Prince, his eldest son,[2] with his wife, is at Spa. He was Fred's fellow collegian for two years at Oxford. We went the day before yesterday to a chapel in or near the Palace, in which the Church of England service is performed every Sunday, alternately at 11 and 2. There was a collection of one franc made at the door, the collectors that day being the Duke of Richmond and Sir [William] Burrows (formerly

[1] Of the Netherlands. Belgium was not made a separate kingdom until 1830.

[2] The hereditary Prince of Orange (afterwards King William II), who had been engaged to Princess Charlotte.

private secretary to Lord Hobart). We left our names with Lord Glencarty [1] that morning, and he sent his yesterday. I walked with him part of the way from church, but we have had no sign of hospitality from him.

Lord and Lady Holland, who have been making a trip through Holland, returned to this place on Sunday evening. They are at the Wellington Hotel. We called on them yesterday forenoon, and found Creevey there; the first time I ever was under a roof with him, except in the House of Commons. We were invited, and Fred went again there, for half an hour, in the evening and found there Admiral and Lady L. Foley, but without their recognising one another, and Arnault,[2] the author of the tragedy of *Germanicus*, which made so much noise last winter at Paris. Mrs. Fitzherbert with her party, viz. Miss Seymour, and Mrs. and Miss Fremantle, set off for Namur and Spa yesterday morning. We had written our names at the Duke of Kent's house (which he has hired for three years) on Sunday, and he sent a message yesterday by his *clerk* (so he calls him) a son of Choveaux's, saying he should be glad to see me. We went about 1, and I found he wanted that I should persuade him, or his father, that it would be advisable for him to accept the situation of his steward. The lad (who I believe is not twenty yet) called me afterwards and I told him what seemed to me reasons for his doing so, and bid him say to the Duke that I had done so. The Duke of Kent is much the handsomest of the family, and has much the best, most princely, manner, his elder brother not excepted.

We have dined every day at our inn. We went on Sunday to the play, where, though in the *balcon* (or box next, or rather on, the stage) I could hear nothing and could only see that the actors are wretched and were playing almost to empty boxes.

I have thrown away about £2 sterling in Dutch books here, and am hammering out an account of Buonaparte's last two campaigns and his transportation to St. Helena, in a translation into that language from the German of a Mr. Gunter.

[1] Presumably Clancarty, Ambassador at the Hague.

[2] Antoine Vincent Arnault, whose plays are typical of the pseudo-classicism of the time. His short poems and satires have more merit.

Aug. 6, *Wednesday*, 3.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Jenappe : Hôtel du Roi d'Espagne.*—At this little inn, in the small village of Jenappe, the landlord, an eye-witness, told me that the Duke of Brunswick breakfasted on the day of his death at 11 o'clock and that between 2 and 3 the same day his dead body was brought back here. He had been killed about that time at Quatrebras, a farmhouse a league off on the right hand of the road leading from Brussels to Namur. We came yesterday over the field of battle of the eighteenth, having first passed through the village of Waterloo, between one and two miles, I should suppose, from the place where Colonel Alexander Gordon and General Picton were killed, and near which the battle seems to have commenced, the English army extending on a ridge to the right and left of the road, and I imagine *in* the road, which is in a considerable hollow just under and close to the high spot on the right where Gordon fell, and where a monument is now erecting to his memory, with a long inscription on the pedestal on one side in English and on the other in French, at the joint expense of his five brothers and his sister. Picton fell about a hundred yards to the left of the road, and about the same distance further on along the road and close to it on the right is the house (with a few hedges adjoining) called la Haye Sainte, which was lost and gained so often that memorable day.

About half a mile farther on the road, and also close to it on the left, is the little public house called " la Belle Alliance," and a mile or something more farther on still is this little village and our inn, which is on the left side of the road. On the spot where the monument in memory of Colonel Gordon is erecting, one sees distinctly all the principal parts of this great scene where the greatest event perhaps recorded in history took place ; on the left near the road, the place where Picton fell. About a mile more to the left and a little farther onward, the woods from whence about six in the afternoon Blucher's army was seen advancing. To the right and a little onward, about the distance of two or three hundred yards, is the Hoogemont. But the house is hid by the brow of the ridge, and even when we got so far on the road as la Belle Alliance, though the land rises all

the way to that place from la Haye Sainte, we could not see it owing to its being masked by trees. A considerable way from la Belle Alliance, perhaps one and a half miles, on a commanding ridge which from Gordon's monument bounds the horizon on the right, in the wood from which Blucher emerged, does at the same distance, but on much lower ground on the left, stand the Observatory among some scattered trees, from which Buonaparte was seen to examine the ground and the position of the Allied army. Fred says that Observatory was standing when he came in a party from Brussels about —— [*sic*] days after the battle to see the place.

The landlord says that so early as half past five, and before the Prussians were descried, many French soldiers and even officers came flying through Jenappe in great disorder. He says Buonaparte had at first meant to sleep at his house on the 17th, but afterwards changed his mind and went to some other quarters. The Duke of Wellington was at his house in the course of the morning of the 16th. We did not see Buonaparte's guide (as Fred had), but according to the landlord, when Buonaparte first saw the Prussians he asked the guide who they were, and when he said, "the Prussians," Buonaparte said, "*Cela est impossible, c'est le corps de* —— [*sic*]," but sent an *aide-de-camp* to reconnoitre, who brought him certain word of its being the Prussians, whose lancers were become distinctly seen (—— [*sic*] having no lancers with him), and that on receiving this intelligence he grew as pale as a sheet, and said, "*Alors tout est perdu*," or some such expression.

Aug. 13, *Wednesday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Spa : Maison aux Armes d'Orléans.*—We are here, in a sort of mere cottage, though in the heart of the town, which however I pay twelve francs a day for.

The presence of the Prince and Princess of Orange here gives a certain air of a Court to the place, though he is I think over affable in some respects. She is said to be charming.

Aug. 25, *Monday*, 10 *a.m.*, *Spa.*—I have not had spirits, nor exertion nor, to say a truth I am unwilling to acknowledge

even to myself, capacity to write anything here since the last date.

I have taken by *abonnement*, ever since Friday was se'nnight, the two places next the stage in the stage box on the right hand side of the stage, which my dearest Kitty had when we were together. When she was able she used to like to come there and sit by me. Fred sometimes, but very seldom, and then but for a short space only, occupies the place which used to be hers. Alas, all the train of life and all the ways of going on [so] nearly resemble those of that former comparatively happier period, that they are but a twice-told and a much worse told tale.

Sir William Burrows arrived last night, with his unmarried daughter, and he had not been three hours come when he was seen seated at the Roulette or Rouge et Noir table. Fred tells us he has got the nickname of *Borehouse* among the quizzers in the House of Commons. While he sat near the Treasury Bench the phalanx there used to protect him from the quizzers, but since his last return from India, Government not having attended his applications to be brought in on that side, he has bought a seat and joined or wished to join Opposition, who by their quizzings and groaning show they will not have him.

Sept. 1, *Monday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Spa.*—On the 1st of September 1814, my dearest wife and I left this place, I suppose about this hour (for my fading recollections are totally silent now as to that circumstance). I had then strong hopes of the happiest effect on my poor dearest Kitty's health, from the journey, the boasted air and warmth and general climate of Nice, and above all and which hope Providence enabled me to retain to the last evening of her earthly existence, though latterly in so faint a degree [*sic*]. Never till her having expired was announced to me while in my bed by Doctor Holland, about 6 or 7 in the morning of the 6th of last February, could I suffer the thought of my surviving her to remain a moment on my mind.

I have seen every day, more and more since we came to Spa, my old and my clever friend Mrs. Barnet, with her steady, good tempered husband, his son by his former wife, and his daughter by the present. Their kindness to me has been a great

resource. My Kitty had come to entertain and often to express a good opinion of Mrs. Barnet. She had I believe reason to believe, besides my having told her my own persuasion on the subject, that her parents, the Archbishop [1] and Mrs. Markham, and perhaps she herself, had wished me to marry her, and I think it was a great satisfaction to her that I had given her the preference. Mrs. Barnet (Elizabeth or, in our intimacy, Lizzy, Markham) was always very plain, though with bright, penetrating, intelligent black eyes, and a good, very active and *deliée* figure. She was the eldest of the Archbishop's many daughters and his favourite, having much of his strong and firm understanding and character and excellent temper, all, in short, but his gentle kindliness of manner and engaging winning softness of voice and look. With her mother, there was I thought some jealousy of domestic power, and perhaps some bitter sentiment of disapprobation, of the too great freedom of Elizabeth's manner and manner of thinking and sometimes of talking.

My Kitty used to repeat sometimes with, as I thought, a kind of subdued satisfaction and complacency, an opinion I think expressed by Bruyère, *Qu'on n'aime que les laides éperduement.* I never could bear her to apply such an ugly word to herself, and one of my greatest delights, and what she took the greatest pleasure to hear me repeat, was the playful, but yet sacred and never-varying or interrupted truth, that I loved her dear *grey peepers*, her dear *snub nose*,[2] and her wide mouth which illuminated by the soft, but bright, pure and often powerful light of her benign heart, soul and understanding, was with all those supposed drawbacks the most interesting countenance an admiring adoring husband ever looked on, better than the black sparkles, rosy lips, slender neck, etc., of the most finished and Circassian-like beauty that imagination could suggest.

Sept. 11, *Thursday*, 9 *p.m.*, *Rocroy: Hôtel du Cheval Blanc.* —We are just arrived here, in the midst of the bustle, noise, illumination and fireworks for the celebration of the feast of

[1] William Markham, Archbishop of York.

[2] Those were her words, her frequent, frequent words.—G.

the tutelary saint of the Emperor Alexander, there being 600 men of his troops quartered here at present. From Liège thus far our road has kept for the most part near the great, rapid navigable [stream] of the Meuse. On coming out of the last place of relay (Fermay), on ascending a steep hill we saw below on the left hand a very singular and beautiful horse-shoe turn of that river.

We fell in with Mr. Magin Dorrien's party and Lord Lynedoch's [1] at all the places we stopped at yesterday and the day before. At —— [*sic*], where General Loison's daughter's estate is, we heard of their being before us, and found them in our inns at Huy where we dined, and last night at Namur where we slept. The contrast between Mrs. M. Dorrien and her three daughters, with their sober mercantile John Trott, husband and father, and Lady Asgill (the strangest and least describable of all demireps), her elegant and amiable sister Mrs. Bouverie, Sir Charles Asgill,[2] who is a true Sir Charles Easy of a husband, the heroic, chivalrous, most gentleman-like, and much enduring lover of Lady Asgill, Lord Lynedoch, with his sensible, quiet cousin and heir Mr. Graham, was very amusing. Being all in the same inn, unacquainted with each other, but equally our acquaintance, we divided our time between them.

Sept. 13, *Saturday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Reims* (*for that I perceive is the neological spelling*).—We have met here a young officer, Mr. Fremantle, nephew and sister [*sic*] to the Mrs. and Miss Fremantle who are travelling with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

He appears to be an acquaintance of Fred's, a sort of Military Headquarters dandy, active and rather good-looking, with pearly teeth which he has the weakness common to those who have that advantage of displaying them "whether diverted or not." His sister has the same trick. Who have it not? I had once—O, how many years ago—teeth so white, so even proportioned and well set, as to be the envy of that prince of *hommes à bonnes*

[1] Thomas Graham, created Baron Lynedoch in 1814, one of the most distinguished of Wellington's generals.

[2] General Sir Charles Asgill, Bart., who had served in America during the War of Independence and in the Flanders campaign.

fortunes, George Cholmondeley himself, as he has often told me in these our days of mortifying decrepitude. Yet I never had that trick. This is a trifling matter to boast of, yet such a subject, unimportant as it is, might deserve an article in such a correspondence as Lord Chesterfield's letters.

Sept. 15, *Monday*, 4.30 *a.m.*, *up*, *Villers Cotterêts.*—This (the *Boule d'Or Couronnée*), the best or only inn here, and much recommended to us, is a wretched stage-coach or diligence house of call, with one bettermost and good looking room, which they pretended was occupied, and a dirty parlour, into which, while Fred and I were at dinner, a stage coach, which they told us was not the diligence but the *guinguette*, emptied itself of near a dozen of young Frenchmen, probably clerks and shopmen, but with Parisian airs and dress. We arrived at half past 3, and went in the evening to see a numerous *réunion* of well-dressed girls, women and children and old and young men and boys, dancing, perhaps six or eight, country dances or quadrilles, in a narrow space, in front of the *ci-devant* Castle, now an *hôpital de mendicité* containing about 800 poor belonging to the arrondissement or department (qu.). Fred observed that they danced on the whole better than the average of the gentleman and lady dancers we had seen at Spa, and I was surprised that while they were so crowded together, there was no confusion or intermixture of the sets, and though it had become dusk, no coarse manners or language, or indecent freedoms. The better dressed were allowed to occupy the central and widest space, separated, in part, from the πολλοι by a semi-circular bench without which the lesser and worse dressed dancers and spectators, boys, girls and a few blackguards performed their quadrilles, or walked about. The only act approaching to romping was a pretty hearty peasant-like struggle between a youth and his partner in one of those outward sets for a kiss, which of course the gallant obtained after the requisite resistance.

Sept. 16, *Tuesday*, ¾ *past midnight*, *in bed*, *Paris*: *Hôtel de Rivoli*, *Rue de Rivoli.*—I left this town and hotel with my poor Kitty thirteen months and a few days ago. Where and how shall I be a year hence! If dead, shall I not be with her! My

solitary thoughts always, and my frequent reveries when in company are striving, vainly striving [to pierce] the impenetrable veil, the opaque obscurity which Providence has placed between life and eternity! Can she—she cannot; can I have incurred the punishment of being separated from her in that state of existence which is now hers and must soon be mine!

I will insert in this place some anecdotes concerning Buonaparte.

Cardinal Maury told Lord Cooper at Rome, that having in some speech in the National Assembly quoted the celebrated line:

Et le premier des rois fut un soldat heureux,

Buonaparte told him that he had been present in the Assembly on that occasion, and that the verse had made a deep and last[ing] impression upon him, adding that though he could not make a soldier or a king of him he was determined as a consequence of the felicity of that quotation, to make him happy with an archbishopric and, with this preface, announced to him his nomination to the archbishopric of [Paris].

When Buonaparte attacked Reims about after [*sic*] it had surrendered to the Allies in March, 1814, he sent for Audrieux, who says he was the only person of any note who had remained in the town, that when he came to him somewhere on the Paris road, not a great way without the gate of the town at the end of the Rue Bourg de Vile (the principal street and that in which Mr. Douglas lodged in 1770). He said to him: "Hé bien, Messieurs les Rémois, vous êtes des amiables gens. Vous ouvres vos portes à l'ennemi sans la moindre resistance." Audrieux entered into some justification, stating that they had but 250 troops in the town when it surrendered to the army under Winzingerode consisting of above 30,000, that Chalons, etc., had been taken, etc. That Buonaparte interrupted him by saying, *Chalons n'était pas prise*, and that if ever he should write his commentaries like Caesar, he should have occasion, like him, to speak of the Rémois, but should [not] say the good of them that he had done. This anecdote seems to show how full his head was of thoughts of a similarity between himself and former

conquerors, and also of the intention of writing his own history, an intention of which innumerable other proofs are known.

As Fred and I were walking yesterday from the Place de Vendôme and were looking at the new façade of the Hôtel de Bourbon (now the Salle du Corps Legislative) and that formerly Marshal Ney's adjoining to it, he told me that he was at his house the very evening before Ney left Paris, and that on that occasion, after some conversation about Fred's visit to the Isle of Elba, and Buonaparte's curt reception of him, Ney said these remarkable words, "Monsieur, j'ai toujours regardé votre ami la-bas comme un —— [*sic*] et maintenant je sais qu'il est un poltron."

Sept. 17, *Wednesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris: Hôtel de Rivoli.* —Fred and I made several visits yesterday. Amongst others to Lady Fitzroy Somerset, with whom we found her mother Mrs. Pole,[1] who has been here some weeks, Lady Shaftesbury, junr., who is to set out for Italy, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Lady Barbara Ponsonby, this day, and Lady Harvey; to Lord Holland, who is confined to a gouty chair, under a more than usually severe fit of the gout; and to the Duchess d'Aumont, who recommended to us to go to the Duchess Dowager of Orleans in the evening, and invited us to an assembly or reunion *chez elle* at the Tuileries on Saturday about 10 in the evening. I went, afterwards, to call on Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, and found her at home, and on Mrs. Crosbie, whom I also found at home. In going to dinner at Very's, the restaurateur in the Palais Royal, we looked into a *salle de lecture*, where there are English books and newspapers, and saw there Lord Cochrane, whom I do not know, and Fred avoided speaking to,[2] and Camille Jourdan (not in company with Lord Cochrane) whom Fred introduced to me.

After we had been some time seated at one of the little tables *à deux* in Very's *salle*, Mr. Jourdan came in and seeming to

[1] Wife of William Wellesley Pole, afterwards Lord Maryborough and third Earl of Mornington.

[2] Presumably on account of the radical activities of that brilliant sailor, "Cochrane the Dauntless," afterwards tenth Earl of Dundonald.

find himself again *very unexpectedly* at the table next to us, was at pains to tell us more than once that was the first time that he had ever dined there; that unforseen business had detained him in town that night, etc. He is a very good looking man.

In the evening we went to the Duchess of Orleans and found her, her Chr. —— [*sic*], Madame d'Aumont, another old gentleman and about eight or ten ladies, mostly old also, engaged in a dull party at Lotto which lasted about half an hour, when she went to supper and we came away. She has asked us to dine there on Friday, and we are to dine at Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth Stuart's to-morrow and with Lord and Lady Holland on Sunday.

From the Duchess of Orleans we went to Lady Holland's, and found there Madame de Souza, still fatter than last year, but her face I think handsomer than when she was so very much younger, 26 years ago, and very slender. She was very cordial with my son and me, and seemed glad to see us. We are to go to a party at her house on Friday evening. There were also at Lady Holland's M. de Souza, a thin, meagre personage whom I did not know till after they were gone, M. de la Fayette, who desired to be introduced to me, as to a person for whom his sister-in-law, Madame de Montagu, has a great esteem; Mr. Humboldt, the celebrated traveller, one of the Greffulhes, a very fat man, something in size and general appearance like the late Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn, and Brougham, who has been at Paris since Friday, and whom I had seen in the morning. I had a good deal of conversation with him about the approaching election of eight new deputies for Paris. This is the first time that the new law of elections is to be put in use. They are to vote by lists and ballot, as our committees by ballot are chosen. There are three lists in circulation (though not openly), one Ministerial, which has excluded la Fayette and Laffitte,[1] who has lately quarrelled with the Court; one of the Independents

[1] Jacques Laffitte, Governor of the Bank of France. He came into greatest prominence at the Revolution of 1830, when he supported the Orléanists and became Louis Philippe's Prime Minister.

as described by Benjamin Constant in his late pamphlet, and in this I believe he is included; one of the Ultra Party. But that list, according to Allen, has no chance, and is laughed at. De Pradtz is a candidate, but I know not if on any of the lists. Pamphlets on the subject are announced or already published, both by him and by Chateaubriand.

Sept. 28, *Sunday*, 8 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris.*—I have just made the following stanzas, to be sent to Lady William Russell on her birthday (2nd October).

TO SELENE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

How can a heart so sorrowful as mine
Convey that joy which it can never feel?
How its unceasing, endless woe conceal
From such a sympathising heart as thine?

Yet, on the day which gave Selene birth,
When all that can her lovely sex adorn
First sprung to life—on this auspicious morn
My muse would fain attune her lyre to mirth.

I strive, but strive in vain! Her beauteous face,
Where reign, united, sentiment and sense,
Light pleasantry, and strong intelligence!
Her form composed of symmetry and grace!

These would inspire—if aught could now inspire
A song of gratulation and of joy!
But grief obtrusive only could annoy,
Where joy unmixed should every bosom fire.

Then let my muse be silent, while I pray
Of this blest morn for many blest returns!
Long! long! while Hymen's torch resplendent burns,
To her may circling years bring back this happy day.[1]

Oct. 1, *Wednesday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris.*—Fred and I dined on Sunday at the Duchess Dowager of Orleans', and went in the evening to the reigning Duke and Duchess at the Royal

[1] Subsequently the author revised this poem, but the variants are only verbal and it would be taking a trifle too seriously to record them. The verses as they stand are a favourable specimen of Glenbervie's occasional indulgence in metre. The lady to whom they were addressed was the Miss Rawdon of earlier entries, a niece to the Marquess of Hastings, who had lately married Lord (George) William Russell.

Villa at Neuilly, a beautiful house and place first built by the Minister d'Argenson, afterwards purchased and embellished by St. Foix, then forfeited, granted by Buonaparte to his brother-in-law Murat and improved to its present state by him. I believe it is now only lent by the King to the Duke of Orleans. The Duke told me that his mother had mentioned to him that she remembered having known me at L'isle Adam (the Prince of Conti's) in 1770, soon after her marriage.

Monday and yesterday forenoon we spent entirely at the Court of Assizes for —— [*sic*] to hear the proceedings in the trial before a jury, of the members of an association calling themselves "*Amis de la Patrie*" and distinguished more commonly by their badge of a gold pin with a black bead in their frills, and thence called *la Conjuration de l'Épingle Noire*.

Yesterday Fred and I dined at Quintin Craufurd's, where we met Lady Hawarden, junior, Lady Aldborough and Miss Rodney her grand-daughter, besides the ladies of the family, Mrs. Craufurd and her daughter Madame d'Orsay. Craufurd was too much indisposed to dine at table. The Russian Prince Koraken also dined there, a huge man, all over stars and diamonds, rubies in trinkets of all sorts, formerly successor to Marcoff, whom I had seen at Naples, as Ambassador to Buonaparte.

Craufurd and a handsome, tall, fair daughter of Madame d'Orsay formed the company after dinner and several other ladies (not English) came in.

I went afterwards to a party *priée* at Mme. de Rumford's, but it seems much too early (though it was towards ten o'clock), for I found only her and one other lady and one gentleman, so that after talking over the Cause Fualdes and the case of the *Épingle Noire* I retired and went to make a visit to my old acquaintance Madame de Souza, with whom I had an entertaining *tête-à-tête* of near two hours.

Oct. 2, *Thursday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris*.—Fred and I have attended the cause, named *de l'Épingle Noire*, every day since it began and remained the whole of each sitting, viz. Monday, Tuesday and yesterday. The Deputy Procureur or Advocate General (I am not sure which he is) summed up the evidence

yesterday, which consists chiefly of the confessions of the prisoners in writing, and their parole declarations on the sort of cross examination they each underwent from the President. That sort of moral *question* or torture took place on Tuesday and occupied all that sitting, except about the last half hour, when two or three not very material witnesses were examined, and except the examination at the beginning of that sitting, of one of the supposed conspirators, who had been tried and condemned to be shot for having made and delivered to another of them a plan of the fortress of Vincennes, an account of the force in it and a scheme for taking possession of it. But at the moment when he was going to be shot he was pardoned, on condition of the discoveries he made respecting the others. The first day (Monday) was entirely occupied in striking (out of Court) from a list or panel of sixty, the twelve jurors, and reading to them and the court the "*acte d'accusation*" or libel or indictment. This occupied near three hours, being a very long instrument, consisting of a recital of all the repeated examinations of all the prisoners and then concluding with the legal inference of their guilt.

The advocates, six in number, for the different prisoners are to be heard to-day. There are eight prisoners and an equal number of *gens d'armes* with them, one sitting by each.

Lord Ellenborough tired and went away on Tuesday after having remained about an hour and a half.

The name of the Deputy Advocate-General in the above cause appears to be *Mr. Delapalme*.

Oct. 3, *Friday*, 8 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris*.—We spent yesterday again from 9 till near 6 at the trial of the conspiracy of the *Épingle Noire*. It is thought it will not be over till to-morrow.

During a short suspension of the proceedings, the President, having heard that I was a lawyer, requested to speak to me in the adjoining room, which they call *la Chambre de Conseil*, and asked me whether the Courts in England had a right to direct the news-writers (*les journalistes*) not to insert the proceedings in the causes before them till after their conclusion. I told

him they frequently exercise that right and that it is always submitted to.

Oct. 5, *Sunday*, 8 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris.*—The cause of *l'Épingle Noire* was concluded yesterday. I was there all day, heard the Deputy Advocate General summing up, a reply by two of the counsel for the prisoners, Mr. Merilloux and Mr. Mogheem, both able, and the charge, containing a concise and neat résumé of the evidence, by Chollet the President. The verdict was not known last night. I attended the whole trial from Monday till yesterday.

Oct. 6, *Monday*, 6 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris.*—Fred and I, after hearing prayers at the Ambassador's yesterday, went to see Lady Westmorland at the Hôtel du Rhin, rue du Helder (a street adjoining to that of the Chaussée d'Antin ou de Mont Blanc). She had arrived on Friday accompanied by a physician and an architect, and intends to proceed, next Saturday, by the way of Madrid to make the tour of Greece! Fred went with her in her carriage to call on Lord and Lady Morley, who are living near Vincennes. On their way thence Fred took occasion to mention the Lowthers to her. Miss Lowther is her niece-in-law, Lady Elizabeth being her husband's sister. She spoke of Miss Lowther in the highest terms. She conjectures that [as] her parents have lost four younger children, what may have been settled on them must have survived to her and that her fortune may therefore be about £30,000. She is a great favourite with her mother and father, and with all their friends and acquaintances, and so much so with Lord Lonsdale, her uncle, that he advised Lady Westmorland to do everything in her power to cultivate a friendship between her own daughter and her, considering her quite a model for a young woman of fashion to imitate.

Fred received an answer yesterday from Barnes to a letter which he had written to him, by my advice, soon after we came here, announcing his intention of paying him a visit soon after our return to England. Barnes presses him to perform that promise, by coming to Castleton (his living near Doncaster) about the 5th of next month. That place is very near Mr.

Lowther, and the families are much acquainted, so that such a visit will give Fred frequent opportunities of seeing the Lowthers, of receiving such further information as prudence may render necessary, before he shall take the decisive step of making a proposal to Miss Lowther which may influence so eventually the future happiness of both. In consequence of a very serious conversation with him on that subject yesterday, as we went together to dine at General Davidoff's, brother to our Nice acquaintance, and one of the sons-in-law of the Duke of Grammont,[1] and we have settled that he shall leave here on Wednesday the 15th so that he may have a chance of seeing and communicating with his uncle Guilford before he leaves London, and may reach Castleton by the time fixed by Barnes. Fred was much pressed by the Lowthers and promised to make them a visit in Yorkshire soon, and intends, by my suggestion, to try to discover how far his uncle would be disposed to make any such present or prospective settlement on him (whom he has announced to me, and others, as his intended heir) as might enable him to make to the Lowther family a reasonable degree of pecuniary comfort on the supposition of his marrying their daughter.[2]

The eight *conjurés de l'Épingle Noire* were all acquitted after the jury had deliberated till half past eleven on Saturday night. Four, it is said, were for convicting all or some of them.

Oct. 8, *Wednesday*, 5.30 *p.m.*, *Paris.*—We dined, Fred and I, yesterday at Mr. Baring's, Quai de Malaquais. Mrs. Baring, whom I sat next, though a devoted Buonapartist, told me the following anecdote of Napoleon and his brother Joseph. In the Council of the former, on occasion of some severe edict he had issued, when some of the members expressed their surprise at it, the Emperor being absent, Joseph said: "Messieurs ne

[1] These Davidoffs, *i.e.* he and his wife, together with Lord and Lady Ossulston, have lived for a few months at the Hôtel of Maréchal Oudinot in the Faubourg St. Germain.—G.

[2] This marriage scheme, of which there is more mention later, came to nothing. Miss Elizabeth Lowther, daughter of Sir John Lowther, first baronet, never married.

vous en étonnez pas. Cet homme est né tyran, comme Homère était né poète."

Nov. 21, *Friday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*— I dined yesterday at Lord Carrington's and sat next Lady de Ros, who is always most agreeable. At 8 I took up the chevalier de Viella, our old acquaintance at Hampton Court and went with him to the Chancellor's, Mr. d'Ambry, who as President of la Chambre des Pairs occupies the house called le petit Luxembourg, adjoining to the handsome palace of that name, now fitted up for that assembly. He is a handsome, graceful person, and having begun to distinguish himself by his eloquence at the Bar before the Revolution, had the good sense not to emigrate, and thereby preserved his paternal estate (very ample for this country) of between six and seven thousand a year. He is of a cheerful countenance and, Viella tells me, is a great favourite of the King, whom he goes to every evening at 9, amusing by a fund of anecdotes, which he has the talent of narrating very agreeably, very different in that respect, in my opinion, from old Monsieur de Montyon, formerly Chancellor I believe to the King as Monsieur, whom I met often at Lord Mansfield's, and whom they think very entertaining, but who is to me a mere living, though not lively, Joe Miller, but on the contrary as tiresome as the dead one. He resided in England during the greatest part of the Emigration, and is I believe author of the sort of biography of the chief French Finance Ministers from Sully, or Colbert, to Calonne and Necker, which the Speaker (Lord Colchester) recommended to me, and which I read with great pleasure.

Mr. d'Ambry lives with his father-in-law, Mr. de Barbantane, who has also the title of Chancellor, a respectable old man, long an emigrant in England, his son, the —— [*sic*] d'Ambry, one of the new peers of France, the son's wife, and his own daughter and son-in-law Monsieur and Madame de Sesemaine. This sort of patriarchal establishment under the same room [*sic*], and with an united *ménage*, is common in France, and I think in Italy, and almost unknown with us. Query : why this happens, and what it proceeds from or indicates of the national

character. Young d'Ambry has no children, so that his father-in-law's estate will probably be divided between Madame de Sesemaine and her family and a sister of hers. Sesemaine is of an old noble family.

I went afterwards to a rout of gamblers and demireps at Mrs. Cavendish Bradshaw's and ended my evening at Craufurd's.

Nov. 22, *Saturday*, 1 *a.m.*, *before going to bed*, *Paris.*—I called on General Davidoff in the Rue de Bourgogne (Hôtel du Maréchal Oudinot) this morning at half past twelve, and found him and two other Russians eating their breakfast, consisting of hot ragouts, volaille and pastry and champagne, burgundy, claret, tokay and cape. He announces a dinner, and tells me his wife is at home every Thursday.

I afterwards called on the Duke of Broglie, when there came into him Monsieurs Comte and Dunoyer, whose prosecution for editing the *MS. venu de l'Isle de Ste. Hélène* has made so much noise.

Nov. 24, *Monday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris: Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—It is universally said that the Duc d'Angoulême is become a proselyte to the Ministers, and that to make this generally known has been the principal object of his late tour. It is a common report that on this account he was very ill received in the Vendée.

Here is a dictum ascribed to Talleyrand on the occasion of that journey, that he "voyageait en *commis* de M. Decazes, envoyé dans les provinces pour y parler ses ordres." The Ministerialists are taking their revenge by a joke which is said to have vexed and mortified him extremely. *Bancale* it seems is a trivial word for a bandy-legged old woman. The house of Mme. Bancale, the procuress at Rhodes, has become famous since the trial of the assassins of Fualdes. This explanation will sufficiently show the piquant of the two words which were found written on Talleyrand's *porte cochère* in the Rue St. Florentin the other day, viz. *Maison Bancale à Vendre.*

Nov. 25, *Tuesday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris: Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—In the evening I went to a kind of party at Morier's. Afterwards to a very agreeable one at Lady G. Seymour's, now

my neighbour in the Hôtel de Breteuil, and lastly to Talleyrand's crowded periodical Monday's assembly, where Mme. de Périgord gave me so cold, I might say impertinent, a reception as to have provoked the following letter which it is my intention to send her this morning.[1]

Nov. 28, *Friday*, 4.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—The day before yesterday Lord Guilford and I went to the Collège d'Henri IV, where he introduced me to the old and now venerable Chevalier *qui*, *il y a près de* 30 *ans*, *a donné le branle de nouveaux aux disputes sur le site de Troye.* We found him in his apartment adjoining the handsome library of about a hundred and fifty thousand volumes, which the Duke of Orleans, son to the Regent and great grandfather to the present Duke, bequeathed to what was then I believe a convent, and to which, having given in to ascetic devotion, he retired and was buried there (qu.).

We found in Chevalier a cheerful, hearty old Frenchman, with an immense full and bushy head of grey hair, a face coarse and rough, something like what I remember of Mirabeau's, but with a frankness and *bonhommie* not to be read in the face of that extraordinary person.

I had once intended to place Chevalier about Fred Douglas as a domestic preceptor.[2] This was in the year 1794, when the poor little fellow was about three years old! He came

[1] The Comtesse de Talleyrand-Périgord (afterwards Duchesse de Dino), wife of Talleyrand's nephew and a member of his household, had made a great impression on Glenbervie in 1814 (see Sichel, p. 228). The letter, and several subsequent ones, are very long-winded and couched in terms of elaborate irony mixed with a rather senile sentimentality. The pride with which the writer regarded them as compositions is shown both by the fact that he took the trouble to transcribe them in his diary, and by an entry which he made there at the conclusion of the correspondence: "The truth is, the principal motive [in writing the letters] I believe was the vanity of establishing the reputation of writing French well and smartly. . . . Alas! how little have I, even in such little matters, to be vain of, and how often did my dearest Kitty discover that ruling foible to be sole spring of most of my foolish and some of my more culpable actions." The lady's replies were apparently laconic, but the quarrel was made up and Glenbervie continued to visit at Talleyrand's.

[2] See Vol. I, p. 32*n*.

to see me on that occasion at the instance of Jackson, the Dean of Christ Church. I was then a keen Hellenist and fond of his book. But it soon appeared that, at Fred's then time of life, he could have been of no use to him, and he would have expected a large salary. He afterwards went to live with Sir Francis Burdett, and passed, with what justice I know not, for having inspired him with the opinions in religion and politics which have since rendered him so conspicuous. Chevalier recollected, when put in mind of it, his having been with me in Bedford Square one day. Whatever his former opinions may have been he is now a professed and zealous *Ultra*.

8 *a.m.*, *in bed*.—Yesterday I walked quite round the garden of the Tuileries with Lady Charlotte.[1] She is, as everybody not blind by nature or prejudice must be, very much struck with the magnificence of this part of Paris. Were all the rest of the city in unison with it, well might its inhabitants exclaim, *Il n'y a qu'un Paris*, and indeed its grand hotels, numerous palaces, countless gardens, give it when seen panorama-wise from Montmartre, the Domes of the Invalids or St. Geneviève, the towers of Notre Dame (a frightful specimen of Gothic architecture), etc., etc., and the Montagnes Françaises in the Beaujon Garden, the appearance of one boundless park or ornamental wood interspersed with buildings and traversed by a river in nearly its middle. To all this we have little to oppose but St. Paul's, our wide streets and our commodious footways, or trottoirs, probably so called because they are never meant to be trotted on. Indeed a patriotic Frenchman would not allow these to be a convenience, for when a John Bull was gloried [*sic*] in them he shrugged up his shoulders and with a look of triumphant pity said, "Quant à moi je pense qu'il vaut mieux s'arranger sur la *totalité* de nos rues." Our noble river twice a day exhibits its muddy, slimy shores on each side almost half way over, and, for want of quays, its breadth, its beautiful reaches, its splendid bridges and the forest of its masts below that called

[1] Presumably his sister-in-law, Lady Charlotte Lindsay; although in one of his letters to Madame de Périgord he had announced the expected arrival in Paris of Lady Charlotte Greville. On Nov. 26 he records, "Lady Guilford and Lady Charlotte arrived yesterday."

London Bridge, with all the living craft of commercial or pleasure lighters, wherrys and boats of all sorts constantly plying in all directions, all these objects are seldom seen but by the birds or from the highest garrets or breakneck steeples.

At the famous dinner last year at Sir Charles Stuart's, when Talleyrand held the discourse with Pasquier after dinner which occasioned his being forbid the Court, he sat next Lady Mansfield and entertained her with many anecdotes concerning the history and character of Buonaparte and at one time, looking at Pozzo di Borgo, who was there but at a distance, said, with an ironical and malignant sneer (*naso adunco*), " I had always thought him (Napoleon) the extreme instance of a frank, open and undisguised character, till I knew that man."

Nov. 30, *Sunday*, 9.15 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—I received a letter last night from Fred, dated Castleford [*sic* ? Castleton] 21st instant (Friday last was a week). I can deduce nothing very conclusive from its contents, but my conjectures from it are not sanguine.[1]

My dinner at Talleyrand's yesterday was on the whole satisfactory. He was civil enough to make me think that when he means to be entirely so he can be agreeable.

Dec. 2, *Tuesday*, 9.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—Brownlow North and Charles du Blaisel dined with Lady Charlotte and me yesterday. Lady Charlotte afterwards went to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's and with her to Talleyrand's. I had gone there before she came. Madame de Périgord was a little more and Talleyrand extremely civil indeed. There is a hazard table in one of his rooms, and seemingly some high play. Madame d'Aumont and some old dames of the same stamp were last night among the highest players. The majority of the company were, I think, English.

Dec. 5, *Friday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—At Lord Carrington's I met one or two remarkable persons whom I had never seen before. Alderman [Wood] [2]

[1] This refers to the projected courtship of Miss Lowther.

[2] Glenbervie omits the name, but he evidently means Sir Matthew Wood, Lord Mayor 1815-6 and 1816-7 and M.P. for the City from 1817 to 1843. He was created a baronet by Queen Victoria in 1837.

the late Lord Mayor of London, a just, if not a good specimen of city politicians, who after having attained the top of the tree in our first municipal magistracy, and passed the chair which he had filled two successive years, so great and unusual has been his popularity with the livery, is now one of the four representatives of the metropolis in the House of Commons. He is an eager Oppositionist, but has been I understand impartial as a magistrate, active, and as far as his degree of capacity would permit a useful, and in intention an upright, chief of that great Corporation, great in the aggregate, however little most of its individual component parts may have been generally found to be. Lord Stanhope, son-in-law to Lord Carrington, like his late father in looks (but *en beau*) and in manner. Whether he has any of his genius for mathematical sums, or any of his odd buffoonery, I have never heard. There were besides Mr. Dubec (or some such name), whom I have often met at Craufurd's and found a person of very agreeable conversation. Query: Who and what he is, or has been. Mr. and Mme. Brean or de Brean [? Brehan] —she was I believe one of the ladies of Josephine and is handsome and agreeable. Sir John Borlase Warren and Lady Warren, etc., etc.

With the two last, at Lady Warren's desire, I went to the Duchess of Orleans' first public evening of reception, which was very brilliant and numerous. One third, however, both of the men and women were foreigners (and these for by far the greater number British).

Lady Charlotte, whom I met at the Palais Royal, went with Lady Elizabeth Stuart, who had brought her there, and I accompanied them to Mme. de Prinsteau [1] or rather to her brother's, Decazes', at his hôtel du Ministère de la Police, Quai de Malaquais—or de Voltaire. She does the honours of his house, as Mme. de Périgord does of Talleyrand's. She is a pretty, little young woman, seems lively, and does the honours of a ministerial soirée extremely well. He is a young looking man and, I should judge, not more than thirty; of an open,

[1] Query: Princetau. Her husband has been made a Préfét and thus *relegué dans un province.*—G.

smiling, yet thoughtful countenance, obliging in his manner of receiving, and reckoned by the other sex particularly—undoubtedly the best judges—very handsome. He is generally allowed to be a man of abilities, but the Royalists will not allow that his power and influence (for his rank in the Council of Ministers, or what we should call the Cabinet, is much inferior to the Duke of Richelieu's as President of that Council) is chiefly owing to any very transcendent talents, but in a great degree to personal favouritism, and the *agréments* of his sister's manners and conversation. The fact certainly is that she makes part of the King's habitual society, passing almost every evening at the Tuileries, insomuch that some of those who recollect that for above a century a mistress *en titre* formed, in general, a part of the royal establishment in France had long an idea that she was to be considered as holding that station. This supposition, however, is generally rejected (or, in vulgar phrase, scouted) and treated (to continue the same sort of fashionable slang) as *fudge* and *humbug*.

I dined yesterday at the Duke Decazes',[1] in the Pavilion de Flore, being that part of the Palace of the Tuileries which forms the south end or corner, nearly adjoining to the Pont Royal. His apartment is in the very garret of this Pavilion, and yet is said often to smell so strong of the kitchen as to make it ill entitled to that name. I met Lord and Lady Mansfield there, and, for the second time within these few days, Kutschenberg. I had seen him a few evenings before at Madame de Souza's. At dinner I sat between two Germans, a lady and a gentleman, with both of whom I had a great deal of conversation on German (as well as English and French) literature. She I found was wife to the Danish Minister, and a great friend of Madame Apponyi's. Edward Montagu was the only other English person who dined there.

After dinner I first paid *mes devoirs* to Madame Davidoff, or rather to her husband, for I had received the general invitation

[1] Élie, Duc Decazes, Préfect of Police, but actually, though not nominally, the head of the Government and the most powerful man in France.

for every Thursday evening about three weeks ago from him. She was not yet come home from having dined with Sir George and Lady Warren, but they all three came in together a little after me. When I first arrived I found nobody but that *big large Boo*,[1] Davidoff himself, a Duchesse de la Force, nearly related to the Grammonts, and the Duc de Guiche, who is grown fat, puffed, inelegant and coxcomical. Roubeston (who dined the other day with us at Mr. Greville's, and is the author of an absurd and impertinent book about the English Government which he had printed in England four or five years ago and gave a copy of it to Trevor, who lent it me) told us that Duc Guiche's marriage is settled, with the rich and deformed heiress of a banker. This seems to be a common sort of matrimonial alliance in France between riches and deformity on the one part and rank on the other. My dear Charlotte and I met and finished the evening together at Lady Mansfield's, whose first soirée was very successful, numerous yet select, and a fair proportion, being an English house, of French and English.

Somebody told me last night, in a conversation on the common topic of the preference now given by the rich among the French and by foreigners to the quarter of the Tuileries, or the north-west part of the town, over the Faubourg St. Germain, and the adherence of the old nobility and great families to their grand, but now ill-furnished and uncomfortable, hotels in the Rues de Varennes, de Grenelle, de Bourbon, etc., etc., that Buonaparte used to say, "*Qu'il n'y avoit que deux royaumes qui'l n'avait jamais pu dompter—celui d'Angleterre, et celui du Faubourg St. Germain.*" I believe it was Madame de Brehan, who probably had heard him say so. Madame de Périgord was at Lady Mansfield's.

Dec. 7, *Sunday*, 6 *p.m.*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—I have received a very *promising* letter from my dearest son this morning, and have answered it, to go by to-morrow's post.

Dec. 10, *Wednesday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—I had a long *tête-à-tête* yesterday with Madame la

[1] A part of our family nonsense which Fred and Aunty Charlotte would understand.—G.

Marquise de Brehan, at her house, No. 4 Rue de la Madeleine. The conversation began with the usual routine, the weather, the numbers of English at Paris, the English language, etc., etc. After those topics had been some time talked over in the different modes of commonplace observation, I tried to lead the conversation to Buonaparte. I said she must have known more or less the Princess Aldobrandini. She said she had known her and her husband, and his brother, very well. That Buonaparte had placed her *au près de sa soeur Pauline*, etc. She said she considered Buonaparte rather as a fortunate adventurer than as a truly great man. I concurred in this, adding that I had understood that he was commonly called *un homme d'esprit*, a man who had the talent of saying things in a pointed, epigrammatic or sententious way. This is certainly the common notion with us in England, and many French persons to whom I have mentioned it had confirmed it. But she said she did not think it at all true. That he had genius, but not wit, that he was verbose (*verbeux*), and when he laid hold of any idea or turn of expression that pleased him he used to dwell upon it to a tiresome degree of prolixity and repetition. That he had no taste for poetry (by which, however, I found she meant French poetry). That he was fond of quoting long passages of verse, but never correctly, substituting words longer or shorter for others of the same meaning without any sense of what was necessary to the measure, which he constantly professed not to understand. That he read a great deal, and had a great but not exact knowledge of history, liking chiefly to speak of that of the Greeks and Romans, of Alexander and Caesar. That he used to depreciate Louis XIV, and though he did not venture to affect equal contempt or ever directly to disparage Henri IV, as knowing him to be the idol of the French, it was a known rule with his courtiers to avoid all praise or even mention of him in his presence or hearing. She said he had a great memory for the series of sovereigns and great families in different countries, and mentioned as an extraordinary instance of this that he once repeated to her the long list of the Caliphs of Egypt. But I think it appeared that this had been not long after his return

from Egypt, when his head was still full of his projects of sovereignty in that country. He talked much of the legitimacy of the race of Valois, but spoke of the Bourbons as usurpers,[1] That he liked to talk about mathematics and with the celebrated mathematicians whom she named. That she had never heard him mention Turenne, Prince Eugène or any of our great captains, as the Duke of Marlborough, but that he had acknowledged that the Duke of Wellington was a great general. (In this she did not speak from anything she herself had heard him say.)

She said his predominant feelings and object seemed to have been hatred of the Bourbons, and, as a more personal antipathy, of Pozzo di Borgo and the crushing the power of England. That his attack of Spain (the first step towards the reverse of his fortune) was with the original and express intention of extirpating every branch of the House of Bourbon. I asked her if it was true, as commonly said, that Talleyrand's having dissuaded this was the cause of his disgrace; she said she knew and could aver that the contrary was the truth, that she knew it from the following circumstance. She was well acquainted with and often saw the Duc de Bassano (Maret).[2] That on her mentioning this common opinion to him, he told her that so far from its being true, the fact was the very reverse, for that Talleyrand had suggested it, and that on her seeming to doubt, he directed one of his secretaries to fetch a sort of report, or memoir, purporting to be drawn up by Talleyrand, and I think she said in his handwriting, the object of which was to recommend the *envahissement* of Spain and expulsion of the present dynasty, on the ground that his own sovereignty never would be secure till that race was extinct.

This led me naturally to talk of the assertion in the *MS. venu de St. Hélène*, that Talleyrand was the great adviser of the seizure and death of the Duke of Enghien. Of the truth of that fact also she said there was no doubt, and mentioned as two strong confirmations of it, viz. that she has seen very full and interesting memoirs or diaries kept by Sir Neil Campbell

[1] On what ground ?—G.

[2] Napoleon's secretary.

of his intercourse and conversations with Buonaparte on the island of Elba, and that in these there is repeated mention of Buonaparte's telling him that that act was on the suggestion and counsel of Talleyrand. She says she knows Sir Neil Campbell, but that it was a friend of hers to whom he had lent those papars who had allowed her to read them. The other ground of her opinion was that the Duke de Bourbon has declared that he will never come to the Court of France while he runs the risk of meeting Talleyrand there.

Madame de Brehan seems to be considered as an *intrigante*, and what the Ultras call *mauvaise*, or, as the English Ultras who are at Paris translate it, a black sheep.

She told me the above anecdotes concerning Talleyrand under an injunction of secrecy. I have met her often at Craufurd's, and also at Talleyrand's, and at Princess Jablonowsky's and last Thursday (for the first time of her being there, as Lady Mansfield herself told me) at Lady Mansfield's. She has been handsome and has *des beaux restes*, and is very agreeable.

Dec. 12, *Friday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris: Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—I hear in the mixed society I endeavour to frequent many anecdotes from persons whose means of knowing the truth of them leave me at the time no doubt of their authenticity, though I cannot afterwards recollect, in many instances, who those persons were.

Such is the anecdote which was told as a proof of the extraordinary power Talleyrand possesses of controlling his temper, and his tongue, under whatever sort of provocation. This seeming tranquility of mind and unconquerable discretion and taciturnity used to throw Buonaparte into violent fits of impatience and passion. Once, or perhaps more than once, when he was desirous to get an opinion from this most artful of men, and after he had tried with great earnestness to get him to enter on the subject, but without success, he laid hold of both ends of the collar of his coat and shook him with great fury, crying, "Parle donc, *bourreau.*" This perhaps was after Talleyrand had rendered himself an accomplice before the fact, or rather indeed a co-principal with himself, in the murder of the Duke d'Enghien.

I dined at home yesterday with Brownlow North, and Charles du Blaisel, Lady Charlotte having been invited to a great dinner at the Palais Royal. In the evening we met at Lady Mansfield's soirée. The French being now out of mourning, it was easy to see how much the English predominated in numbers, although Lady Mansfield's parties, next to the Ambassadress's, are those which the good company among the French are most willing to come to. Lady Mansfield has a remarkable talent in rendering her house agreeable. Her manner is gentle, quiet, but lively, with a foundation of excellent sense and superadded to this that natural (and otherwise unattainable) tact for knowing never to say too much, nor too little, never to push a subject too far, and to proportion what she says, or lets others say, to the occasion, the character or situation of the person in society, etc., etc. Lady Elizabeth Stuart has the same disposition to oblige and desire to make the distinctions which *les bienséances de société* require, but in that respect her task is more difficult, having the character of Ambassadress to sustain, and so bad a coadjutor in the Ambassador. Lady Mansfield would make an excellent successor to Lady Elizabeth, and Lord Mansfield would be a much better representative of the British nation than Sir Charles Stuart. Indeed as far as *representation* goes, it would be difficult to find a worse. Lord Mansfield's manner is not showy. He is by no means *demonstratif*. It is perhaps on that account suited to the national character of his country, and he is very obliging in his way, and very hospitable. I am sure he has ten times Sir Charles's information and has I believe better abilities.

Dec. 14, *Sunday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—After having dined at home yesterday in order to give a little *repas* to our old acquaintance Madame de Corvesy of Nice, we went with her and the two Beresfords, Lady Francis, of beautiful memory and remains, and her pretty daughter, to the Théâtre des Vaudevilles, and saw there three very entertaining little pieces. The —— [*sic*] *Paris à Pekin*, a farce of parody and mimicry which has a great run, and another in vaudevilles, called *Gaspard l'Avisé*, from the principal part, that of a

cunning *Norman* (qu.) woodman, which was admirably acted by—— [*sic*].

From that playhouse Lady Charlotte and I went directly, after setting Madame de Corvesy home, to the concert at Madame d'Aumont's. The company there was more numerous than I had ever seen it. But we remarked that, contrary to everything I have hitherto seen at any of the great reunions there or at Talleyrand's, the number of French, especially of the women, far exceeded those of the English. Their difference of dress, the French being now in coloured clothes, made this very obvious. How did this happen? There were indeed at several of the six or seven theatres of chief note, favourite performers and performances last night: at the Opera particularly, where Tremaz Zarri—*naguère les delices* of the fashionables and dandies of Paris and London—was hissed for no other reason I could learn but because he has lost in a considerable degree the paramount charms of his voice (and no doubt those of his person also). But on other Saturdays favourite pieces have been given, and favourite actors and singers have performed. Had the French ladies having observed, and heard so much from ourselves, of the inundation of English at all such great assemblies, resolved, by coming early, to occupy all the benches and seats and to squeeze such of the English as might come later (their usual custom) into the narrow lane between the seats and the windows? This odd reason might account for the presence of so many French, but cannot for the absence of the English.

It is a remark founded on attentive observation that of the English women of distinction who are here, those most popular, most in fashion, most *recherchées* as *aimables*, *respectables*, *bonnes*, *dignes*, etc., are those of more or less liberal conduct in their earlier days. Lady Aldborough, my old fellow servant in Dublin (for she was the too conspicuous favourite of the Lord Lieutenant when I was Chief Secretary) I hear daily qualified, by women and men, with all those epithets. Her excellent dinners, her numerous and yet select parties are the objects of ambition and encomium to all the *beau monde*, all the good company of Paris. I do not like even in this diary to put down others,

such as my old and good natured or good-tempered acquaintance the widow Lady Hawarden; the equally old acquaintance and much older person—as lively and obliging—if not equally good-natured, Lady Clare; the still beautiful Lady Elizabeth Monck, beautiful still even by day, and in air and manner and, for ought I know, or ever heard to the contrary, in disposition gentle, graceful, with cheerfulness in company, never at least going beyond the limits of true fashion and becoming mirth; even the widow Jackson, a German indeed but the widow of an English diplomate, and having a better fame in that her adopted country than in her native Hanover, only perhaps [because] she came to it older and with less tempting attractions; Mrs. Fitzherbert, for if not noble born, nor illustrious from any acknowledged marriage, her connection with British royalty makes her distinguished. She has indeed the universal reputation of many good qualities, and, being a Catholic, may believe herself the Regent's more lawful wife. Mrs. Craufurd herself, the mother of a now almost royal illegitimate daughter, Madame la Comtesse d'Orsay, my acquaintance and correspondent in German at the end of the year 1793 till a short letter *from* her mother in French (a language which that good creature cannot speak with a single syllable almost of grammar) but written by God knows whom put an end to that, God knows on my part, most innocent intercourse. She was then called Mlle. Franco-man [?], the acknowledged daughter of one of the Dukes of Wurtemberg (query of the last King) by Madame Sullivim [?], for Mrs. Craufurd, when I knew all the three at Brussels in that year, was, and had been, and continued for many years afterwards the mistress, to bear that more than conspicuous name, but has now for some years become the wife, and indeed the most attentive, assiduous wife and obliging good-natured mistress of Craufurd's house.[1] The Duchess d'Aumont cannot be brought into the above list, though the mention of her name led me to think of it, and she lived so long in England under the more or less respected name of Duchess de Pienne. She is now one of the *grandes dames* of this Court, and as far as the

[1] Neither the *D.N.B.* nor Burke gives Quintin Craufurd a wife.

general conversation of polite society goes of untouched reputation.

A little story is told of the Duchess de Pienne while she lived (about seven or eight years ago) in a poor lodging somewhere between Kensington and Hammersmith, where the villa of the Margravine (formerly Lady Craven) is situated, concerning a very characteristic and significant dialogue between those two personages. The Margravine thought herself entitled by their degree of acquaintance and her nonsense [?] or fancy of superior rank and better repute, and as an Englishman [*sic*] better acquainted with the morals or *bienséances* of England than a foreigner could be, to enter upon certain rumoured improprieties in Madame de Pienne's conduct. "Madame," said she, "ce qu'on dit et qu'on sait que vous faites blesse toutes nos idées de convenance." "Qu'est-ce donc ?" demande l'autre, "parlez." "Hé bien, c'est une veritable honte. C'est que *vous vous faites payer*." "Ah c'est donc cela, et cela est il donc pire que de *payer*. Car c'est-la, ma chère Margravine, ce que vous faites, dit-on, et ce que je crois que vous êtes obligée de faire."

It was about that time probably that a disagreeable adventure happened to Madame de Pienne which caused a good deal of amusement at her expense. A man being seen coming out of her window in the middle of the night by the watchman of that neighbourhood when going his rounds, he laid hold of him, and a contest and scuffle and high words ensuing, the Duchess, who was watching at the window, called out in her broken English, "*Rascál, he is not a tief. It be mine loaver* !"

Dec. 15, *Monday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli*.—It is to-day three months since Fred and I came to Paris. I came here to stay a fortnight. It has been so all my life.

Dec. 16, *Tuesday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli*.—I went for an hour to the Chambre des Deputés yesterday, but had unluckily left it, tired with the monotony and *inaudibility* of the Minister Count Corvette's [1] opening of the budget, before the discussion was re-opened on the liberty

[1] Originally a Genoese.—G.

of the press and consequently before Decazes mounted the tribune and attacked those who had spoken against the law, but especially Villèle, with a degree of intemperate and apparently ungovernly passion, which made the subject of general whispers and conjectures last night at Talleyrand's. The Ultras and those of the Liberaux who were there, and had not the imperturbable command of countenance of the master of the house, could not conceal their inconsistent hopes, nor the Ministerialists, of the same indiscreet description, their fear. Talleyrand's part at those assemblies is very remarkable. He is constantly moving, limping backwards and forwards through the crowd, in the different rooms, and to and from the door of entry from the ante-room, conducting those of mark who arrive, and accompanying them when they retire, according to the lesson in Homer, which probably, however, he never read even in French, nor even heard of:

τον ξενον προσιοντα φερειν, ἀπιοντα δε πεμπειν.

He proportions his smiles, more or less gracious, his words, more or less laconic, and the length of his accompaniment, more or less considerable, to the distinction which he wishes to demonstrate. All this sort of practical manoeuvring gives him more the air of an awkward master of ceremonies, than of a dignified statesman, and candidate, which he is understood to be, for the place which he so long filled under Buonaparte and so lately under Louis XVIII.

Dec. 17, *Wednesday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—The letter from Fred yesterday has overturned all my hopes of the most desirable marriage for him. This mortifying circumstance has not surprised though it has cruelly disappointed me.

Dec. 18, *Thursday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—Lady Charlotte and I dined in a separate room at the Restaurateur Billotte's, on the Rue de Vivienne side of the Palais Royal, with Sir Thomas and Lady Lucy Foley, Lord Henry FitzGerald, Lady Lucy's brother (whom I and my dear Kitty used to call King Henry, on account of his reign at Kensington during which all continued so decorous and Princess-

like) and his wife Lady de Ros, and Captain George Elliot, who had been James Gordon's contemporary and ship-mate on board Foley's ship the *Elephant* at the battle of the Nile.[1] Lady Lucy, whom I sat next, told me that that most distinguished officer, brave but gentle, tranquil, quiet and unpretending always, talks of those two *boys*, for so he calls them, as of two sons. The dinner and service were wretched and the room cold and uncomfortable. I conjecture that the master must have been an old servant in the Duke of Orleans' household.

Dec. 21, *Sunday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris*—Yesterday, in the morning, the plan I formed was to go, after breakfast, to call on those persons, booksellers and savants, whom I had visited with Sir Peck (Lord Guilford) during the morning of one of the two whole days he remained here, to dine at home with Lady Charlotte, and in the evening to go to Madame Greffulhe's, who had a soirée contrived on purpose to make me not acquainted with (that never or very rarely answers, when designed, especially with persons who have the morgue of celebrity, whether from eminent rank, office, and talents for public life, or from real or supposed reputation as wits, as *beaux esprits*, as authors, etc.), but to exhibit to me and some of her friends of both sexes in Paris, the noted, some would say notorious, ex-Archbishop of Mechlin (Malines),[2] the Abbé de Pradt, and finally to join Lady Charlotte at Lady Elizabeth Stuart's. Lady Charlotte was to spend the earlier part of the evening in the box of the Dukes of Richelieu, Duras, etc., at Les Français.

This predetermined plan I, for a wonder, was able to accomplish. I began about 12 with Nicolapoli, the Greek, who is librarian at the Institute, formerly the College Mazarin, or des Quatre Nations. He was not come there and I was directed to return at 1. My next call was on Royer, Rue de Lodi, No. 7, a bookseller or rather broker of old and curious books—a bookbawd as Fred North would say. I escaped from

[1] Foley's ship at the battle of the Nile was the *Goliath*, which led the line. The *Elephant* was his ship at Copenhagen, where he was flag captain.

[2] Madame de Greffulhe says he was a member of the Constitutional Assembly.—G.

him at the trifling cost of five or six livres and proceeded to the hotel of the Turkish Minister, Manaro, in the Rue de la Planche, No. 11. He was from home. From thence, going to return Le Chevalier's visit, who lodges in the Collège de Henri 4, close to the church of St. Geneviève, during the Revolution unchristened and paganised by the name of Pantheon. He too was from home. On my way back from that extremity of the town I went again to the Bibliothèque de l'Institut, and having now found Mr. Nicolapoli, and also Monsieur Charles, the first discoverer of *gaseous* balloons, to whom Madame d'Esmengart had been so good as to mention my name, and having passed an entertaining half hour with that clever, wordy, vehement and *impressée* niece of Madame d'Hénin, Madame de Greffulhe (*veuve et belle-mére des deux Greffulhes*), I got home time enough before dinner to make a short call on Mrs. Spalding, *née* Eden, at our adjoining hotel, or rather inn, the Hôtel de Meurice.

8.30 *a.m.*, *in bed.*—Madame de Greffulhe had got together several handsome women, her own daughter the Comtesse de Castellane much the handsomest, and several agreeable men, as Mr. d'Aubusson, who talked to me about the Harcourts; Monsieur le Baron de Vitrolles, author of an anonymous [book] which Madame de Greffulhe had lent me; his wife, a lusty, goodly woman who was to have drawn the Abbé out and touched for that purpose the irresistible chord of Buonaparte but failed in this; their daughter, I think also very handsome, unlike, but who to many eyes, but not to mine, may appear handsomer than Madame de Castellane; a son-in-law I think of Madame de Greffulhe, who came late; Madame de Bouflers, the widow of the Chevalier de Bouflers and of a former husband Mr. de Sabran; her son by that husband, the Chevalier de Sabran, a poet or at least author of printed writings in verse. He told me that the Chevalier de Bouflers, his father-in-law, had left his MSS. to his care, that he is getting them ready for publication, though as to his charming verses, the change of manners, corruption of taste and revolutionary ways of thinking, made the present time unfavourable for such a publication.

The entertainment, as now general in the *soirées privées*, tea,

formally made by the lady of the house (as in the present case) or some daughter or young friend, with ices and cakes.

The ex-Metropolitan, and now monthly pamphleteer, was dressed like an Abbé, but with a silver star-plaque or *crachat* (I suppose of the Legion of Honour). His appearance is gentlemanlike, and so are his manners, or what in the modern phraseology they would call *ses formes*. His eye lively and piercing. He was very quiet and composed, but quick in his discourse. In short he would have struck me as a soberer, more rational, better bred person than I had conceived him to be, but Madame —— [*sic*] told me that when brought on his favourite and habitual chapter of Buonaparte he takes fire, gesticulates, jumps from his chair, in short become himself, and such as his writings announce. She promised me, but late in the evening, to bring him on that inexhaustible subject, but while she was watching the opportunity and I was waiting for it with some impatience he slipped away, and very soon after the whole party dispersed.

I went immediately to Lady Elizabeth's, where, though now midnight, I followed a considerable string of arriving carriages. That crowded assembly was also dispersed in less than half an hour. I made several attempts with de Pradt, but found him recalcitrating, not very politely, that is, *putting one by*, as I used to describe that manner to my ownest dearest wife. Once indeed I contrived about ten or twelve minutes *tête-à-tête* conversation with him, on the constant, and almost sickening topic of the two languages. He does not [know a] word of English; cannot even read an English newspaper; made some fruitless attempt to learn it some time ago; means to try again next autumn. Then all the hackneyed stuff about the universality of French, that *all* the English as the other nations are so good as to speak them to them. That, however, he conceived the English to be perhaps more generally known and practised by merchants, and in commercial matters. This put me in mind of the *nation boutiquière* of the first Assemblies and leaders, the Brissots, the Petions, the Robespierres, Buonaparte, etc.

I almost disdained to tell him that was not our idea of the

matter, that when we meant to characterise our language we referred to our Addisons, our Popes, our Shakespeares, etc. To this *ne verbum quidem* on his part, I reminded him of Voltaire's over-strained panegyrics on English literature and his envious abuse of it in his latter days. He said the first was when he was *young*, implying his immaturity of taste and judgment. This was not worth answering. But I did make him confess that his latter pretended opinion was partly the fickleness of his humour and partly because he had grown [tired] of those writers whom he himself had taught to admire the English literature.

I had some conversation with Mr. de Sabran and his mother about her husband, *his* mother and other relations, and about Madame du Deffand and Horace Walpole.

7 *p.m.*—One of the gentlemen at Madame de Greffulhe's last night told the following story of Lord Byron, and M. Rocca, now the declared widower of Madame de Staël. One day at Coppet last year Lord Byron had been abusing the Genevans as dull, tiresome, stupid people, and troublesome with their strict religion and morality. He had at that time been living [there] three or four months. Rocca, having heard him say all this, said to him at last, "What, my Lord, have tempted you *de vous fourrer dans cette caverne de bonne bête ?*"

Dec. 22, *Monday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris : Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—At nine I went to Madame d'Henin's and found her alone except only a little hanger-on of a woman who retired soon after to make room for the agreeable and gentle Madame Dupont, wife of General Count Dupont.[1] With her and Madame d'Henin I remained till between ten and eleven, and have seldom spent two hours more to my satisfaction. The conversation was at first weather, the Chambre, where Madame Dupont had been on Saturday, the general talk about all the metaphysics, choked with party, and as to one of the ladies' *personal* prejudices, of the liberty of the press. I ventured to turn the current and to enquire if there had been any late novels

[1] Pierre Antoine, Comte Dupont de l'Étang, who served with distinction through the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, but meeting with defeat in Spain was deprived of his rank and title and imprisoned. He was restored by Louis XVIII, of whose *conseil privé* he was a member.

of merit published. They could not mention any. We spoke of Madame Colin's and Madame d'Arblay's. I was afraid to mention Madame de Flahault's. They had not heard of *Charles Barrymore*. At last Madame d'Henin said something of Buonaparte. This was naturally a subject familiar to Madame Dupont. Her husband had been long a favourite officer with him. He is clearly an object of great interest, *en bien ou en mal*, with all the French, high and low. Madame d'Henin seemed inclined to dwell most on the admiration of his extraordinary actions; Madame Dupont, on those parts of his character and conduct by which her husband had suffered. She mentioned, rather abruptly, circumstances of the battle which Dupont lost, in Spain, tending to prove that his conduct there was in consequence of orders which had been given by Buonaparte.

Till that event he had been in great favour. After the victory a bulletin was to be made and Monsieur Dupont—then I think she said Aide-Majeur of Buonaparte—was the person to prepare it. Buonaparte asked him how many wounded have you. He answered according to the returns, so many thousands. "O, that cannot be. There must be a vast many more; make them three times as many." How many killed? So many. Impossible, they must be only half that number. So of the prisoners of the enemy double the fact. Afterwards, how do you mean to call the battle? From the name of such a village, the nearest to the field. No, that won't do. That is an obscure and ill-sounding name. Then, after a pause, "*Marengo*, *Marengo*, that sounds well. It shall be *Marengo*."

She says before the battle of Lodi there was a council of his principal officers, who were all of opinion that the passage of the bridge ought not to be undertaken. That Berthier stated the great hazard and strong probability of failure, with loss of many of the troops and much of the reputation he had acquired. Buonaparte paused and then said: "The bridge must be passed, and Berthier you shall lead the attack." Accordingly Berthier did lead, and Buonaparte remained in the rear. In many other parts of what she said, gently, and with a mild and very persuasive countenance, but manifestly with a breast too much overflowing

with affection and partiality for her hushand, she imputed generally a backwardness in Buonaparte to expose his life.

Her husband was in great favour during all the campaigns in Germany. After the battle of Friedland, Buonaparte said to him, "This victory has been gained by you." He proposed to make him Maréchal on that occasion, but his advisers prevented it by suggesting that Dupont was young and many early occasions would occur for that advancement of him, while there were other officers whose immediate claims were urgent, and who had suffered hardships, wounds, imprisonment, etc.

She returned to the fabrication of bulletins and told us that on some occasion, I think that I have already mentioned, of Marengo, finding Dupont tenacious of the truth, he said, "I see you will never succeed in deceiving mankind."

Dec. 23, *Tuesday*, 10 *a.m.*, *Paris: Hôtel de Rivoli.*—The Duchess de Broglie came into the Ambassador's Tribune and sat next me all the time I remained at the Chamber yesterday. She was a much more agreeable neighbour than the Duchess de la Force, who had taken the place next me for several days before, and whose person and manner tempts to pun on her name. Madame de Broglie is particularly gentle, is grown very handsome and interesting, with a soft, pleasing voice and beautiful dark eyes. She is pale, but of an animated paleness, wears no rouge (perhaps only at present, because still in deep mourning for her mother).[1] Her manners are almost the reverse of what her mother's were, who was eager, often disputatious, often rising to a tone of declamation beyond the becoming limit in conversation, sometimes boisterous. Then her carriage was awkward, with arms a-kimbo sometimes, as when she was presented to our Queen. The daughter speaks always in a low tone, accompanying what she says with a persuasive, obliging look. They were alike in good humour, and as to the mother I know, and believe as to the daughter, good-natured.

Dec. 24, *Wednesday*, 3.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris: Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—I called on Madame de Broglie on Monday evening when she asked me to dine with them to-day, and to-day I

[1] Madame de Staël.

found there, at dinner, besides the Duke and her, Schlegel, who I believe lives there, her brother Baron de Staël, Mrs. ——, the Englishwoman, a strange punch-like figure, but I believe a sensible person, whom I saw with Madame de Staël at Coppet last year, ——, an aide-de-camp of the Duke de Raguse, and Monsieur de la Harpe, famous as having been the preceptor of the Emperor Alexander, and long his favourite. He is a tall, good-looking man of I should suppose about sixty, with thick grayish hair and a countenance which bespeaks an open character or temper. I have promised to dine there again to-morrow.

On Tuesday I was introduced by the younger, or English, Greffulhe to his sister-in-law at her assembly or soirée, which is one of the most fashionable weekly *réunions* or *thés*, she herself being one of the Chateau. She is a little lively, neither well nor ill looking woman, and what in former days would have been called a *petite maitresse*. The company was numerous, but yet I suppose might be called choice, both as to the French and English. I remained there but a short time, and finished the *evening* (*i.e.* till quarter past 12) at poor Craufurd's, whom I found, as well as Mrs. Craufurd, very low. The poor grand-daughter of Mrs. Craufurd is thought to be dying. She has spit blood for some time. She is the darling of Craufurd, as well as of that hearty good-hearted old *Aspasia* her grandmother—Aspasia in nothing but her original profession. No other company remained when I arrived but Madame d'Orsay and Madame de Brehan. Their intimacy is not favourable to the good repute of Madame Brehan. Is she otherwise of or entitled to be of good repute ?

Dec. 25, *Thursday* (*Chrstmas Day*), 4 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôteli de Rivoli*.—This will be the first Christmas day I have ever spent since the 26th of September, 1789 (the day of our marriage) not in the company of my dear, dear, lost, lost, in this world, forever, my dearest ownest wife. This time last year, even then, then, so near the night between the 5th and 6th of last February, hope still remained with us all, with me, with herself, that she might live other Christmas days and in enjoyable though valetudinarian health. Everything Dr. Baillie had said, to

herself, to me, what he said to her, and nothing to contradict that to me, on the 3rd of that melancholy, maddening month of February, left still that hope. I had gone to bed under that hope on that very evening of the 5th of that month, under that hope, and having had disturbed sleep till I suppose about 4 o'clock, was wakened about 7 or 8, the usual hour for Joseph to come into my room, by him, who in answer to my usual eager enquiry, uttered something I scarcely know what, and going out of the room, was instantly followed by Doctor Holland and received first from his manner, and then by his answer that all was over, that I was never again to see, to hear, to speak to her alive—that the unspeakable blessing of the relation between man and wife when that holy tie is such as it was, *had been*, with us, is dissolved.

Lord and Lady William Bentinck took an early dinner with us yesterday in our little apartment. We have now the same *traiteur* and are supplied on the same terms. It was a trial of him yesterday and we are to repeat it in their apartment, viz. the second or third floor of the same part of this house, on some other day.

After dinner I called on the Villiers' whom I luckily found at home and without company. Villiers having occasion to retire with their daughter, who seemed to be indisposed, to carry her in a manner to her chamber, I took the opportunity of having a long and intimate conversation with her about Fred, on the subject of what Comte de Turenne and Lord Beauchamp had said to me of him. The result was satisfactory, and her warm praises of Fred's moral character, honourable principles, popular manners and affectionate heart towards her we have lost and me, were gratifying in the highest degree.

From Mr. Villiers's I returned home and carried Lady Charlotte to Madame d'Henin's, where we spent an hour very much to her taste and mine, having found there, besides the family couple, viz. the Princess and Sally, Madame Dupont, and Mlle. d'Alpay, justly celebrated in that amusing and clever book, though reprobated by good taste and good opinions for many defects and vulgarities or false ornaments of style and

many sins against the sounder principles of politics and even morality and religion—the much read and by both French and English the much censured *France* by Lady Morgan. The encomiums in the text and note of that page on Mlle. d'Alpay is excellently well written,[1] and though strongly drawn is not overstrained. Her singing, in several beautiful romances, and her conversation seemed to us to deserve all there said of her. Not a beauty, her face has something irresistibly attractive. She speaks English with great fluency. But how few accomplished young French women do not.

There was also at Madame d'Henin's the little good-looking hanger-on I had seen on the former occasion. Madame d'Alpay sung, while the most interesting Comtesse Dupont amused herself and us by drawing and then cutting out figures to be used for those sort of *ombres chinoises* which began to be so much in fashion last spring in London and which she executes with great taste and facility.

Dec. 26, *Friday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—I have been awake I believe about two hours and have said the prayers I selected from the Morning Service, at Battle, soon after my wife's death, and have offered up every morning and evening since. I have then read a little of Dionysius Halicarnassus.

Yesterday I went to the Royal Chapel in the Tuileries to hear the famous preacher—l'Abbé Freysinons—who has preached in Advent five sermons, of which this was the last, before the King and Royal Family. Alas, I heard but very little, though placed nearly opposite the pulpit, and behind the King and his attendants, in a very advantageous place owing to the civility of Madame de la Ferronaye and her father Monsieur Montsoreau and of the Duchesse de Narbonne Pellet who made room for me. My deafness has nearly annihilated all my pleasure from public speaking, whether in Parliament, the Chamber of Deputies here, the stage, or the pulpit, and my sight has so failed that I did not recognise the two ladies whom I have mentioned till Madame de ——, who sat next me, told me who they were. So alarming

[1] Vol. i. (2nd ed.), p. 323.

are become the progressive advances of extreme senility: "And already knowledge at those entries half shut out." [1]

Dec. 28, *Sunday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—I dined yesterday at the Duke of Broglie's, having been asked to meet Camille Jourdan and Royer Collard,[2] whose speech on the last day I had attended the debates in the Chamber of Deputies I had commended. The rest of the party consisted, besides the Duke and Duchess, and her mother's English companion, who now seems an inmate with them, and Schlegel, who also seems to live with them, of Baron de Staël the Duchess's brother, who I understand is taking measures to get naturalised in France, and of three other gentlemen, whose names did not transpire, and who spoke little (how could they, among such incessant talkers?) and none of the three said anything which could excite curiosity.

The Duke, Royer Collard (the Tydides of the day), Camille Jourdan, who is a great friend of Fred Douglas's and of great reputation as an honest moderate man, and Baron de Staël, with much attention and a remark every now and then from Madame de Staël, occupied the whole conversation during the *seance*, for such this dinner seemed, except that there was no President's bell to recall to order or to prevent two or three from speaking at once. Schlegel made several ineffectual efforts to have his accustomed share, but as a foreigner like myself, which, with all his skill and practice in French, his German accent betrays, his observations on late proceedings in the House of Deputies, and on things in general, for he tried both lines, fell to the ground *sine ictu.*

As for my attempts, once or twice, to say a single word or two on their frequent references to our English modes of legislating, I was not permitted to finish a sentence, and all I did utter was *taken*, as the French phrase is, as if I had said nothing.

After dinner, the group of *discuteurs* formed itself round

[1] Milton.—G.

[2] Pierre Paul Royer-Collard, statesman and philosopher; at this time Commissioner of Public Instruction and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, of which he was president at the time of the Revolution of 1830.

Madame de Broglie, and left Schlegel to me on its outside, though luckily next the fire as the evening was intensely cold. I was happy in this excluded situation as it gave me an opportunity of enquiring after an intended treatise of his concerning some of the provincial dialects of France, which he had mentioned one afternoon at Lord Holland's. He has promised me a copy of it when printed, which he says will be before February.

I sat next Madame de Broglie at dinner. She asked me if I did not go frequently to Madame d'Henin's and told me she meant to go there to-night.

Dec. 30, *Tuesday*, 5.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—Yesterday morning, after breakfast, I called on the Count de Turenne. He is fitting up a very handsome apartment *rez de chaussée*, No. 54 Rue de Provence, nearly opposite to Lady Aldborough's (No. 25) and Mrs. Rawdon's (No. 15). I wish I could draw the character of this Comte, or Lord *Qui-ne-sait-se-taire*, who bears the same name with the great Turenne, and though no relation or connection of that illustrious family is, as I was informed by Prince Auguste d'Aremberg, when we all met at Spa last summer, of a good family in one of the provinces, and, if not a great man, in the exalted sense of that expression, is at least a very singular person. He is remarkably handsome, but very swarthy and with jet black eyes, hair and beard, and very white, even, entire teeth. Is a great talker, as his sobriquet indicates, of unbounded curiosity about everything and everybody, a most tenacious and overcharged memory and having such resources there, though he is a constant [*sic*], and where he can with any pretext consistent with good manners and good nature towards others, for he is good-natured, obliging and well-bred—informs you of everything you know, but often better and more accurately than you know it, and if you have anything distinguished in your birth, employments or history, will detail great part of it before your face to others, or even *tête-à-tête* to yourself. He knows a little English, and a great deal concerning England and the English of any mark. He showed me a picture of himself in the uniform of an aide-de-camp de Buonaparte, which he was, and I think one of his Chamber-

lains, painted he says by David, and when he must have been about 25. I should suppose he is now about ten or twelve years more. This portrait appears to me of the same size, and in the same attitude, with that of young Flahault at his mother's. But that I think was painted by Gerard. Turenne, though such a *maître en la science de la parlerie* (as Montaigne says) seems to me, and is generally [said], to be no romancer. His memory and promptness of recollection, as well I really believe his principles, render it unnecessary for him to invent.

8.30 *a.m.*—There was a whisper at the Duchess Dowager of Orleans' last night that Pozzo di Borgo is going to be recalled. At dinner he sat nearly opposite to the Duke of Richelieu and both appeared very pensive and low spirited. This was very striking and was observed by Lady Charlotte as well as myself.

I had settled with the Marquise de Castera in the morning that Lady Charlotte should go to the Duchess of Orleans' to be presented to her in the evening and we went there about 8. The reception of both, by this *Altesse Serenissime*—my acquaintance since 1770 (at L'Isle Adam) but whom I had never seen since till last August—was most cordial and obliging. We are to dine there next Sunday.

I renewed my acquaintance there with the wife of the Saxon Minister, whom I had sat next at dinner at the Duc Decazes and she gave me their direction. I mean to visit her and also Madame Dupont this forenoon, if I can manage it.

My early disposition and constant habit through life has been and continues to this day to be to seek and prefer the society and conversation of women, in preference to that of men —of sensible women, whether grave or lively, even whether young or not and whether handsome or not. This may be only taste, inclination, etc. But I think it is a preference founded on reason, and justifiable on good and grave reasons.

After the Duchess of Orleans' we went to Talleyrand's. Madame de Périgord was particularly attentive to Lady Charlotte and meant and tried to be so to me, but was embarrassed. The world here think she does the honours well, and in general she is still thought handsome. But she is not improved since I

saw her depart from Spa in 1814. I tried to behave in unison with my own last letter and her note in answer to it, both written last week.

I left Lady Charlotte there, to be brought home by the Comtesse de Sales, and as I habitually often do, finished my evening at Craufurd's. The principal performer on that now grave, and last night melancholy, stage for the last fortnight has been Grassini, who pays me great attention, seeing me old, finding I am a Lord, and therefore conjecturing that I may be rich. But what made the scene last night melancholy was that the poor Mlle. d'Orsay was there all the evening till near 12 when I came away, wrapped in shawls, and looking like a corpse. Madame was not there, nor at Talleyrand's while I stayed.

At Talleyrand's I met with Ricci, who used to sing with Apponi and Luntz at Rinuccini's Wednesday concerts and at Lady Burghersh's parties in 1815. He is here with a Russian wife he has lately married, with whom this handsome gentleman-like Roman and amateur singer, is going—*ahè lasso*—so his looks seems to say when he told it me—in Russia.

Dec. 31, *Wednesday*, 1.30 *p.m.*—The image of my dear wife recurs to me a thousand times in the day, in the night, in company and when alone. I see her sitting by me at breakfast, while I write, while I read, in my carriage, leaning on my arm when I walk, coming to the door with an ineffable smile of affection when I come home. I see her kind endearing looks, hear her utter the sort of dialect we had framed for ourselves and called the English language, after the Scotch diminutives—wifey, busby, pappy, mammy, etc.—we called each other, sissey to her sisters, etc.

These family modes became known to those sisseys and to some intimate friends, and the kindest were *peirced* at them (that an established word of the Norths even before I knew them). Fred North, an old determined bachelor, would sometimes laugh at them, sometimes was betrayed into using some of them.

Her dear countenance to others, far from what is called handsome, was dearer to me than the most perfect beauty, and

yet I have been always very susceptible to female beauty. But God knows how sincerely I write, and I trust in His justice that she now is conscious of the sacred truth I have so often told her that I preferred her grey peepereys as she called them, her short snub as she called it, and that mouth and combination of features which spoke to every one who knew her value: kindness, benevolence, intelligence, unaffected strength of understanding, lively wit, humour without pretensions, real and ornamental knowledge sufficient for a whole coterie of blue stockings; when she thought it necessary firmness and even courage in decision, in suffering, in danger. At other times timidity, nervous sensibility, indulgence always for others, sometimes too severe reprehension or rather apprehension for what she thought had been blameable in what she might have done or said herself, blameable in her, alas, the most blameless being I ever knew or could have feigned in my imagination.

I often, often apply passages that arise in my memory, or that I read, to her whose image and all that belonged to her are mixed with my inmost soul.

1818

Jan. 2, *Friday*, 8 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Paris*: *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.* —The last day of the year and the first of the succeeding year are full of bustle at Paris. *Étrennes*, or according to the old English phrase and custom, *farings*, or New Year's gifts of every sort and price from *cornets de bonbons* to stuffs of the highest value and the costliest jewellery, are exposed in the most tempting ways in the most frequented streets, and the places which happen to be most in vogue—at present the Palais Royal Galleries, the Petit Dunkerque (still) in the Rue de Richelieu, Geron's *salles* (something like the London bazaars) *et à l'enseigne du coq* at the end of the Rue St. Honoré and the two covered alleys or passages of the *panorames* on the Boulevards. Visits *de la nouvelle année* and presents among relations and connections are as universal and as much matter of troublesome duty, are still as common in this inconsistent country in spite of its modern and fashionable *égoisme* or selfishness, as they seem to have been a century ago in Great Britain.

There have been within these few days gross insults offered to young Englishmen, one of them a son of Lord Robert FitzGerald's, by French subaltern officers. In one of them a duel and apology has been the consequence.

Monsieur Edmond de Périgord, and of course his wife Madame de Périgord, have been made Duke and Duchess of *Dino* (in the territories of Naples), and she took her place on the *tabouret* among the other duchesses yesterday at the Grand Couvert. I went to see her there, tired as I was with the tedious ups and downs of what corresponds to our Court drawing-room, but from one end of the long, long palace or castle of the Tuileries, from two to four o'clock.

The scandalous chronicle already circulates *des plaisanteries* on Madame de Périgord's new title. Dino, if made two words of, Di-no, means "Say-no," and the joke (if one) is that she has not been much used to say No —or if *No* in whatever languages, that it has amounted to *un doux nenni avec un doux sourire.*

Jan. 3, *Saturday*, 8 *a.m.*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—My interesting visit yesterday was to Madame de la Vilette—*la belle et bonne.* She is now an old woman, and not a handsome one, and as for *bonne*, if that ever implied, or was ever meant to imply, correct in point of female virtue, I believe all pretensions to that praise had ceased long, long, long ago. Her history and that of her much more discredited husband are very generally known to all who know the literary and scandalous chronicles of France during the last thirty years of the eighteenth century. I had heard an episode of her life several years after I left Paris with Lord Douglas (in 1771), from poor Hugh Dalrymple, son to Rodondo Dalrymple, an episode in which he was the principal presonage, and in 1788 I was to have been introduced to her by Sir Robert Ainslie's two French sisters, to whom I had, on that occasion, carried a letter from Lady Anne Lindsay (afterwards, and now, Barnard). But accident and the shortness of my stay at Paris at that time prevented that introduction. Her maid, at the time of Dalrymple's most intimate acquaintance with her, had in the year 1770 been the confidential maid of Mlle. Dubois, and had told him (I believe partly mediately through the channel of Madame de la Vilette herself) many circumstances of my connection with that once admired actress, and he, with equal indiscretion, tried to compensate me for those disclosures, chose by drawing up the curtain for me from the *tête-à-tête* incidents of his intercourse with this *belle et bonne* of the latter days of Voltaire.

Yesterday Madame de la Vilette incidentally as it seemed spoke to me of Dalrymple as of an amiable young Scotchman whom she had known, through certain Lady Stewarts of Traquair, when he was Secretary, as she said, of the British Embassy at Paris. This was a little mistake, perhaps designed, to *relever*

the situation of her quondam lover. He had gone, in fact, at that period of his short life, to Paris as secretary to Caleb Whitefoord (among the wits of the day best known by his puns and humorous paper which he subscribed Paperius Cursor). Whitefoord was a sort of commercial commissioner sent by Lord Lansdowne, about the time of the Peace of 1782, associated with I think a Mr. Cuthbert. Dalrymple afterwards obtained some situation in India and died there, when as she told me yesterday, he was about to return to Europe. He was the brother of the once beautiful —— Dalrymple, better known in the list of ancient courtesans by the name of Mrs. Elliot, and the certain mother of the late Lady Charles Bentinck, by her reputed or disputed fathers, Lord Cholmondeley (who educated and portioned her), the Prince of Wales, and Charles Wyndham, whom she was thought to resemble.

My countryman Rose, the *huissier de la Chambre des Pairs*, was my introducer to Madame de la Vilette yesterday forenoon at her hotel in the Rue Vaugirard. She received me, having been prepared for my visit, with marked civility and had the fauteuil in which Voltaire used to sit and read and write brought down to her salon for me to see it and even for me, *pour moi indigne*, to seat myself in—in the very chair where sometimes gravely more often gaily pensive Voltaire had sat and wrote. I felt, alas, no *inspiration*, of the poetic or indignant sort, when I pressed the chair where he had conceived and written so much wit, so much ribaldry, so much splenetic criticism, and so much impious pretended philosophy.[1]

Madame de la Vilette is a person of peculiarly lively conversation, a great and fluent talker, nearly as much so as Lady Westmorland, but more coherent and less hurried. She gesticulates like her, but has not her elegance and fashion and is much more free in divulging her very lax moral and religious creed.

She has pictures and statues and busts of Voltaire at all periods of his life. She has promised to procure me the sight of an

[1] Where nobly pensive Saint John sat and thought.—*Pope.*
Facit indignatio versus.—*Juvenal.*
That here he [John, Duke of Argyll] slept—that here expired,
Begat no numbers grave or gay.—*Pope.*—G.

autograph dedication of the *Henriade* to Louis XV which Voltaire had once intended instead of the English one which in the first edition printed and published at London he addressed to Queen Caroline.

She told me that when Buonaparte had the present Pope in custody here, he on one occasion in order to obtain some concession from him, began by trying to amuse and coax him into it. The conversation was probably in Italian. After he had gone on in that strain for some time, the Pope only said "*Comedia!*" He then changed his note to invective and threats and then the Pope, with the same laconic composure, cried "*Tragedia!*"

Jan. 7, *Wednesday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*— At Mr. Mackenzie's, where we dined yesterday, we met Humboldt the traveller, Lord and Lady William Bentinck, Lord and Lady Rancliffe, le Comte (or Marquis) de St. Aulaire *et sa Marquise*. I sat between Lady William and Humboldt, and received much interesting information from him. I conjecture he is something of a Buonapartist.

After dinner I set Lady Charlotte down at the Hôtel de la Madeleine on a visit to Mrs. Pole, who is come on to be with her sister, till the two families return to London a fortnight hence.

I proceeded to the Hôtel de Caramon, Faubourg St. Germain, to call on the Viscountess of Vaudreuil, having heard the night before from her sister Madame de Caramon that she had had a fall which had produced a contusion. This seemed a good occasion for renewing my visits to this very lady-like agreeable person. She is a niece to Madame d'Henin. I knew her first with that aunt of hers at Richmond, and afterwards in 1793 at Brussels. I found her in a manner recovered from her hurt and in the midst of a numerous family party who had been drawing king and queen.[1] Her elder brother is Monsieur de Caraman, Minister or Ambassador at Vienna.[2] The second is now Prince

[1] The old Twelfth Night (*Jour des Rois*) ceremony.

[2] Louis Charles Victor Riquet, Marquis and Duc de Caraman, who held many important diplomatic appointments. He died in 1839.

de Chimay, the late Prince de Chimay having come to France, and submitted to Buonaparte to save his estates in Flanders, and having bequeathed them to this second son (Joseph I think) who had not emigrated, as the eldest had done. This Prince de Chimay has been for some time married to the famous Madame Tallien, now Princesse de Chimay,[1] but who on account of her too notorious adventures, is, I understand, not received by his family. She had been the wife of [the Marquis de Fonteney] before the Revolution. She afterwards played a great part in conjunction with her new husband (having divorced or been divorced from the first) during the ephemeral power of that new husband. Afterwards by the well-known Ouverard, whom I saw at Spa in 1814, and dined with at Baring's since I have been here, she had three or four children, but with him I believe "*pour mariée—non.*" Part of this information I received from the accurate and inexhaustible Craufurd, where we concluded the evening last night. But I went before that with Lady Charlotte, whom I rejoined at Mrs. Pole's, to the Princesse de Vaudemont, and there found Prince Talleyrand and his right hand man, who used to be my near neighbour at the Chambre des Deputés. He was less *boutonné* than he is generally said to be, and than he was when I used to meet him at Madame Flahault's (now Souza) in her apartment in the Louvre in 1791, when that apartment used to be frequented by him, then and before that her lover, and by Saintfoix (not the author) and by Windham, Lady Anne Lindsay and myself. After Talleyrand went away Sir Charles Stuart came, who seems to be hale fellow well met with the Princess, and also with ——, Talleyrand's friend. The Princess is an agreeable, clever, fat, ugly woman of between fifty and sixty. She seems *ne super lungo.*

Sir Charles followed us afterwards to Craufurd's. There we had found the Grassini, Madame Brehan, her little round admirer, a very good-looking lad, son of Madame d'Orsay's, his sick sister and one or two other female habituées of the house.

[1] Madame Tallien had married the Prince de Chimay, then Comte Joseph de Caraman, in 1805.

Jan. 8, *Thursday*, 8 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*— I am going to-day to dine, *self-invited*, at Madame and Monsieur de Souza's. We shall see how this dinner turns out. It is so rare that such *ne priés* prove agreeable when acted upon, either to the person inviting or to him who makes use of that vague and foolish demonstration.

To-night Mrs. Baring gives one of the many crowded balls (yet meant to be select to the exclusion of all but the supposed flower of society) which seem to have been the chief occupation —pleasure certainly to few of the *conviés* and even fewer of those who give them—of all that so called best company for the last fortnight. But similar balls have also been going on amongst all the other classes and shades, English from Mrs. Popham down to Bicknell the hatter, and French through all ranks and stations, from the vulgar new-fangled nobility to the *bourgeois* of the Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue de St. Honoré. By vulgar nobility must not however be understood those upstart peers and dukes, marquises and counts, raised from the ranks or the desks of news-writers (the Duke de Bassano, etc.), by Buonaparte, and called by the wits of the *ancien régime*, noblesse *de la basse cour*. Some of those, if the women are beautiful and coquettes and the men maréchals, or rich and ambitious of such distinction, are among the first orders of the fashionable here. So are some rich bankers, if they have married into the ancient families—such for instance as the married brother among the two Greffulhes, whose wife is daughter to —— and gives the most brilliant and fashionable soirées in Paris every Monday. She is even one of the Dames du Chateau! Mysterious word! which no Englishman but Edward Montagu of dandy reputation is capable of explaining, for he is the only Englishman who has been selected by that fantastical society as fit to belong to it. Mrs. Baring is, notwithstanding her ambitious ball, a very agreeable and I understand excellent woman, with young daughters the general pretence and very laudable or at least plausible reason for those things. Mr. Baring is, in his manners, the best model of a natural, unaffected, plain, sensible, well-informed liberal merchant I

have ever known, of immense commercial concerns in England, on this continent and America, even beyond what the house of Hope's ever attained.

Jan. 9, *Friday*, 7.15 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—I went to bed at near 2, having been late at Mrs. Baring's ball, whence, however, Lady Charlotte and I had agreed to return without assisting at the magnificent supper, of which we began to see some symptoms before we came away.

I have just repeated, as I have done every morning and night since I selected them, those parts of the Morning Service in our Book of Common Prayer, which seemed to me most consonant to the best idea of the duty of the private daily devotion I have formed to myself, after the fullest consideration which my uninstructed mind has been able to give to the subject. I shall probably resume this so important a subject on some future occasion, and explain why I have not endeavoured to adopt those private prayers which my beloved, most sincere, and than myself much more enlightened Christian, my dearest Kitty, constantly used.

Jan. 10, *Saturday*, 9.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—Young Grattan said to me the other day, at Mrs. Baring's ball, that Fred's love of company and his popularity and success in society he feared prevented his studying much or systematically. O! that hereditary "*rage* for company," as my poor father used to express himself on observing how strong that propensity had begun to show itself in me so early as before the age of 18. I was but 18 when I lost him.

Jan. 13, *Tuesday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—Last night at Prince Talleyrand's weekly soirée Sir John Warren introduced me to Mr. Galatin, the Envoy from the United States. His countenance is remarkably handsome, with black eyes and hair, a fresh clear complexion, a quiet, serious, yet cheerful expression and a look of so much intelligence that I am persuaded Lavater (if that famous physiognomist's science was not all *charlatanerie*, which, however, I shrewdly suspect it was) would have pronounced him a clever man, without having previously heard his name and known his history. He

is a Genevan, an emigrant or exile I believe from that place, and must have gone there [*i.e.* to America] so far advanced in life that [though] he speaks English fluently and has been long a Speaker in Congress, he has a strong foreign accent.

I had concluded the evening at Talleyrand's. Lady Charlotte did not come there. I had dined at Lady Minto's, in a mere family party of her and her three daughters. It is then that they are most cordial and kind to me, and most agreeable. Even Anna Maria [1] was so agreeable and piercing [2] yesterday that I felt angry with myself for ever having thought her otherwise. I went from thence to Madame Portales's (*née* Falconet) in the Rue du Sentier (or Chantier) towards the Faubourg and Porte St. Denis. But they are only there on a visit, and have taken a house, No. 14 Place de Vendôme. She is a very pretty delicate little woman, without perhaps a great deal of relief in her conversation. From thence I called on Mrs. Rawdon, Rue de Provence No. 15. She has still less relief. She was alone, with her daughter's picture done by Ingres at Rome in the winter of 1815-16 when we were there, on her sofa by her. It is always there, or on her chimney-piece. Other people may call this an affected display of her concern for her separation from her daughter. But I think this a harsh and unjust judgment. All the world knows and feels that the separation must be matter of grief and misfortune to her. But she is a silly woman, and not sparing of her own gossiping and ill-natured construction of the conduct of others, especially of those of her own sex, and therefore the gossips, both women and men, for that word is of both sexes, are the less sparing of hers. It was from this picture that I had the very indifferent print made over, of which I retained two or three copies for myself, and sent Lady William (then still Miss Rawdon) the plate, with a certain number of other impressions.

I then went for about an hour to the Princess de Vaudemont's, for the fourth time. A small *soirée* or *thé* every evening, and hitherto to me, the easiest and best calculated for every day's

[1] The eldest daughter, who in 1832 married General Sir Rufane Donkin.

[2] See p. 280.

use of any of those I have been introduced to. I found there last night Lady Elizabeth Monck, who was Lady Charlotte's introductress and mine about three weeks ago, Lady Lambert, a *Miss*—query whether related to the Princess—that very agreeable Duke d'Alberg whom we have met several times of late, and another gentleman whose name I did not hear.

Jan. 14, *Wednesday*, 9.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—I dined yesterday at the Chancellor d'Ambray's, a dull, magnificent, official sort of dinner. I spent the evening at the Princess d'Henin's, where I had the great pleasure of meeting the amiable and excellent Madame de Montagu. She and the Princess Aldobrandini were the only foreigners my dearest Kitty ever took to cordially.

Feb. 17, *Tuesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rue et Hôtel de Rivoli.*—We are to set out at 12 to-day.

Yesterday I made numberless visits p.p.c. Went in the evening to the Comtesse de Vaudreuil's at the Louvre, in the apartments of the Governor (her late husband had that place—an amiable, accomplished nobleman, who proved by marrying her, his niece, and quite a girl, in his old age, Lord Hale's maxim that no man is wise under the girdle). I found, therefore, the Viscountess de Vaudreuil—*née* Caraman—, Mr., Mrs. and the Miss Crosbies, Lady Augusta Charteris, etc., etc. There was music. Madame de Vaudreuil is going to quit that apartment, but she has had a handsome compensation, with which she is quite satisfied.

Feb. 19, *Thursday*, 1 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Breteuil : Hôtel de l'Ange*—I am now in the same inn, and in the same bed where we lodged, and where I slept on the [6th] of August 1816 about fifteen months ago. Charlotte and I occupied last night the same room where my dearest angel, my son, my brother-in-law, my friend Taylor and myself, had supped at that time. The same landlady, housemaid, etc. How many melancholy yet tender recollections these circumstances bring fresh to my mind and how I feel now the melancholy enjoyment I should have had in being allowed to remain in possession of our poor Phenny [Pheasantry], as my poor Kitty and I used to call it. I must not, having just said my prayers, give way to my strong indignation

at the unfeeling harshness with which I consider myself to have been treated in that respect. Unfeeling, ungenerous, unjust in the substance, harsh and unhandsome in the form.

Yesterday I read near two-thirds of the first volume of Madame d'Épinay's letters. I neither like her, nor them, nor the awkward manner in which the book has been put together. Yet the persons who do and are to figure in it draw me on. The names particularly of Madame Dupin and Jean Jacques Rousseau give it a particular interest to me. I had been introduced to her by a letter from the late Lord Mansfield (then Lord Stormont) from Vienna in 1770, had dined with Rousseau at her house, and had heard from her mouth the history of his first debut as an author, while he was still living in her house. I have a clear recollection of what she then told me concerning him, and will set it down in some subsequent page, with some other particulars concerning that eloquent madman, of the same date, if I find inclination and spirits.

Madame Dupin was at that time old, with an abundant quantity of hair grown almost quite white, which she had in *papillottes* without any cap on the morning I first called upon her and delivered Lord Stormont's letter. She was a little, very fair woman. I think she lived somewhere towards the Place de Victoires. She was a sort of Madame Geoffrin *de second ordre*. I remember she sent a message to Madame Geoffrin by me, but I forget the subject of it. There was with her in her dressing room, on that first occasion, a young Irish lieutenant of whom she told me some romantic story. But I had the uncharitableness to suspect him to be a lover. For in the old age of a woman of gallantry habit still continues what passion had begun, passion for the thing, more than predelection for its objects, or often rather its instruments. My formation of other and more agreeable acquaintance, the Countess of Boufflers, the Prince of Conti, and at l'Isle-Adam, afterwards, and the Convent St. Joseph (through old Mrs. Cholmondeley), of the Marquise de Boufflers, her sister Madame de Mirepoix, her brother and sister-in-law the Maréchal and Maréchale de Beauvan, her other brother, that notorious but most agreeable roué, the then

Chevalier de Beauvan (afterwards Prince de Craon and father to the present Prince de Beauvan), her daughter, the Comtesse de Boisgelin, their niece Madame de Cambis—so remarkable for the *agrémens* of her society, though seasoned with pretty keen satire sometimes—who had come to England before the Revolution, in consequence of an intimacy with the late Duke of Richmond, and died not many years ago at Richmond, and Madame du Deffand and Madame Geoffrin—I say first the acquaintance and society of these, and afterwards my unfortunate connection of too many months with the actress Mlle. Du Bois, once the mistress of the late Duke of Fronsac, father to the present Duke of Richelieu, and after that of Topham Beauclerk, who had also had, and at one and the same time, those [*sic*] of that *précieuse* the Comtesse de Bouflers (so different from and in wit and agreeableness so inferior to the Marquise) led me to neglect to cultivate my acquaintance with Madame Dupin. This I have since often and much regretted.

The Chevalier de Bouflers, son to the Marquise, was absent in Switzerland, or Hungary, I believe all the time I was at Paris on that occasion. He used to correspond with his sister, with whom I was particularly acquainted.

The following circumstance will give some idea of the style of their correspondence. It happened during the *voyage de la Cour* of Louis XV at Fontainebleau during the autumn of 1770, where I passed above three weeks (Mlle. Du Bois being there at the same time, with the other principal actors and actresses attending the Court) and where Madame de Boisgelin was in waiting as *dame d'honneur* to one of Mesdames de France. I had dined *tête-à-tête* with Madame de Boisgelin. It seems she had written a long account to her brother, the Chevalier, of the foreigners then in France with whom she was acquainted and for whom I presume she had expressed some partiality, and during our dinner she showed me an answer she had that day received from him. It began, in the form of a gamut thus :

soeur
ma
pour
Bon [?]

"Pendant que je parcours le monde, le monde vous parcourt."

I renewed my acquaintance with Madame de Boisgelin and formed that of her husband, in 1791. They were both afterwards guillotined, together.

They carried me one day to dine with the old Duke de Nivernois at St. Ouen. The Chevalier de Bouflers [came] to dinner booted and spurred as if on a promenade of two leagues from Paris, but in truth so far on his road on horseback to Switzerland, and afterwards to Berlin, where he was going to marry the widow Comtesse de Sabran, whom I lately met in weeds for him once or twice at Paris. He had been a member of the Assemblée Constituante, and from the liveliest of poets of society had become in his writings and speeches at least a dull prosing politician. He was a stout, vulgar heavy-looking plain man, so different from the idea I had formed from the admiration of the gallant, young, amiable, sprightly, witty Chevalier of whom I had heard so much from the ladies at Vienna in 1769 and afterwards at Paris in 1770.

The following few words in Madame d'Épinay's Journal, when she is speaking of the Marquise de Houdetot, the mother of the Comtesse de Houdetot of whom Lady Morgan has written so indiscreetly, seemed so characteristic of Miss Berry's gesticulating mode of conversation that I could not help showing them to Lady Charlotte, who entirely agreed with me. "Ses gestes (I would insert *et exclamations*) ont la plus grande part à sa conversation." My Kitty used to say that Miss Berry had never finished one short sentence in her life, and used to account by that defect of nature or habit for the dry, dull sterility of her notes and letters.

March 5, *Thursday*, 2.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Rochester*: *Crown Inn.* —Lady Charlotte, Charles du Blaisel (whom I had brought with us from Montreuil) and I were detained by contrary winds at Calais till the day before yesterday, when we embarked on board the *Flora* packet at 8 a.m. and arrived at Dover about half past 1. We slept that night at that place and arrived here yesterday evening about 7. Charlotte had gone on, in the

stage, to London, and I had written on our arrival to Fred, so that I hope we shall find him at Argyll Street, on our getting there this forenoon.

I have now landed, at five different periods of my life, or rather I might say epochs, at the end of February 1771, at the beginning of November 1788, on —— 1791, on the [13th] of August 1816, and now on the third of March.

Alas! alas! in what different states of mind have I found myself at each of those periods. And O, in what a labyrinth of almost inextricable difficulties by my folly (alas! I fear the French word would be more applicable) have I now involved myself.

O my dear departed angel. O my dear, dear Frederick. God have mercy upon me.

5 *a.m.*—I have had no spirits to write since the last date in this book to any mortal, except three lines to Paris the moment before we embarked, and about as many to Fred in London the moment of our landing. But I read, in that interval, the three volumes of Rousseau's supplement to his *Confessions*, in order to confront him, as it were, with Madame d'Épinay. Alas! how often while reading his own as well as her account of him, have I felt a mortifying resemblance between the most unamiable eccentricities of his character and of my points of disposition, or should I not say constitution, notwithstanding the immense space and contrast between his exalted powers of intellect and my so limited and sterile faculties.

How, how shall I unravel the absurd and blameable and ridiculous entanglement of the correspondence with Paris in which, with my eyes open to so many of its probable consequences, I had so weakly, so sillily suffered myself to be engaged.

My dearest, dear son, this as well as I believe many other pages of these volumes are *confessions*, but confessions to you *alone*. They would have been so also to one other person (and if she had thought that right to her *exclusively*) had the more regular course of nature made your mother the survivor of your now widowed parent. She knew all my errors, all my infirmities, all my more than weaknesses. She had too much penetration

not to see them, and, on one to me most memorable and most mortifying occasion, had the generosity, compassion, indulgence, or rather lenity to concur in the measures necessary to prevent a publicity which would have been to me most discreditable.

Yet, I must add that I believe I have been less culpable in the respect to which I am *referring* (without bearing to *write* more plainly, even though what I am writing may perhaps never meet any eyes but my own) than many others with more art and prudence in concealing, and with less compunction at the time and even afterwards on account of such illicit indulgences. God have mercy upon me.

March 7, *Saturday*, 3 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *London*: *Argyll Street.*—We arrived here at half past 3 p.m. on Thursday, and found my dearest son, much improved in looks, full of affection and kindness, and in excellent spirits, on account both of the success of the speech he made on the 5th of last month, of which there is a tolerable report in the *Courier* of the next day, and of the success he anticipated of that which he was prepared to make that evening. The event appeared that very evening by a most friendly note which Fazakerley sent me from the House. This, reports from every quarter next morning (yesterday) fully confirmed.

March 24, *Tuesday*, 9.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *London.*—I was elected unanimously some time ago, while at Paris, a member of *the* Club, so celebrated by Boswell, and Sir William Forbes in his life of Dr. Beattie, and am going to dine there for the first time to-day.

March 25, *Wednesday*, 4 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street.*—The meeting of *the* Club yesterday consisted of eleven members: Lord Spencer, who was particularly agreeable; William Elliot *of Wells*, as described in Scotland, or, by a familiar sobriquet in England and Ireland, the *Castle Spectre*, more spectre than ever, and I fear in a state of uncomfortable, if not alarming, health (I sat on his left hand); Sir James Mackintosh, who was the member who had proposed me (on my left); Mr. Marsden (next to him); Roger Wilbraham; Mr. Wilkins;

Mr. Hatchett (now secretary).[1] He sat at the end of the table, opposite to Elliot, who happened to be the president of the day. A Mr. Philips, a painter (I believe neither rich nor rare. I wonder how the devil he got there). Sir James whispered to me, on my asking him his name, that my wonder was not to be ill-founded. Mr. Richard Heber.[2] Alas for my poor memory, I cannot recollect the tenth. And now I do, and he is not of a calibre ever to be forgotten—Sir William Grant,[3] then (the last reckoning still by the left) Lord Spencer.

The day was very agreeable, good breeding, cheerfulness, the literary and scientific news of the day, *effleurés*, without parade or pretension. No emphatical positive assertions or arguments. No politics, French or English. In short as much or more, than the history and fame of the Club had led me to expect. I said to Sir James that I thought a good biography of the Club, from its first origin, would, or might in good hands, be very interesting. This was apart to him. I found in the course of the evening that Malone, who was long secretary, had made some collections, with that view. He would have done it with accuracy, but with little interest, dully. Witness his biographical memoir of Windham.

Vide Boswell and Sir William Forbes for the origin of the Club. It was at first, at the *Turk's Head*, Gerrard Street, a supper club. The number of members is now said to be forty, the average attendance, according to the calculation of the treasurer, nine, during the usual periods of meeting, which are every other Tuesday during the sitting of Parliament. Sir Charles Bunbury is now the father of the Club—*le doyen*, as the French would say. But it seems he seldom attends, since it became a dining club, and at the hour of *six*, he keeping to the old dinner hour of five. The president changes every time, by alphabetical rotation. Sir Joseph Banks ought to have presided yesterday, but was not expected, and there being no other member present, though nine were already assembled when I got there, whose name began with any of the intermediate

[1] Charles Hatchett, F.R.S., chemist.

[2] A great book collector. [3] Master of the Rolls.

letters from B to G, I was told that I was of course president. As the dinner was about to be served, however, William Elliot arrived. *Sic me servavit*, for I felt shy, though I was told, and found, that there were no troublesome duties belonging to the chair.

March 26, *Thursday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *Argyll Street*.—I have slept since 1 this morning till about ten minutes ago, being the longest uninterrupted and quiet sleep I have had for months, I believe for the first time since I lost my all. This circumstance has awakened some hope that God may perhaps spare me life enough still to arrange my papers, etc., and even to finish an outline at least of my life of Gavin Douglas. I began it about ten days ago, and dictated then about twelve pages, Charles Du Blaisel serving me as amanuensis. They are merely introductory. But yesterday I had spirits enough to resume the task, with the same assistance, and did something towards the critico-narrative part under the head of my author's first eminent ancestor, William the Hardy, the contemporary of Wallace.

I am afraid to indulge in the dawn of hope I feel this morning, or even almost in the wish of being able to accomplish any of the two objects I have just mentioned. I have often all my life had that sort of half superstition which in Scotland, in my early days, they used to call *forespeaking*. My *wifey*, for so I used to call her in that same dialect, had the same sort of sentiment, shall I call it, or feeling, and frequently used the same word.

Lady Charlotte, Charles Du Blaisel and I dined at home yesterday. Fred is gone to Banbury till Saturday. We then called on Lady Guilford in *Queen Anne Street*, in that very house where my wife's mortal life terminated.

I stayed but a moment there, being summoned for 9 o'clock to a party, *of four only*, with her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester. The other three were the Princess herself, Miss Dee and Lady Pulteney. She received me with her usual affability and good humour, and some condescending reproaches for having failed in obeying the *rendezvous*, as she called it, she had given me for last summer at Blackheath. She joked a little, but with decorous and princely reserve, on

the approaching nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth.[1] It seems her brother the Duke and the Prince of Wales had made the Prince of Hesse-Homberg kiss Miss Dee. This seems to have been quite a royal event, and served in the good-natured hoax last night on Miss or Mrs. Dee, which she herself began and carried on with some cleverness. She is clever but not [?] rather *manly*. Lady Pulteney is very gentle and genteel, not lively, but interesting and of a more elegant manner and *tournure* than is common with my countrywomen. They have many excellent and distinguishing points, but elegance is not one of them. My friend Lady Hampden, the present, whom I afterwards found at Trevor's, has less of it than most of them in her sphere of life. She is frank, good-hearted and lively, after a sort, but hard and eager, with an unmellow, unsentimental voice and way of speaking on whatever subject. I played two rubbers at Casino in Curzon Street (where the Princess Sophia lives in what was Lord Macartney's house) and went thence to meet Lady Charlotte again at Trevor's. We got home about 12.

March 29, *Sunday*, 6 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—I accompanied Lady Charlotte, who had got Mr. Coutts's box, to see the play of *Rob Roy* last night at Drury Lane. Our neighbours, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and my friend, guest and volunteer-secretary, Charles Du Blaisel, went with us. I understand from Lord Aberdeen that both that melodrama or tragi-comedy, mixed with songs, adapted to known and favourite Scottish tunes—such as "He's in the Broom," "Roy's Wife," "Auld Lang Syne," etc.—is written, or rather abridged and dramatised, by a Mr. Perry or Berry,[2] who is also the author of a similar drama taken from *Guy Mannering*, which had a great run last year. We were all much entertained, both by the piece and some of the acting. The character of Rob Roy was extremely

[1] Princess Elizabeth, third daughter of George III, was married, on 7th April, to Frederick, Landgrave and Prince of Hesse-Hamburg. She was nearly 48.

[2] The name is Terry.—G. "An actor at Covent Garden in the serious parts of old men. A *sensible* actor."—Ly. Ch. L.

Daniel Terry, both actor and playwright, and an intimate friend of Scott's.

well *got up*, in point of *costume*, and very well acted by Mr. Macready—a connection of Dr. Birch's—Bailie Jarvie admirably by Liston, and Rob Roy's wife very well by Mrs. Egerton.

The house was brim full, though there have been already many representations. How much Scott must be gratified by this theatrical success. He is said to have realised, in land, £30,000 by the produce of his different writings, probably the largest sum an author ever got by writing. I hear there are four new *Tales of my Landlord* now finished and preparing for publication.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.

At least as far as the *lucre of gain* is concerned. The love of fame, and the love of money, seem to go hand in hand with this author. That cannot, I am persuaded, be said of him which Pope said of Shakespeare:

For gain, *not glory*, wing'd his (qu. rapid) flight.

But his prostitution of his name as editor of Somers's state tracts and of I believe more than sixty volumes of Dryden's and Swift's works, is a convincing proof how prevalent in his constitution is that unpoetical appetite, the *auri sacra fames*.

March 31, *Tuesday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—Fred returned to dinner yesterday, after a week's absence with his Yeomanry Cavalry at Banbury and the neighbourhood.

Lady Charlotte, who had dined at Marie Lady Guilford's, went with me in the evening to Mrs. Beauclerk's, where among others came her friend, and contemporary and rival beauty, Mrs. Locke, and also Lady Elizabeth Feilding, the twice-married daughter of my very old acquaintance, Lord Ilchester, but when I first knew him (at Vienna in the year 1768 !) Lord Stavordale. There were also there the two Lady Fitzpatricks, *Lady Anne*, so *christened*, *et pour cause*, and Lady Gertrude, born in lawful wedlock. There was also Admiral Martin, formerly the rejected suitor of the *virginy* Princess Bolera, when Princess Lianforte, and his wife, Lady Martin, who was still Miss Angerstein when *we* left England in 1814. O, how those four years have altered the looks of all those my former acquaintances.

The great causes of their changed appearance are greater fatness or leanness, loss of teeth, even when well replaced by the art of the dentist, wigs, or ringlets, instead of natural hair, or thinness of natural hair, more use of the veil and sitting more with the back to the window in daylight and to any glare of lustres or *bougies* at night. Of the two beauties I have first mentioned here, Mrs. Beauclerk has altered most, by having become very fat. But she grows old with a better grace than Mrs. Locke, who has not lost her shape and by candlelight has much of her original resplendent countenance, and falls into *tête-à-tête* flirtations, though she had with her last night a fine young man of an eldest son, taller than me, and as Lady Elizabeth Feilding soon remarked, beautiful as an Adonis. Lady Charlotte having, in the intention to please the mother, said to her: "What a handsome young man my acquaintance (qu. William) is grown," the mother, with a look not expressive of much thanks for the compliment: "O yes, he is indeed a *great overgrown boy*." Charles Moore, who overheard, and saw the effect of the compliment, whispered to Lady Charlotte: "How could you be so awkward? Did you not see how your fine speech was taken?" She happened not to have cocked her glass, and Moore it seems had. They are both the two most short-sighted persons I ever knew. When Lady Charlotte reads she rather feels the book than merely sees it by the common operation of vision.

April 2, *Thursday*, 6.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—We dined yesterday at Sir J. Stanley's and met there Doctor Holland and Mr. Barrow.[1] This was the first time of my being in company with him. He is very *cock-a-hoop* with the success of his paper in the last *Quarterly Review* on the North Pole businesss. He is a goodish talker, and well acquainted with his own subjects, with rather good manners for an author secretary in office. But he has a strong north country accent and voice; and besides I have a grudge to him for his review of the first Report of the Commissioners of Woods and Land Revenue, which he thought fit to damn with faint praise.

[1] Afterwards Sir John Barrow, Secretary to the Admiralty.

April 7, Tuesday, 5 a.m., in bed, Argyll Street.—I returned from Legge's at Putney House yesterday, and dined at Mr. Stracey's. I had been at Legge's from Saturday, when there dined there Sir William Duff Gordon and his wife, the youngest daughter of my old friends, Sir George and Lady Cornewall, and on Sunday another old friend, though of much less ancient date, Sir John Morris, brother-in-law to Mrs. Legge and elder brother of the once famous or notorious Robert Morris, secretary to the Bill-of-Rights Society and trustee and guardian of the natural children of Lord Baltimore, one of whom he carried off from their boarding school, at the age, I believe, of between thirteen and fourteen, and, after endeavouring to marry her according to the ritual of half the states on the Continent, used her so ill that I heard her swear the peace against him in B.R. [King's Bench] and their marriage or marriages after all were all declared null and void by the Court of Doctors' Commons, whereupon she married lawfully and regularly William Wyndham, one of the brothers of Lord Egremont. She was then very handsome. While residing with her new husband, our Minister at Florence, she had an intrigue with the late Marquess of Lansdowne (elder brother to the present) and became the subject of an action of crim. con. before Lord Kenyon, which was attended with such circumstances of recrimination that, if I recollect rightly, there was a verdict for the defendant, though the adultery was clearly proved, and Lord Kenyon, that scourge of *bonnes fortunes*, was the judge.

We saw Mrs. Wyndham at Florence in the years 1815 and 1816, now grown ugly and disagreeable. She officiated then, and perhaps does so still, as tea-maker at Madame d'Albany's [1] every Saturday. Madame Mari of Florence made a most extraordinary affadavit, which is said to have been handed up to Lord Kenyon (though it could not be read in evidence to the jury) on the trial of the crim. con. cause, in which in order to oblige her friend, Mrs. Wyndham, by proof of a recriminatory defence, she deposed that Mr. Wyndham had slept with herself.

[1] The Young Pretender's widow.

I was reminded the other day of a most happy saying of Lord Byron, on occasion of the passion or persecution of him by Lady Caroline Lamb,

Of which all London rang from side to side.

He said "he was haunted by a skeleton."

April 8, *Wednesday*, 6 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—Yesterday was my second dinner at the Club. There were to be two ballots—Dr. Wollaston proposed by —— [*sic*] and Mr. Peel proposed by Mr. Canning, who was to have been president, but did not come—supposed on account of the royal wedding of the Princess Elizabeth and Prince Saxe-Homberg,[1] which was to take place in the evening. There were fifteen members present—William Elliot, president again, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Holland, Mr. Marsden, Sir William Scott, Roger Wilbraham, Sir Henry Englefield, Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Hatchett (perpetual secretary), Mr. Philips, myself, Tom Grenville, Richard Heber, Lord Spencer, Lord Lansdowne. On the ballot, after dinner, Peel was black-balled by four balls (one if twice repeated excludes). Wollaston was elected, but after three turns. On the first there was one black ball, and also one on the second, which would have been final, but it was then discovered that, *by some mistake*, there had been sixteen balls used. On the third only one ball was put into each of the fifteen members' hands, separately, whereas on the two first, a saucer was brought round with balls for each to take *one* out. On turning, in the book, to the day of my election, I found I had been proposed by Lord Lansdowne.

The Prince is said to have the gout so ill that on Monday Sir William Scott said he had been carried to the Council (at his own house, I suppose) on a litter, and he was therefore not to be at the wedding and Sir William had heard that the Queen was not to be there.

April 9, *Thursday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—I have lately read Horace Walpole's letters to Mr. Montagu. It is clear from the first or one of the first in the collection, that Mr. Walpole wrote them in the view of their being published

[1] A slip for Hesse-Homberg.

some time or other, as it is directly proved that Mr. Montagu had the contrary intention as to his answers. He desires his correspondent to destroy his, and Walpole in reply requests that he would preserve his. There is reason to believe that the readers have lost much amusement from that modesty of Mr. Montagu. He was a near connection of my dear Kitty's family, through her grandmother, Lady Lucy Montagu, the first wife of Francis, first Earl of Guilford, and in her early youth she had used to see him frequently and recollected many anecdotes of him, which proved him to be a person of considerable humour, in which respect they lost nothing by the admirable humour and taste with which she related them. The following will show that though an old man when she knew him, and a sort of superannuated fine gentleman, perhaps what last year would have been called a dandy (for that term for a sort of fop is already worn out, so ephemeral are fashionable sobriquets and neologisms), he was far from that usual weakness of old age, *laudator temporis acti.* On the contrary, he would often tell his young cousin, when he heard old ladies at their tea-drinking, or quadrille, exclaiming, after the gossip over some recent case of *éclat* in the walk of gallantry and crim. con., on the lamentable corruption of manner from the morality, or at least decorum of manners, in their days, " Do not mind them, child, they were full as bad as their daughters, take my word for it, though they choose to forget their early pranks—how they used to go disguised like orange girls to the two-shillings galleries." This it seems was an usual frolic in their youthful days. He defied those then demure players at cards to contradict him.

April 17, *Friday*, 6.45 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street.*—Yesterday I dined at Mr. Coutts's. Grand *appareil* of servants, plate, exquisite cookery, and wines of all sorts. The ladies seemed to have been selected from among such of rank or distinction *quelconque* who have hitherto visited Mrs. Coutts.[1] I think we were twenty-two. At the head of the table sat Mrs. Coutts, for

[1] Harriet Mellon, the actress, who had married the greater banker in 1815, when she was about thirty-eight and he eighty. After Coutts's death she became Duchess of St. Albans.

it was too narrow to admit two at either end. (In that particular all the display of two rows of uniform terreens on both sides, with embossed covers, above twenty in all, could not prevent a certain reflection that all was not *analogue*.) *Hat* Vaughan, Coutts's daily parasite, at the opposite end, Coutts on his young and good-humoured wife's left hand, Lord Erskine on her right hand. Next to Mr. Coutts the Dowager Lady Lansdowne, heretofore Lady Gifford, next to her myself, with her unmarried daughter Miss Gifford on my left hand. Then there were on the other side the fat, rubicund, vulgar Lady Saye and Sele, daughter to Lord Eardley, heretofore Sir Sampson Gideon, and at the distance of one or two from him her husband, a neighbour of the Guilford family at Wroxton, and therefore treated by Coutts as a sort of connection. Lady Katharine Stewart, sister to Lady Augusta Charteris and her husband, Mr. Stewart,[1] brother to Galloway. Colonel Palmer, son to Palmer [2] the inventor and patentee of the mail coaches, etc. And above all, towards the end (next to Lady Strahan, who with Sir Richard were among the titled guests) and almost out of any reciprocity of glances with Mrs. Coutts the very handsome, tall, white-teethed, blooming young Dr. Andrews, agreeable and informed, now domestic body physician to Mr. Coutts, for, on ignorantly and awkwardly asking Mr. Coutts who he was the last time I dined there, he told me *ingénument*, that he had taken him into the house on the opinion of Mrs. Coutts, that with his own age and infirmities it was more advisable to have a physician established under his roof, to be ready with his skill and zeal to render what professional services might be found necessary.

It is surprising in what a sensible, quiet, gentleman-like manner Mr. Coutts does the honours of his house, his table, his cellar, and of his good-natured, burly, vulgar, frank, hospitable housekeeper-like wife.

[1] Edward Richard Stewart, seventh son of the seventh Earl of Galloway. His wife was a daughter of Francis, Lord Elcho, on whose death before his father, the seventh Earl of Wemyss, she and her sisters had been raised to the rank and precedence of an earl's daughters.

[2] Thomas Palmer, by whose scheme for carrying the mail by stage coach, put into practice in 1785, the revenues of the Post Office were enormously increased.

April 19, *Sunday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—I went to bed last night a quarter before twelve and to sleep probably about twelve, and I have now been awake about an hour. This sleep of four hours is become my usual quantity in the night, and when I do not get a little more before I get up, and a quiet nap of an hour not long after dinner, an irresistible and unconquerable and most uncomfortable drowsiness comes over me, in whatever company I may be, about ten o'clock. This was the case last night. I had fatigued myself arranging atlases and portfolios in the morning, had dined at Lord William Bentinck's *en petit comité*, and at ten had gone, half asleep, for less than half an hour, to the Miss North's box at the Opera. And then after sitting and partly sleeping about three-quarters of an hour at home, where I found Lady Charlotte and John Lindsay and Charles Du Blaisel, I retired to my room, and still comatose, till the fuss of my patriarchal toilette and the refreshing sensation of a well-made bed roused me enough to enable me to offer up those short prayers, taken from the Evening Service, which as well as nearly the same in the morning as they stand in that Service, I have never neglected for the last fourteen months, that is, from the week after the fatal event of the beginning of February last year.

Our little quiet company of seven yesterday, who sat down to a gentleman-like and hospitable dinner, were Lady William and Lady Manvers Dowager, between whom I was seated; the kind-hearted, *undemonstrative* Lord William on Lady Manvers' left hand; that odd, but lively, agreeable and good-humoured wife of an odd but far from agreeable husband, Lady Stanhope, on Lord William's left hand; Charles Greville senior on her left hand, and opposite to me; on his left hand a man, a friend of the family, whose name I did not catch; and lastly on his left and on Lady William's right, Lord Frederick Bentinck, whom I had not seen for five or six years, during which time he has grown more than eight or ten years *older* and I think less agreeable. He seems good-natured, as all the Bentincks seem, and I believe are, but how much less pleasing his good-nature and good-humour are than Lord William's. Charles Greville was in good humour yesterday, for in that quality he

is far from having the permanency of his brothers and sisters-in-law.[1] He was, too, in high gossip and *acting*, as he always does act, though in a very gentleman-like manner, what, by nature, from innate grace of person and countenance and voice, he was formed to do naturally, the man of high fashion, high but easy breeding (which it ceases to be with him because he *will act* it) and of accurate and confidential information (as he thinks he convinces you, by the authorities he hints at, or with direct qualification and caution against being cited he actually names) in all matters of foreign and home politics and ministerial and Court news and intrigues.

April 28, *Tuesday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—I dined, on long invitation, at Sir Charles or rather Lady Asgill's. The company—they two; her sister Mrs. Wilmot and Arabella Wilmot her daughter, now *femme faite*, next whom sat or was placed the young, good-looking, well-bred Captain Stanhope, tricked out to go to Carlton House, and *fat au possible*; Lord Lynedoch, most gentleman-like with all and especially towards the lady of the house, whom he sat next, *comme de raison et de droit*; Lord Westmorland, most ungentleman- but courtier-like, for he had on an embroidered suit, with his blue ribband over it. What constitutes a statesman, since he has been a Cabinet Minister for more that twenty years? What constitutes a fine gentleman when all his coarse vulgarity has not prevented him from thinking himself one? Brand, who *comme de raison* and perhaps *de droit*, sat next Mrs. Wilmot. Nine in all. There came in the evening Captain Ogle, the brother, a sea officer, whom with his wife (now dead) *we* saw at Brighton in the winter of the year 1810-11; Lady George Seymour and her lovely daughter, Sir William and Miss Burroughs—the father condemned and submitting with a good grace to play at short whist. He said he had been playing the night before with Fred at guinea shorts (now the only whist played) at Brookes's. Miss Burroughs was asked by Lady Asgill to sing, but her father

[1] He had married Lady Charlotte Bentinck, a child, like Lord William and Lord Frederick, of the third Duke of Portland; and by her was father of his namesake the diarist.

anticipated her declining it because she was still under too great agitation, her sister Lady Strange having been in labour all night. Mr. Young,[1] the player, fresh from acting in the new tragedy; young Charles Sheridan, young, but now twenty-two, that boy whom *we* saw at Blair Adam and Dunkeld in the autumn of 1805. He and seven orphan children of his brother Tom (who died lately at the Cape of Good Hope) are all that now remains of that brilliant genius and adventurer, his father, and his two accomplished and admired wives. This lad is at Cambridge and meant for the law. His relations and Brand give him a high character. Brand introduced him to me, and I asked him to our party for the 6th. Lady Asgill asked herself, and I therefore asked all the set. Mrs. Wilmot had already had a written invitation.

June 9, *Tuesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—The day before yesterday Fred and I went to take the Sacrament at my still only parish church at Hampton. We sat in our old pew, and I in the corner of it which my wife used to sit in. It is nearly opposite to her (and my) monumental tablet.

We afterwards went along the once accustomed terrace, by the waterside, to Hampton Court, and visited first the Chesters, then Lady Erne and Lady and Lord George Seymour and their daughter, and also that poor blind, almost deaf, lame, emaciated skeleton, Colonel Thomas. His spirits kindled up on my sitting down by him. His gossip is still lively, with some of the old sarcasm and *chronique scandaleuse* of the day (bordering, even before his old and attentive sister, on, or sometimes stretching beyond, the equivoque), but with the breeding of the old school. His quackle used to amuse my poor wife, and while we both yet live, or linger, I shall never pass by his door.

Fred's speech against the new Alien Bill has had vast success in establishing him as a most, perhaps *the most*, promising young speaker in the Opposition, or in either party. Poor fellow, his head is less turned than his father's would have been by such success at his age.

[1] Charles Mayne Young, "perhaps the most distinguished member of the old Kemble school." The new tragedy was Sheil's *Bellamira*.

June 16, *Thursday*, 10 *a.m.*, *Argyll Street.*—London, Westminster, half the United Kingdom is in the hottest fit of a general election while the weather still is, and has been for the last fourteen days, at an Indian temperature, sometimes here in London at 85° Fahr. in the shade. London and Westminster are both in an election fever, distracted by theoretical madmen, or artful or desperate demagogues, proclaiming the right of universal suffrage, more rational and better inclined but perhaps more effectually mischievous or dangerous terrorists frightened at the imaginary increase of the influence of the Crown, and injudicious supporters, in and out of office, whether from principle or selfish motives, either of Government in general or of the present Ministry.

June 17, *Wednesday*, 7.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street.*—I mustered up spirits yesterday to dine at *The Club.* Another meeting is still appointed for yesterday fortnight. We were ten. Myself, by alphabetical rotation, in the chair. Hatchett, as perpetual secretary and treasurer, at the opposite end of the table, and four on each side. On my right Roger Wilbraham, Tom Grenville (now I think become Mr. Thomas Grenville), Richard Heber and Frere. On the other side, Sir William Grant (more communicative than usual), Sir Henry Englefield (almost blind, and with woeful other signs of caducity, but cheerful and gourmand, as in better days, both as to quality and quantity), the celebrated reserved, taciturn, unaffected Doctor Wollaston (chosen since my admission) and Lord Lansdowne.

The conversation was, or, with my increasing deafness I ought rather to say seemed to be, diversified, quiet, and agreeable as usual. My intercourse in mixed companies, and at long, or round, and wide tables is now almost entirely confined to the *tête-à-tête* with my next neighbour or neighbours to my right and left.

June 18, *Thursday*, 4.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street.*—The election for Westminster is to be held to-day. There will be quiet perhaps during this and the other early days of the fortnight to which the poll has been limited by a statute passed since the

time when I used to be counsel for Fox in his contests. But, if Hunt[1] keeps his absurd but wicked electioneering affidavit, there may be riot and confusion before it concludes. Fred has let himself be made a committeeman for Sir Samuel Romilly. He returned through Oxford to Banbury yesterday morning. His election is fixed for Friday. He apprehends no opposition. I think, as far as he has communicated to me the state of that supposed close borough, he can have nothing to apprehend this time, and if he keeps his health, spirits and the sort of political popularity or fame [gained by] his late and particularly his last speech against the late Alien Bill, he will have a good chance of having a seat given him at the next General Election, if the violent half of his party (for in their efforts to overturn the present Ministry, the comparatively moderate, who like him, and I fear only a small number of others, profess themselves the adherents of Lord Landsowne) make common cause not only with the more numerous Foxites, whose unascertained and undeclared leaders are Lord Holland and Lord Grey, but also with those Ultra *Liberaux*, who have the folly, to use the gentlest term, to profess within the walls of either House the insane or impudently wicked disorganising doctrines of the Tom Paines, the Horne Tookes, the Hunts, etc.—if, I say, that division of the Opposition do not, in pulling down whatever Ministry may exist at the time, totally overturn at the same time the Constitution itself, that is the present form of our legislature, which, with all its theoretical defects, has raised this fortunate United State of Great Britain and Ireland to an unexampled height of prosperity at home and glory throughout all the other nations of the earth.

June 20, *Saturday*, 9 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—Sir James Burges called on Lady Charlotte yesterday. I fell by chance into his clutches as he entered the house. Though, to a certain point, a clever man, and a fertile if not a good poet, and a taking if not able politician, he is a notorious member of the fraternity of bores. He was long the sworn, indivisible friend of the late

[1] Henry ("Orator") Hunt, the famous demagogue, stood for Westminster at the election of 1818, but was not successful.

Duke of Leeds. He made him his Under-Secretary of State,[1] and if you will believe Sir James during their union, Sir James was not only the efficient principal, but the chief minister, or rather the entire ministry.

He is very communicative of State secrets and anecdotes, and we, or more commonly I, did everything. I do not believe he means to lie, but he embellishes sadly, and his volubility applies to his imagination to supply circumstances of detail which memory cannot always furnish. At least so the minute fillings up of all his circumstantial relations have led me to suspect, and others have fallen into the same explanation of his never-boggling accuracy. He told me yesterday that he used to tickle on the *gossipping and indiscreet loquacity of old Hawkesbury*[2] to tell him many particulars of the first ten years of the present reign. He particularly informed me, before that *Apollo* Lady Charlotte Lindsay *me servavit*, that he had, by that innocent art, discovered that the King had constantly from the first day of his reign till his second illness kept a minute and regular diary, which about that last period had amounted to above a hundred volumes. Sir James expressed a natural desire to know where these volumes now are.

June 22.—We dined yesterday (Lady Charlotte and I) at Mr. Coutts's, Holly Lodge. Mrs. Coutts, as usual, sat at the head of the table, a pattern of good humour, hospitality to her guests, and unremitting and I believe unaffected attention to her old husband who always sits next her. A vulgar frankness and *empressement* is very predominant with her. There are many anecdotes about her and him, but none well authenticated, or indeed credited by those who have had best opportunities of judging, which impeach her chastity. The establishment of the young, agreeable and handsome Dr. Andrews in the house is certainly a natural theme of conjecture. But Mr. Coutts

[1] Sir James Bland Burges had been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs from 1789 to 1795, first under the Duke of Leeds and then under Lord Grenville.

[2] Charles Jenkinson, first Earl of Liverpool, of whom there has been so much in the early part of this journal.

gives no symptoms of jealousy of him. Coutts at 8[3] appears more cheerful, is quite as acute in business and well-bred and even agreeable, and alive as he ever was. So say all his partners, so say all his friends. I scarcely ever dined with him, but once with my dear wife, soon after our marriage, till this new leaf was turned over, since Miss Mellon became his wedded wife.

June 23, *Tuesday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Hawthorn Hill* (28 *miles from Hyde Park Corner*).—Lady Charlotte and I came through Piccadilly that I might myself leave my letter at Lady Guilford's door as we passed. The servant said she was up, but being afraid of getting too late to this place, we only left our cards, a kind message and apology, and my letter.

We arrived here about half past 6 and found them at dinner. Bess has always been punctuality itself. But we had a very cordial reception. We found only Mrs. and Mr. Weyland (both still full of his defeat last Friday in his contest for one of the seats for Reading) and a Miss Francis, daughter to a sister of Madame d'Arblay's, the admired authoress of *Evelina*, etc., whose last novel, *The Wanderer*, has so much disappointed the literary world.

Lady Templeton (Dowager) was at poor Lady Crewe's on Sunday evening when we called there on our return from Holly Lodge. She and I had settled to meet there when I called upon her on Saturday morning. She is, somewhat like myself, a living monument and chronicle of the past times and actors on the stage of this world. After Lady Crewe had retired she told me many characteristic anecdotes of the late Lady Mary Coke, some of them of her own knowledge I think, and some she had heard from Lady Dalkeith, Lady Mary's sister, and others—instances of the strange fancy of Lady Mary to imagine herself a sort of relict of the former Duke of York, which had been told her by his aunt, the Princess Amelia. This folly lived and only died with her. She used to sign her name in the royal manner, Mary with a sort of twirl to the "y" as if expressing the initial of York. A similar folly is said to make Lady Hester Stanhope imagine herself the widow of Sir John Moore, and one more singular still was that of Miss Wroughton,

once the celebrated beauty of Bath, who wore mourning as the widow of the soprano Ranzzini.

June 25, *Thursday*. 6 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Hawthorn Hill*.—We are to leave this kind and hospitable family this forenoon, and to proceed, at the distance of only thirteen miles, to *our* long tried and loved and esteemed friend, Mrs. Scott's at Danesfield. This place (Hawthorn Hill) is handsome and gentleman-like, on a sort of table-land, which sinks at the distance of from one to two or three miles into a sort of irregular plain or valley, surmounted all round by unequally higher grounds, and in some parts even wooded hills, while the Thames, but unseen from hence, skirts the base of some of them, and runs partly on this hither side and partly beyond those fronting this house, passing through openings or extensive plains, though here not descried, between them (as through the plain or valley of Hurley bottom between Taplow, Cliveden and Hedsor on its left bank, and Park Place and Wargrave Hill on its right) may be traced in the memory of those accustomed to follow its course to Reading and Oxford. But we had paid a visit to Lord and Lady Harcourt at St. Leonards, over Windsor, on Tuesday forenoon, and thus, when at Danesfield, both so near to the Thames, the king of British and, in many senses, of all floods, we shall have revisited the two most enchanting villas that eye can see and more charming than the muse of Denham, of Pope, or of Thomson could adequately describe.

June 27, *Saturday*, 6 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Danesfield*.—Yesterday, forenoon, after a walk with Lady Charlotte round the old Danish rampart, I was going to repair the want of sleep in the night, in an easy chair in the library, by Mrs. Scott's hospitable and kind permission and suggestion, while she sat down to finish a letter. But it occurred to me to ask her about her niece Lucy (now Lady Berkeley). This led to one of the most interesting and affecting scenes that ever passed between two friends, the most intimate, most tried, most confidential and with so long experienced congeniality and sympathy of tastes, opinions and sentiments, all of which modes of thinking and feeling had on her part been matured and fixed by my early and long acquaint-

ance and frequent intercourse with her and her worthy, noble-hearted husband while he lived, and a sense and certainty of my partiality and admiration, and on mine, by the continuance of that well grounded partiality and early bias of a more tender nature, though never fixed or assuming even in my own heart the settled and culpable character of love, for I never knew her till she was married, and to my friend—a partiality in which (on my bringing her and her whom I loved, I really believe beyond the limits of which my heart could have been capable towards any other human creature) my dearest Kitty never ceased to sympathise. The first subject, which awakened every motive for attention, and touched the utmost chords of her affection, was that of her poor niece at Rome; the next, the unequalled perfections of my departed angel; and these most affecting and inexhaustible topics were associated with the feelings and expressions of the most edifying interchange of concurrent principles of religion, morality and social duties and with characters of living and departed friends, and intermixed with all the infinite variety of traits, remarks, suggestions, questions and anecdotes which could possibly occur in such an unrestrained expansion of everything that belongs to such happy, such rare, such elevated and elevating scenes. Tears often spoke, in both, what words could not have said, and a kiss of the most pure, and I may say most ethereal nature concluded without terminating this never to be forgotten passage of my life. It produced the most cordial and frequent repetitions of invitation to return often to Danesfield, and fix myself there in my own room, with my own books, and the undisturbed employment and enjoyment of my own time for weeks and months, whenever I should find that she was at home, and part of her most popular habitation unoccupied at the time, by any of her numerous friends whom she likes to have, and who like to be, with her, on that with her very discriminate footing of more than mere passing visits.

To finish the account of the memorable day of yesterday we (that is Mrs. Scott, Lady Charlotte and I) in her barouche, drove, the weather being delicious, for several miles, through

her beautiful woods, till we descended to that fine reach of the Thames, which makes one of the most remarkable features of the place, as seen from the lawn in front of the house, and where, close to the river, stands the celebrated ruin of Medmenham Abbey, once the scene of the detestable orgies of Wilkes, Lord Le Despencer,[1] etc., before that, a dependency, I believe, of the Abbey of Great Marlow and now repurified by the chastened taste of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and containing in the remains of the ancient building a room where they sometimes dine or drink tea, and a dwelling in which we found a decent old woman, who is a sort of *concièrge*, occupied with a little grand-daughter in the making of lace, the long-established manufactory of this county (Bucks.).

Medmenham Abbey and the adjacent village are about a mile from Danesfield. At dinner we had, besides the respectable Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin, Sir William Young, the son and grandson of my old acquaintances, both Sir Williams, and the son-in-law of the last Sir William's second amiable and unfortunate wife, whose acquaintance my poor Kitty and I formed at Brighton in the happy summer of 1793.

After a cheerful evening we separated at between eleven and twelve last night.

I have passed an uncomfortable feverish first part of the night, but, after about two hours' quiet and refreshing sleep, have hastened to record the circumstances of the preceding day.

June 29, *Monday*, 3.45 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—Fred came to us yesterday before dinner and dined with Lady Charlotte and me. In the evening he dressed and went to Brookes's. Lady Charlotte and I were engaged and went to Mrs. Ravenscroft's, where were assembled, besides herself and husband, her sister Charlotte Boycott, the still beautiful and gentle and agreeable Mrs. Gwyn [2] and her husband the general, both attached to the Royal Family. She, when Miss Horneck, with her still more beautiful, her very beautiful sister [Catherine][3]

[1] Better known as Sir Francis Dashwood, who about 1755 founded the Hell-fire Club, which held its revels at Medmenham Abbey.

[2] Goldsmith's " Jessamy Bride." [3] Goldsmith's " Little Comedy."

who died Mrs. Bunbury, wife of the Bunbury celebrated for his caricature drawings, and her then still pretty mother, came to Paris in the summer of 1770, when I was there with Mr. (now Lord)Douglas. They had in their party Dr. Goldsmith and came to make a short excursion of two or three weeks. Old Mrs. Cholmondeley and her eldest daughter were then lodgers in the Convent St. Joseph where also lodged at that time Madame du Deffand. Mr. Gilbert (since Sir Gilbert Elliot and Earl of Minto) was also there.

I had been once or twice in his and his brother Hugh's company the year before (1769) in London. Through him I became acquainted with Mrs. Cholmondeley and through her with the Hornecks and Goldsmith, and with those ladies and Lord Petersham (now Lord Harrington) and his brother, now General Stanhope, formed a dinner party at Meudon near Paris, where a striking trait of one of Goldsmith's peculiarities of character occurred. The day was beautiful and while dinner was getting we sat or sauntered on a fine commanding terrace before the house. There the two young and agile Stanhopes began to vie together in that common trial of activity called hop-step-and-jump, while the ladies, the two young ones more beautiful than ever graced, or sat umpire on, the most brilliant tournament, stood by, as silent but not uninterested spectators. After this had lasted a little while, Goldsmith treating the Stanhopes as both very inferior performers, said he would show how easily he could beat them. He accordingly set off to hop-step-and-jump from the same point. He was the most awkward, uncouth, clownish cub I ever saw in real life, and performed what he did perform of his voluntary task as awkwardly as ever Merry Andrew pretended to do in mimicking the feats of his master. But in his effort when he came to the *jump* he fell (of course far within the mark of the two young gentlemen) and gave himself so violent a strain in one of his ankles as to be confined to his bed or room during the whole of the rest of his stay at Paris, where he had come full of the anticipated and since justly realised fame of his then just published *Deserted Village*. He had fancied that fame had gone before him, and that he was

to be sought after and caressed by all the wits and poets and critics of the French capital. Foolish hope, if no such accident had befallen him. For at that time scarcely any of those knew or valued our language or literature (except some of the free-thinking admirers and disciples of Hume). As it was, he returned as little known as he was when he made his famous pedestrian tour of Europe, the origin and basis of his exquisite first work, *The Traveller*.

Hickey, the Irish attorney, like himself a friend or protégé of Burke's, since immortalised in Goldy's unrivalled *Retaliation*, was also in the train of the Hornecks at that time. I afterwards met Goldsmith frequently during the short period of his remaining life, and was a member with him of a certain club at the *British* Coffee House which I imagine was established as a sort of antagonist to Johnson's at the *Turk's Head* in Gerard Street, of which I little then thought I should ever be received a member. But that was then and for long afterwards an evening meeting. That at the *British* was always a dining club. It was sometimes called the Literary Club, and was not limited in the numbers of its members or guests, and was therefore far from select or merely literary. Foote, however, who almost constantly, and Colman, the father, and Cumberland, frequently, besides Caleb Whitefoord (*Papirius Cursor*) and even Gibbon and Garrick, who attended more or less, were fixed members. The old musical, gambling, drinking, but witty Earl of Kellie, a descendant maternally of the first and very eminent Dr. Pitcairne, was generally president.[1]

This miscellaneous club lasted a long time. Nay, I am not quite sure that it does not still exist, with the immortality of corporations aggregate as *The Club*, under the auspices of its motto and toast, *Esto perpetua*, still does and as does also one more ancient than either, the law club of Lincoln's Inn called the Bears, illustrated by the names of many eminent lawyers and judges and of which I was long an ordinary, *paying*, and am still an *honorary* member. Charles Townshend, the witty

[1] The seventh Earl, whose mother was daughter of Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, a celebrated physician and the reputed author of two satirical poems.

Chancellor of the Exchequer, used, while he held that office, to go and dine sometimes with his fellow *Bears*.

That was a daily dining club. That at the *British* Coffee House was held half weekly. *The* Club now meets only every Tuesday fortnight, and this only regularly during the sitting of Parliament, though sometimes, as in this year, there are some extra and anomalous adjournments unauthorised by the constitution. Such was the last (Tuesday was a week) and such will be that of to-morrow, when I mean to dine there.

June 30, *Tuesday*, 8.45 *a.m.*, *in bed*.—Yesterday the still beautiful and still young looking Mrs. Berkeley Paget dined where we did, at Mr. Henry Dawkins's, my former worthy honest fellow Commissioner of Woods. The husband of that lovely woman, a brother of the Marquess of Anglesey (a family so remarkable for the personal charms but domestic depravity sometimes bordering on incest of many individuals of the present race and of both sexes), Berkeley Paget, not many months ago deserted that amiable woman and his and her young family, and is now or has very lately been seen publicly with a woman of no pretensions of person or accomplishments, whom he keeps openly, thus insulting the town, and still more the religion and morals of his country and the feelings of his unfortunate wife.

My friend Dawkins pleased me much by his unqualified eloquence on my system of forest administration, of which he ascribed the whole merit to me, adding that such was the universal opinion of all who are acquainted with the subject, and particularly of Huskisson, who he says treads *entirely* in my steps.

I have just read, in the course of a regular (but often suspended) perusal of Horace, the first Ode of the third book, and it has struck me that I should like to advise Fred to adopt, as a motto for his books, and a rule of conduct and imitation :

Moribus hic meliorque fama
Contendat.

Madame d'E——'s [1] two or three last letters have contained

[1] Probably Madame d'Esmangart, a lady whom Glenbervie had met on his last visit to Paris.

much detail on the too unrestrained admiration of Lady Charlotte Greville, now at Paris, for the hero of Waterloo, and too exaggerated descriptions of the fervent love of the Duke de Guiche for Ida, and her infantine naïve reciprocity of respectful tenderness towards him. The scandalous world of the Anglo-French society, who frequent that habitation of sentimental simplicity, Quintin Craufurd's magnificent hotel in the Rue d'Anjou, pretend that just before de Guiche was seized with this arcadian passion, he had been refused by Miss Hamilton Dalrymple, and before that by most of the great heiresses, French and English, who had come in his way, and they add, what the Comte de Montmorency confirmed to me last night at the ball given to his wife by her aunt, Madame de Menghen, that Craufurd gives his adopted child 500,000 francs dower and settles 500,000 more.

The Duc de Rohan was also at that ball and I believe the Prince de Beaufourt [?] both come over it is said on a matrimonial cruise. The taste for English heiresses is become very prevalent among the ultra-noble at Paris.

The Duc de Rohan was quite enthusiastic in his short conversation with me on the happy climate, charming manners, unrivalled beauty of England and its inhabitants. *Indeed!* thought I!

July 3, *Friday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street.*—Yesterday at three o'clock I went with Miss Williams Wynn, Miss Boycott and two Lady Probys to hear readings and recitations in Italian at the Argyll Rooms, by a Mr. *Bugni* (who has been, I understand, a distinguished actor in Italy). He is a Tuscan, but has not the smallest *guttural* in his pronunciation, which seemed to me perfect, as well as his acting those things which he spoke without book, and standing.

In the evening I went, by special invitation, to Lady Crewe's, where there was a small select party of her friends assembled to hear Perlet read and recite some scenes of Molière. He has been the great support of the French Comedy at the Argyll Rooms I believe ever since its establishment when we were abroad. He was much and justly applauded that night. Both

he then, and Bugni yesterday, by their reading, in their two very different languages and kinds (for the reading and declaiming of the Italian was almost entirely serious), have shaken me in the opinion I have so long entertained and professed, that Le Texier's talent and manner were unique and in a manner unattainable by others. I still think it not impossible that he was the founder of a sort of new taste and school in reading.

Lady Charlotte, Fred and I dined at home. In the evening I went to a select concert at Mrs. Chinnery's, where the *amico*, as she calls him, played on his violin, with and without accompaniment, to the great admiration of the connoisseurs.

The name Mrs. Chinnery still calls Fiotti by, of *L'Amico*, and as the husband also always called him, puts me often in mind of a song in one of the Italian comic operas acted at Venice (I think) when I was there, in the years 1767-8.

Questo Marcello
Non è fratello—
È'un *amico*
C'è un intrico,
Egià sapete come va!

There were at the concert several diplomatic personages, as d'Osmond and his disagreeable and unpopular wife, Ludolph, Humboldt, Grimaldi, and of English that I knew, only the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne, her unmarried daughter, Lady Lambert, Lady Saltoun, and very few others, though some who spoke to me, but whom I did not recollect. Fiotti talked to me of Madame d'Esmangart, whom he had known last winter at Paris at his brother's, who he told me is a colonel and Attorney General at Paris, a strange union of situations, but I found he meant that he has the same sort of office and duties with our Judge *Advocate*.

Yesterday morning I drove out to see Sir Walter Farquhar, who was removed the day before to a house his son the Governor has taken on the Kensington Road—the house fitted up so magnificently, some years ago, by the Duke of Kent for Madame —— but which it is said she never would set her foot in. It was furnished by the Board of Works, under the pretence of

furniture for his apartments either in Kensington Palace or at Bere—both being already over-stocked. This was discovered, and caused much talk at the time. Whether he was obliged to pay himself for it I cannot tell, but I believe not.

Sir Walter had borne this short journey well.

He told me two characteristic anecdotes, one of the old Lord Mansfield, and one of George Selwyn.

Lord Mansfield some short time before his death used to make Sir Walter sit with him and talk over old and new events and stories. One day on the subject of the French Revolution he said, "I will not live to see it, but you probably will live to see some terrible explosion. The fermentation of men's minds is such, it must end so. What will be the upshot? Who can foresee? *Hit or miss. Luck's all!!!*"

They were talking before George Selwyn of genius. He said, "Genius is an indefinite term. I never think a man really an able man, unless I see that he has attained the object of his pursuits, whatever they may be. I try Charles Fox by that test. He has had three favourite pursuits—gaming, politics, women. He addicted himself to play and thought himself a skilful player, but lost an immense fortune almost before he was of age. Power was his grand object, yet he has never been able to keep possession of it, scarcely for a twelvemonth. He was desirous of shining as a man of gallantry, and he married a whore."

July 6, *Monday*, 5.15 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Mr. Shepherd's* (*Hampton*). —I arrived in time to walk with Mrs. Shepherd and one of her little children to church.

After dinner I went over to Colonel Thomas's and found, but did not stop to speak to, Miss Thomas who was lying but seemingly not asleep a good way from the door where he was, on a sofa in their long gallery.

Thomas was sitting *tête-à-tête* with Colonel Cottin. It was nearly dark. They had a little table, with the remains of their bottle of wine before them, having I supposed dined together. Thomas was as much alive, and as lively, in conversation as ever I remember him. My old friend, as he called him, the Duke of Queensberry, being his principal, as on all occasions his constant

theme. We talked of the elections and the just-terminated Westminster Election, for his gossiping mind is always *au courant* of the news of the day. This led to the subject of popularity. "The Duke of Queensberry, your old friend, used to say, 'Beware of popularity,' adding his usual oath, for the Duke though not *un héro* continually verified Voltaire's verse which says:

Tout héros Anglais
jure G— d—

"'I have been twice in Scotland since I have been Duke of Queensberry. The first time I was popular and the people of the country took the horses from my carriage and drew me home. Some years afterwards, when I returned again, I was pelted with stones, mud and execration, and G— d— me, I liked the last, by G—, better than the first reception, d— my blood.'"

Our conversation then turned on the royal marriages and the little chance there was of an heir to the Crown from most of them. On this Thomas told us that the late Miss Hotham one day at Sir Charles Edmonstone's in this neighbourhood told the following story, Lady Edmonstone her cousin blushing and looking demure, and Sir Thomas on a fidget. She said that when Sir William Stanhope, in his old age, was about to marry Miss Delaval (I think she was sister to Sir Francis, Foote's friend) he went to inform his brother, the Earl of Chesterfield, of it. Lord Chesterfield joked with him on the likelihood that the marriage would not produce an heir to the family honours. "Why so?" said Sir William. "*You know, brother, I have a great many friends.*"

This recalled to my memory the anecdote of Lady Anne Foley, which perhaps is already in one of these earlier volumes. Poor good-natured Ned Foley had also *many friends*, all the witty and wicked satellites of Charles Fox and *accompagnés de plusieurs autres*. Lady Anne a few days after one of her lyings-in wrote this short note and postscript to Fitzpatrick. "Dear Richard, I give you joy. I have just made you the father of a beautiful boy. Yours, etc. *P.S.*—This is not circular."

Sept. 5, *Saturday*, 10 *a.m.*, *Little Merivale, Tunbridge Wells.*—I have just drank my first glass of water. I now take regularly one glass before breakfast and two in the forenoon, and am going to-day to begin a regular course of riding every forenoon. I rather think I sleep somewhat better since I have been here. I would fain owe some return of good health and the use of my faculties to the virtue of waters whose salubrious quality is said to have been discovered by an ancestor of my poor wife.[1]

Sept. 7, *Monday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed, Little Merivale.*—Hugh Rose [2] came from Uckfield to pay me a visit on Saturday night. He is an extraordinary young man. *Ingenium ingens inculto latet hoc sub corpore.* At twenty-two, or I believe less, he has as much classical knowledge as we suppose the great Bentley ever possessed and withal is equally removed from the disgusting arrogance and pretensions of Parr and the sheepish, awkward bashfulness of many mere book-scholars. His manners are perfectly easy and gentlemanlike, notwithstanding the uncouth clumsiness of his person, in both which respects, as well as by a gentle, quiet pleasing voice, he brings to my mind Dr. John Gregory, the amiable author of the *Comparative View*, etc., the friend to Read, Butler, Mrs. Montagu, etc., and perfect contrast to that rough unpolished diamond, his son and successor, the present eminent professor and physician, Dr. John Gregory.

I introduced Rose yesterday to Frere and Lady Erroll, and we dined with them, and in the evening met, and I introduced him also to Katherine and the two other Miss Fanshawes. Rose has quite *ensorcelé* Frere, which is what I meant and foresaw.

In the forenoon yesterday after church, I went with Philippa Ashburnham [3] to visit Miss or Mistress Ashburnham, the extraordinary daughter of the late Bishop of Chichester, Sir

[1] Dudley, third Lord North, who discovered the springs in 1606.

[2] Presumably Hugh John Rose, who had graduated at Cambridge in 1817. He became known as a theologian rather than a classical scholar, and was appointed Principal of King's College, London, in 1836, but was shortly afterwards obliged by ill-health to go to Italy, where he died in 1838.

[3] Apparently a slip for Godfrey.

[William] Ashburnham,[1] whose face, figure, conversation and character are caricatures. Her walls are covered with pictures, almost as frightful as herself, historical and portraits in needle-work, all of her own, which she is said to think and say are superior to those of Miss —— [*sic*]. She told me she was the happiest, and therefore the best-tempered and most cheerful, of human beings. As it was near dinner time I had been warned to avoid the subject of those wondrous works, and therefore kept my eyes on the ground during the whole of my visit. But I have this morning, at the sleepless hour of two o'clock, amused my thoughts with the putting together the following quibbling epigram, which I fear a sort of new-fangled vanity, which leads me to think for the first day or two all my rhyming trifles very good, will tempt me to read to Rose at breakfast.

L'ECHO INDISCRET ET INJUSTE

AUTEUR—'*Toute verité n'est pas bonne à dire.*'
ECHO— ' - - *bonne à dire.*'

When, with Philippa[2] fair, I chanced to call,
And high suspended on the pictured wall
Thy wondrous worsted works I first espied,
'Modern Minerva!' I exclaimed,
'O! fond, *felicitous*, far-famed!
Admired, astonishing *Ashburnham.*'
But Echo, ever indiscreet, replied,
Jaundiced with jealousy, by envy fired
(Or by uncourteous truth perhaps inspired),
Muttering and murmuring from behind—
Trash! burn 'em.

Sept. 9, *Wednesday*, 5.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Little Merivale.*—Here is I think a better edition of the above:

As, late, with Godfrey fair, I chanced to call,
And, high suspended on thy pictured wall,
Thy wondrous, *worsted* works I first espied,
'Modern Minerva!' I exclaimed,
'O! fond! felicitous! far-famed!
Ashburnham!!

[1] Fourth baronet, and Bishop of Chichester from 1754 till his death in 1797.

[2] Miss Philippa Godfrey, sister to the Dowager Lady Donegall.—G.

When, lo! by sudden emulation fired,
Jaundiced with jealousy, or puffed with pride,
(Or by uncourteous truth perhaps inspired),
Echo, rebounding from the rocks,[1] replied,
'Trash! burn 'em!'

I would fain insert in these volumes an abstract, or outline, of the general circumstances of my own life, "even from my boyish days," for the use of my son, and which may furnish him with material in case he or the public might think it worth while to prefix a short biographical memorial of me to any future edition of my Law Reports. This I can only do by starts, and detached fragments, but I shall try, by references, to give them some cohesion and appearance of a whole.[2]

Sept. 28, *Monday*, 6 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Little Merivale*.—The day before yesterday (the 26th) was the anniversary of *our* marriage. My chief reason for resisting Lord and Lady Sheffield's urgent and affectionate entreaties to continue some days longer at Sheffield Place was my desire to keep that day *at home* with Fred. I had wished to have been able to induce Lady Charlotte to return with us, or to come to us that morning, but Lord Guilford had engaged her to return with him to London. The last 26th of September which my dearest Kitty knew, we were all four together at the Pheasantry and dined in our poor library there. It had become one of her few amusements to dress the salad before dinner and she did so on that day. We had always kept it holy, and as a sort of innocent and, to us, interesting sacrifice, had always endeavoured to have one of the dishes at dinner which had happened to be one the first day she and I dined together after our marriage, which was on the 27th of September, 1789, at what was then called the Great or Ranger's Lodge at Bushey Park, and which after the Duke of Clarence succeeded Lady Guilford as Ranger, he named Bushey

[1] Miss Ashburnham's house is opposite to some hollow *rocks*, and is called the Rock House.—G.

[2] Here, in the manuscript, follows the first instalment of the *Biographical Memoir*, which, according to his plan, Glenbervie continued at intervals till almost the last day on which he made an entry in his diary. The fragments have been placed consecutively in an appendix to this volume.

House. I had ordered that dish for last Saturday, and Fred and I dined on it.

Oct. 4, *Sunday*, 5 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—Yesterday forenoon the Duchess of Devonshire showed me a proof copy of her edition of the fifth section of the fifth Satire of Horace, illustrated with the original drawings, some by herself, and also the first volume containing the first six books of Hannibal Caro's translation of the *Aeneid*, with proof prints of a great variety of views and scenery illustrating the contents of the fifth book.[1] Of these there is one by herself, a beautiful vignette by her niece Lady Caroline Wortley, and one or two designs and engravings by Mr. Williams, a young English artist of great promise, who was travelling with the Mr. Douglas whom *we* in September 1814 met at the *table d'hôte* at Frankfurt. He had been to Chamonix, and had attempted to go to the top of Mont Blanc.

Last night I was at a party at Lord Hardwicke's, where there was, for the time of year, company enough not to crowd, but sufficient comfortably to fill, the library, the adjoining room not being open. I had not seen Lady Elizabeth Stuart [2] before since she came to England. I told her of my intended trip to the Continent. She is to set out on her return to-morrow with her little Elizabeth, now about two years old, or not much more, but who may most probably be an accomplished and admired fine lady before this early mention of her name ever reaches, if it ever shall reach, any human eye but my own. I reminded Lady Elizabeth that this little child had, as her mother and grandmother Lady Stuart thought, always crowed and seemed pleased to see me, last winter.

The people I conversed with, besides Lord and Lady Hardwicke, and Lady Elizabeth and Lady Stuart, were, Baron Humboldt and his brother, who has been here about a week and is going from hence to Aix-la-Chapelle, his brother the Prussian Minister, d'Osmond the French Ambassador, an

[1] The Duchess of Devonshire (Lady Elizabeth Foster), who was now a dowager, took great interest in the art of printing. Besides the books mentioned, she produced an edition of the *Passage of the Saint Gothard*, a poem by her friend and predecessor Georgiana.

[2] Lord Hardwicke's daughter.

agreeable and I fancy a sensible man. I knew him at Genoa and saw him last winter at Paris, besides having met him occasionally in London, both before my last expedition to the Continent and since. Gallatin, the American Minister to Paris, who is also come on his way, I believe, to Aix-la-Chapelle. I had known him a little at Paris. He is a remarkable man, a Genevan, speaking English fluently, but with a strong accent, yet said to be a powerful speaker in the American Congress, and certainly a powerful man in the country which has adopted him. His wife was also at Lady Hardwicke's, in the place of honour on the sofa by Lady Elizabeth. She did not, poor woman, seem to feel quite in her place, having much the air of a decent housekeeper or tradesman's wife, with something exotic. Rogers, who is always very gracious to me when we meet; Luttrell, that rival wit of his, always equally so; Sir James Bland Burges; General Ramsay; the Berrys, whom I had seen in the *prima sera* at Lady Donegall's; Lord [1] and Lady Pollington. He seemed pleased with an allusion I made to his performances *here* last winter. I recollect nobody else, but I knew all the company.

Oct. 10, *Saturday*, 4 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Luton Park*.—Though I have often travelled the road which goes from Luton to Barnet, I do not remember ever to have noticed till yesterday the magnificent view which the situation of that town or (rather) village with its concomitant scenery presents from the eminence which the highway passes over about a mile before you reach it. That eminence slopes gradually to a fertile bottom, whence there is again a gradual slope, corresponding upwards with the same direction to a greater height, and on the summit of that height the high buildings of Barnet stand fronting boldly, and bounding the horizon, at the distance of about 1½ or 2 miles, the country to right and left consisting of rich green meadow land, diversified with numerous woods and patches of wood, and country seats, villas, and neat cottages, farm houses, hay ricks and little inns. When I travelled over it yesterday about ten o'clock the clear

[1] John Savile, Viscount Pollington, afterwards third Earl of Mexborough. His wife was Lord Hardwicke's daughter.

sun brought out and brightened every object. It could not be called a rural scene, nor a *fallentis semita vitae*, for their [there were] various passengers on foot, on horseback, with teams, in post-chaises, chariots and buggies, single and in groups, at different distances, hastening to the greatest, richest, most populous and frequented metropolis in the world. What famed *paesista* would best have painted this scene? Salvator Rosa, Claude, Poussin, Vernet, Cuyp, Teniers, or our now neglected Wilson, Loutherbourg or Gainsborough?

I have found our niece, Lady Bute,[1] most agreeable, hospitable, with her natural elegance of manner, become less shy and diffident, yet her easy manner and conversation still within the limits of becoming grace and civility—in short as polished, without airs or affectation of any sort, as if she had passed all her life in refined courts, and with only polished and refined society. Thus it is to be what the French call *bien né* and what Horace seems to have meant by *bene nata*.

Lord Bute is frank, kind and gentleman-like. He disguises his blindness, which that most affected of beings, men or women, Colonel Barry, whom I have found here, and who is however the greatest of *adulators*, told me was become obviously less. Lady Bute hopes so. Lord Bute himself I find tries to think so. But his reader, the Reverend Mr. Johnson, would not give me the same opinion.

I continue, whatever the two Fredericks with their Athenian architectural technicalities may say, to think the library here the finest and most likeable room I know anywhere. It is not so elegant, nor so cheerful, nor has it such a view, as Lord Guilford's bijou in London. But it is I suppose five times as large, has three desirable aspects, and therefore cannot be dull, terminates at each end in a room, which by throwing open the double doors, form *ad libitum* part of it, and I suppose contains, with the cases rich with valuable Italian classics in the corridor leading to it, I should suppose as numerous a collection as Lord Guilford's.

The riches of Luton in fine pictures is immense. I have

[1] She was a daughter of the third Earl of Guilford.

had time to look at few of them this time, and had forgot almost every one of them, except that celebrated one by Sir Joshua, of Lord Bute, the first Minister, and the late Lord Liverpool, father of the present first Minister, but at that time humble Charles Jenkinson, under-secretary to the far from humble First Lord of the Treasury. They are both at full length, and though both standing erect and close together, make I think a very distinguished work. Lord Bute's portrait is said to be very like. I never happened to see him. Mr. Jenkinson's must *have been* very like. The picture is now in the long gallery, at the end of which my present chamber is. In the same gallery I remarked pictures, kit-cat, among hundreds of others, one of my old acquaintance Goldsmith, Lord Bute thinks by Sir Joshua, like, but not near so like, though still more a caricature, than a pen and ink caricature I have of him by Lord Minto.

I had so much forgot this picture that I could have sworn that Jenkinson was in a black coat, and had a puritanical appearance. His dress is a scarlet frock coat, of the cut of the day with gold button holes, then and long after much the fashion, for Gilly Williams used to wear them till within a few years of his death. They used to be called *vellum* holes. (Query: why?) My impression of the black coat, and lank long straight-haired methodist, I must have received from the description which Charles Townshend used to give of his appearance when he first saw him, with exaggerated humility, presenting a draft of some paper to his principal, having answered Lord Bute's bell on some occasion when Townshend happened to be with him upon business.

In the tea room to which we went after dinner I was struck with a very large, beautiful Teniers, of landscape and smallish figures. Lady Bute told me it is much admired.

11.50 *a.m.*, *South Mimms.*—Before I left Luton this morning I walked hastily through the rooms and was much gratified, though perplexed and dazzled by their number and excellence. I also took a second and more steady view of the picture of Lord Bute and Jenkinson. Lord Bute is represented in a full Court dress of blue velvet embroidered with the common insignia of

the Garter, his hair powdered and dressed with two side curls like those in the pictures and bust of Lord North, his person standing straight before the eye, but his face, ruddy, young, handsome, with a look of eager penetration and something of Highland acuteness, turned upon Jenkinson, who stands respectfully on his left hand, facing towards him and extending an official paper, which the Minister has taken carelessly hold of, while scanning the grave, gentle, respectable expression which his secretary seems to have summoned into a sensible but naïve countenance. His coat is not scarlet, but a bright brown, and the cut is not so much unlike the present fashion. He has point ruffles as well as Lord Bute.

The present Lord told me that Lord Liverpool and Lady Verulam think this portrait of their father must have been very like him when young.

Oct. 13, *Tuesday*, 5.45 *a.m.*, *Argyll Street.*—I dined yesterday with the Fanshawes. Anne Anguish dined there and no other visitor. But, in the evening, there came Mrs. and Miss Leycester, mother and sister to the pretty Mrs. [Catherine] Stanley, who married the Reverend [Edward] Stanley [1] (younger brother to Sir John) and is niece to Hugh Elliot.

They have been a short trip through France, over the Simplon to Milan and Venice, and confirm the multiplied anecdotes of Lord Byron's metamorphoses into a fat, fat-headed, middle-aged man, slovenly to the extreme, unkempt, with long, untied locks that hang down on his shoulders, shabbily dressed, and when he entered the room at a conversazione, where they met him, not going up, according to natural and general civility, to the lady of the house, and of course far from doing, kissing her hand, which by the etiquette of the country it is equally of course to do; when they were presented to him, as his country-folk direct from England, not uttering a word, but immediately flinging himself into an armchair with his back to them and the greatest part of the company.

He is understood, at Venice, to be writing his own life, and

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Norwich. His brother, Sir John, was subsequently created Lord Stanley of Alderley.

in prose. We all agreed that his prose notes are ill-written with bad taste in criticism, and bad and vulgar wit.

The Chesters told me (after the rest of their guests were gone) two traits of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

Not many days ago, being at the stud house, he sent for Mr. Marsh, secretary or at least in some office under the Lord Chamberlain, and one of whose duties it is to prepare and arrange the particulars and order of procession in royal funerals. It seems he had learned that Marsh was at that moment at a ball at Hampton Court. The Regent's message was that he should come to him immediately and inform him of the proceedings at some of the former funerals of one of the Queens. Marsh asked the person who brought the message if he might not be allowed to attend his Royal Highness next morning instead of then, when he was told that the order was peremptory for the very moment.

The other trait or anecdote was this. Miss C. Fanshawe had been invited a few days ago to dine in company with Lord Beresford, who, having in the meantime received his Royal Highness's commands to dine at Carlton House, sent his excuse to their host or hostess, but promising to come there in the evening. This he did. He told them the royal dinner was *en petit comité* of six. This led to a conversation about the Prince's way of going on at present, and one of the company observed that he now, they believed, was become very temperate in eating and drinking; whereupon Beresford said, "It may be so, but I should be very sorry if any of you were to see me, having ate and drunk so copiously as he has done to-day. I am sure in that case you would not call me temperate or sober."

Oct. 15. *Thursday*, 6.15 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Kidbrooke*.—Lord Colchester told me that the Talents offered the Seals to Lord Ellenborough first, before Erskine, and that Lord Ellenborough immediately refused, saying that it was quite impossible that a man who had always, and for such a length of time, practised or presided exclusively in that Court, could execute the duties of Chancellor, and that if he were to undertake it, he would disgrace himself as well as those who should appoint him. This

he said, knowing that they were going immediately from him to Erskine.

Have I mentioned anywhere already the anecdote of Erskine and Lord Thurlow, when Erskine went to him at Norwood to tell him of his being Chancellor? Erskine, they say, thought it necessary to begin by owning that he knew nothing of *Equity*, but added that he was persuaded that in a few days he could make himself quite master of it. Thurlow with great gravity and politeness answered, after commonplace congratulations, that he well knew the facility of comprehension that belonged to Mr. Erskine and had no doubt of his finding himself very soon conversant with the whole system; that he himself had been applying to it for forty or more years and that he was yet far from having mastered it.

Lord Colchester further told me that he himself had heard Lord Howick (now Lord Grey) say, speaking of Erskine as a Cabinet Minister: "Damn that fellow, he tells everything, the most private, everywhere and to everybody."

Oct. 22, *Thursday*, 3.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Waldershare*.—Boyd and I drove over to Dover (between five and six miles) yesterday forenoon to look at the vessel Lord Guilford and I are to embark in to-day at 2 p.m. Lord Guilford *would* send us with his chariot and four. In the *Ship* Inn, where I called about a pair to take my chaise to Dover this morning, I found Lord Beauchamp,[1] Lord Yarmouth's son, just landed, looking so pale, so yellow, so jaded! He told me some news of the Spa season this year, and he thinks I shall find the Grevilles and the Barnetts returned from thence to Brussels. This information has nearly determined me to accompany Lord Guilford as far as that town. Lord Beauchamp, unasked, told me he had just lost all his money at Paris. According to him, it is understood that Sir Charles Stuart is to be no longer Ambassador at Paris; that the return of the troops is to be the signal of his recall. This has been long the general report in London. But as Walsh said when some Foxites, in the sanguine days of Opposition, were depreciating

[1] Afterwards fourth Marquess of Hertford, who made the collection of works of art now known as the Wallace collection.

the poor King and wishing him *cashiered*, "*Whom can you put in his place*?" This embarrassment may enable Stuart still to retain a station for which he is so ill-calculated for some time longer. Lord Pembroke, it is now known, is not to be his successor. The common talk now at Paris is Lord Buckingham. But according to Lord Guilford and Brooke Taylor, who came here yesterday, the greater probability is that it will be Lord Granville.[1] It was generally known when Louis XVIII took leave of our *Ali the Magnificent* he expressed an earnest wish that his Royal Highness might find it compatible with the measures of his Government to prove to the Marquess of Buckingham his (Louis XVIII's) sense of his obligations to that family. But I believe this was before the death of the late Lord, and Fred North has heard that the present Marquess, my old acquaintance while he was Lord Temple, was much disliked by that Prince.

Oct. 23, *Friday*, 2.50 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Waldershare*.—The wind having proved directly contrary yesterday, we were advised not to embark, being assured that we must pass the whole night on board. We therefore returned to this place to dinner, and are to return again to Dover this morning at 5 a.m., in the hope of embarking with a better wind at 6.

Oct. 25, *Sunday*, 9 *a.m.*, *Waldershare*.—We have just breakfasted and are going to set out for Dover. The wind still maintains, but I am obliged to hope that we shall at last be able to leave this enchanted castle of good cheer and good humour, where

> Partridge, hare, pheasants were our daily food—
> I hope they're wholesome ; they were very good.

Dec. 20, *Sunday*, 5.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *The Rose Inn*, *Sittingbourne*.—Milne and I embarked at Boulogne[2] the day before yesterday at half past 1 p.m. with a slight fair south-west wind, and with the prospect of reaching Dover about 7 at night.

[1] He—Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, who had been created Viscount Granville in 1815—did succeed Stuart, but not until several years later.

[2] The entries relating to the short trip in Flanders and France which Glenbervie had just made are scanty and not of much interest.

But in about two or three hours the wind shifted to the north east, and rose to a storm, accompanied for some time with heavy rain. Once the storm was so great as to break the mast. We did not get to Dover till half past 7 yesterday morning.

Dec. 28, *Monday*, 5.30 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street.*—Milne and I arrived in London on Sunday the 29th (eight days from our leaving Paris) at 5 o'clock, when I stopped to dine with him. Charles Gordon joined us in the evening and came home with me here, where he slept. They both dined with me next day. I have been but twice out since, having been confined by a severe cough and cold, and by fogs, since Tuesday the 22nd, so thick at times as to have produced numerous accidents in London, and they say the death of ten people, by being run over by carriages. On Tuesday when it was so thick as to literally realise Milton's seeming paradox of the *palpable* obscure, they had a bright, clear summer sun all day at Brighton. So Sir William Pepys, who was then there, told us on Saturday night at Miss Fanshawe's, where I dined. I am going this morning to Wimpole, Lord Hardwicke's, where I shall find Lady Charlotte. On Saturday I received an uncomfortable letter from Frederick. His plan, as I supposed it certainly would, appears to have totally failed.

Dec. 30, *Wednesday*, 4.30 *p.m.*, *Wimpole.*—I got to this place to dinner on Monday and found here Lady Charlotte in great spirits, and she and Lady Hardwicke most agreeable and Lord Hardwicke very unaffected and hospitable. There is besides a house full of neighbours, and Lord and Lady Pollington. His drollery is very amusing.

1819

Jan. 3, *Sunday*, 3.30 *p.m.*, *Wimpole*.—When Ward heard that Hannah Tighe was to be married, and that Lord [Patrick Crichton-]Stuart was in love with her, he said the latter part could not be true for that

> Love, light as air, at sight of human *Tighes*,
> Spreads his soft wings, and in a moment flies.

The pronunciation being exact and Miss Tighe rather plain, the application was very witty. But the word being in the plural number, it was very wrong in Ward to make the remark, as Mrs. Tighe the mother has been talked of with him for many years. She, however, continues still very lovely.

Jan. 17, *Sunday*, 8.30 *a.m.*, *Argyll Street*.—I made several visits in my carriage yesterday forenoon. I found Sir Vicary Gibbs looking much better than I expected, in extremely good spirits. Lady Gibbs remarkably kind and Mrs. Pilkington as usual. Moysey was there, and he and Gibbs and I had a great deal of pleasant conversation about Homer and Horace. Gibbs says he sleeps ill, and reads in the night, and that he had the night before finished reading Horace's *Epistles* regularly through. How like we are in that particular.

From Russell Square I went to call on Matilda Hankey, who gave me a little copy of the *Orlando Furioso*, which I gave her poor mother between thirty and forty years ago.

After that I called on Lady James Stuart and found her and him together. I then went all the way to 17 Montagu Street, Portman Square, to visit Mrs. Chinnery, whom I also found at home. Margaret Gordon [and I] dined together *tête-à-tête*, Fred and Lady Charlotte both dining out. This I fear will be

often the case this winter. I received yesterday or the day before a most kind and affectionate letter from Anne Stirling (Mrs. Houston). O, how I now cling to blood relations on my own side, and my poor wife's !

Tierney came in to Lord James Stuart's while I was there. We talked of Lord Erskine's most strange marriage to a mistress (formerly one of the lowest class of women of the town) whom he lately took to Scotland and married at Gretna Green, on the idea of making her Lady Erskine and legitimating some children he has by her.[1] We then talked of the Chancellor's continuing indisposition and the conjectures about his successor. Lord Manners [2] has been talked of. We should in that case see three of the same family, two brothers and a son, at the head of the three greatest divisions of the State—the Church, the Lords and the Commons. Tierney thinks Lord Manners would not take the Seals. But those who knew him twenty years ago would have said they did not think he would have taken the Irish Seals. *Crescit indulgens sibi*, the disease of ambition. But Tierney added that Leach's chance is now past. That six months ago, if the vacancy had happened, he would have been Chancellor, but that his name is now in the black book of Hertford House, and, of course, at the Pavilion, in consequence of his having dined with Mrs. Fitzherbert either at his own house or hers.

In the course of last summer, Tierney, after some real reluctance, or coquetry, on the subject, agreed to take the lead, for Opposition, in the room of Ponsonby.[3] I believe this sort of *formal election* or appointment of an Opposition leader was first practised in the case of Ponsonby.

Jan. 20, *Wednesday*, 9 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—On Monday, Lady Charlotte having got Mr. Coutts's box at Covent Garden, which is on the ground floor and next the stage (on the King's side) I went to that box with her and Margaret

[1] Her name was Sarah Buck. Erskine tried to divorce her in 1820 and was separated from her in 1821.

[2] Thomas Manners-Sutton, first Lord Manners. He was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, but never became so of England, Eldon remaining in office until 1827.

[3] George Ponsonby had died in 1817.

Gordon to see Miss O'Neill in *Jane Shore*. Lady Charlotte thinks she has fallen off in that part since she saw her last, about three or four years ago. I was much pleased with her in it. But I had not seen this play before since Canning's mother made her debut in it, under the auspices of Garrick and with the protection of the Duchess of Ancaster, about four and forty years ago. She acted it most wretchedly, and never attempted it I believe a second time. I had gone there with Mr. and Mrs. Hankey on purpose to support her. Canning was then an infant orphan, his father having died not many months before.

Feb. 9, *Tuesday*, 5.50 *a.m.*, *in bed.*—Lady Charlotte and I dined yesterday at Lady Donegall's with a small, comfortable party. We were I think eight or nine at table, the men, besides myself, Charles Moore, the late Archbishop's son and nephew to the late Lord Auckland, Doctor Warren, Mr. Thomas Hope, and Mr. Ellis,[1] son to Lord Clifden, a young man of whom Lady Donegall and Lady Charlotte had taught me to entertain a high opinion. The four ladies were the two sisters Lady Donegall and Miss Godfrey, and a little niece [2] of theirs, who lives with them.

Roger's long-expected poem called *Human Life* had been published in the morning, and already read by most of us, and it was a natural and fruitful topic of conversation and criticism. I acknowledged that on the whole it had agreeably and favourably disappointed me, though subject to much just objection for the confusion of the plan, or rather the want of any plan, an affectation of a constant recurrence of triplets, trisyllabic feet, dactylic terminations, etc., of which last there is an example at the very outset, with the still more material fault of obscure references to historical facts and characters, without any sufficient indication to enable the reader to divine to what event or character the text alludes, till he resorts for explanation to the notes at the end.

[1] George James Welbore Agar-Ellis, created Baron Dover in 1831. It was on his suggestion that the National Gallery was formed; he wrote a life of Frederick the Great and edited Horace Walpole's letters.

[2] On recollection she did not make one at table.—G.

In the course of conversation after dinner the merits of the Chancellor and his brother were talked of, and those of Leach and other supposed candidates for the Seals, and it was mentioned (as it has been pretty generally of late) that Mr. Leach's chance of being Lord Eldon's successor is thought to be very much diminished of late. For this various causes are assigned or hinted at. That spoken of yesterday, viz. the hasty blunder he made about a fortnight ago, in the injunction cause to prevent the Duke of Marlborough's felling the timber in the Park at Blenheim, and which decision of his he was obliged to retract in a day or two days afterwards, this I say could not be the cause of any disfavour he has fallen under, as I heard that opinion stated by a person in great habits with some of the Ministers, and also some of the Royal Family, a month before the hearing of the Marlborough cause before the Vice-Chancellor.

Mr. Ellis told us what it seems is a current joke of Jekyll's on the imputed dilatoriness of the Chancellor and the precipitancy of his coadjutor. The former he says is a judge of *oyer* only, as he never will decide or terminate, and the other a judge of *terminer*, without taking reasonable time to hear before he determines.

Feb. 10, *Wednesday*, 7 *a.m.*, *in bed*, *Argyll Street*.—Lady Charlotte and I dined and spent the evening at Mr. Sotheby's [1] in Lower Grosvenor Street. He is the author of a translation of the *Georgics* which obtained general approbation, when first published, and still maintains its reputation. I know it only by hearsay, having never read or even seen it. His translation, or imitation, of Wieland's *Oberon* was also well received by the critics and the reading public. That I read with pleasure at the time, but found it varying in many parts from the original, and certainly inferior to it. His plays and occasional poems are little read, and, with his friends even, are not considered as beyond mere mediocrity. He is esteemed by a very general and diversified acquaintance, as a very worthy good-natured man, though somewhat a subject of the quizzing so prevalent among a certain class of wits and authors, who take the lead in

[1] William Sotheby (1757-1833).

our literary world of the present day, whom he cultivates and entertains, for he is very opulent for a poet, and very hospitable, so that he is in a degree a sort of patron and Maecenas among them. For the last twelvemonth he has been the subject of much conversation in consequence of a most severe and malignant satire upon him, and as is said, and I believe, most unprovoked, contained in some stanza of that otherwise good-humoured and playful burlesque poem of Lord Byron's called by the Venetian abbreviation of the name of Giuseppe, or Joseph, *Beppo.*

We had at dinner yesterday Sir Harry Englefield, now so blind as to be unable to read, William Spencer, etc., and in the evening there arrived an overflowing company, partly of those of both sexes who in genteel slang are called blue, and partly of mere *fashionables.* Among them, Mrs. or Miss Joanna Baillie, and Mr. Halham,[1] conscious of literary fame and glory. Miss Catherine Fanshawe [2] also came, and I sought her quiet but lively and interesting and ingenious conversation. We talked about Halham and his late work. I asked her if she had read it. She said No; that she had heard everybody say it is very clever, but that she had not hitherto met with anyone who has read it. I owned that I had not, though I borrowed Lady Guilford's copy at Waldershare, and carried it round all my late tour with me, and have it still in my possession.

Feb. 14.—I called [yesterday evening] on Lady Donegall and sat half an hour with her and her sister. They both give very favourable accounts of the Prince's health and appearance and cited the Duchess of Montrose for authority. All the courtiers hold this language. But I believe the report of that great statesman, the Usher of the Black Rod, to Coutts, the substance and even the emphatic words of that report, which were, that he is (in size) *enormous* and his cheeks white as chalk. For, as little reason as I have to like him, and how few have ever

[1] Presumably Henry Hallam, whose *State of Europe during the Middle Ages* was published in 1818.

[2] A poetess who exchanged verses with Cowper and was praised by Scott.

come in contact with him who have not had reason not to like him, I wish him to live, for

> Without he does, and when he does,
> Will come an heavier bale.[1]

At least the present revolutionary ferment not only here, but over all the civilised world, with fear of change perplexes not only monarchs, and those who are to be so, but all men and nations where reflection, experience and irresistible foresight prevail.

The two last mentioned ladies and I amused ourselves with the idea of the tight girding and stays of the Prince (before he left them off) and of Lady Hertford being cut suddenly while they were sitting on opposite sofas like those at a considerable distance asunder on which were seated the two sisters. We thought we saw the elastic protuberance of their confined stomachs when suddenly set loose come in immediate contact.[2]

[1] *Castle of Indolence*, 1st stanza.—G. "Withouten that would come an heavier bale" is the correct quotation.

[2] *With this delicate fancy Lord Glenbervie brings to an abrupt conclusion the diary which had been his occupation for over twenty-five years.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR CONCERNING MYSELF

I WAS born, as appears by an entry in the blank leaf of my copy of Field's Bible (4to, 17—, 2 vols.) in my father's handwriting, on the 13th of May o.s. in the year 1744 in the house and on the estate of my maternal ancestors for several generations, called Fechil, pleasantly situated near the south or right bank of the almost Arcadian River Ythan, in the parish of Ellon, and county of Aberdeen. That small estate had become, by succession, and I believe by testamentary devise, the property of my mother and her two sisters, and at the time of my birth belonged to my father, who was entitled, by marriage, to my mother's undivided share and had bought the other two of my two aunts and their husbands.

I sold it, about the year 1768, to Mr. Urquhart of Craigston, and he, soon afterwards, to the late Lord Aberdeen, who having purchased from time to time several other small and long hereditary properties on each side of the Ythan, as well as the larger estate of Ellon, united them together, and left them, under that latter name, to his second son William Gordon, brother to the late Lord Haddo, and uncle to my neighbour in Argyll Street, the present Earl of Aberdeen. By what I hear of the dissipation and vulgar profusion of Mr. William Gordon, it does not seem improbable that Fechil may before long come again to be sold, in which case it would be a most gratifying thing to my *manes*, if such things *immortalia tangunt pectora*, if Fred or my grandson, if he should ever give me one, were to buy it.

I have a similar wish or feeling about the estate, or at least the Manor House and *Policy*, of Glenbervie.

My mother was the second daughter of James Gordon of

Fechil. The eldest was by a first wife, and was married to Mr. Gordon, first preacher in the English chapel at Aberdeen. He was educated at Oxford. His surviving son William Gordon is still living, and is Rector of ——, near Winchester, a small living which the good Bishop of Winchester gave him at the desire of my dearest wife. The third daughter (who I have heard was very handsome) was the first wife of Mr. Irving of Kingcausie, a small estate situate romantically on the southern bank of the river Dee about —— miles distant from Aberdeen. I knew her daughter and only child, who married a Mr. Irving, a cousin of her own. They left an only child, a daughter who inherited that estate and is now I believe alive and married to Lord Balmuto,[1] one (but not the brightest) of the Lords of Session. She inherited the estate of Kingcausie and I believe they have given up the possession of it to their son —— Boswell, who was in the Guards for a few years, and became, being very well-looking, a sort of would-be dandy, for few of our Scottish young gentlemen get farther. At that time he used to come to us sometimes, and was always received by my dear Katie and me kindly, and as a near relation. But he then, not unnaturally, preferred the gay and fashionable society of Mr. and Mrs. John Villiers, to whom he had been recommended as a connection, though not a relation, his mother's grandfather and my uncle-in-law having married, for his second wife, Lady Mary Forbes, daughter and sister to an Earl of Granard, and to Admiral Forbes, and consequently niece to those very agreeable and sensible twins, Mrs. Pole and Mrs. Villiers.

I never saw my aunt Irving, but Lady Mary was very kind to me. She was alive not very many years ago, but I think her husband (now also dead) survived her. I just remember my Aunt Gordon. She was of a large coarse make.

My mother died when I was three years old, that is in the year 1741.[1] I have a mourning ring, which my daughter Mrs. Wilson had got I believe from my mother-in-law [*i.e.* step-mother], which I believe mentions on the circumference her age at the time. She was Katherine, so were the other two

[1] A nephew of James Boswell. [2] This should be 1747.

saints now in heaven, my sister Mercer, and my dearest Kitty North. My mother was second cousin to the last Earl Mareschal and his brother the great Marshal James Keith, one of the great Frederick's masters in the art of war. I have in my possession a letter from my Lord Marischal to my mother congratulating him [*sic*] on his marriage. You (for this Memoir is in a particular manner to you, my dear son), you will find it in a box with other papers and vouchers relative to my family and pedigree. I have also a very fine picture on a small scale, full length, of Lord Marischal, with a horse and negro groom—portraits also which he had painted by —— [*sic*] at Rome and sent as a present to Mr. George Keith, a relation and eminent lawyer in Aberdeen, whose executor and residuary legatee my father was.

Lord Marischal and my mother were both grandchildren of two sisters, Lady [Mary] and Lady Jane, daughters to [George], Earl of Kinnoull. You will also find among my books a French Book of Common Prayer which belonged to my great grandmother, and has her name on it.

My maternal grandfather was a sensible, but what was still called in Scotland (at least in Aberdeenshire) when I was a young man there, a *stoical* man, that is subject to fits of absence and reverie. Mr. George Keith was his intimate friend, and when he happened to be in Aberdeen, which happened seldom, his general residence being at Fechil, he used to call upon him in a familiar way. On a visit of that sort one day he found his friend busy in perusing some law-papers, and he requested him to take a book, or walk about the room for a few minutes till he should have finished his business. Fechil (so he was called) after strolling backwards and forwards for a little fell into one of his reveries, and began to mutter some thing to himself, which drew Keith's attention, when he overheard him repeating: "I aye think that the less a man says of himself, his wife, and his bairns, it's aw the better."

He had that morning been in company with some acquaintance who had tired him to death with family anecdotes and occurrences. His father, John Gordon of Fechil, had a talent

both for poetry and painting. My father had a small book of coloured paintings by him, which, being of a free sort, were some way or other abstracted (and as I supposed destroyed) by my mother-in-law on his death, as I could never find them. I have or had a small book of poems of his, but in so difficult a hand that I have not hitherto been able to decipher it and I fear it has been lost or mislaid. I have also two portraits in oil, on wood, which were painted by him, and are thought to have considerable merit. They are said to be the portraits of John Knox and Andrew Cant, who was, about the time of Cromwell and the Restoration, a celebrated fanatical preacher in Scotland.[1] This my maternal great grandfather had taken lessons of Jamieson, the Scottish Vandyke (see Walpole's *Anecdotes*). His father, also John Gordon, was a younger son of Sir Robert (or Robert [*sic*]) Gordon of Straloch, of whom the present General Gordon-Cumming of Pitling in Aberdeenshire is at present lineal male representative. I have among my papers a printed sheet of the pedigree of the ancient family of Gordon, which shows my maternal descent, and was made out by the late William Gordon, an eminent Scotch solicitor in London, of great business, and employed, in his time, in all appeals to the House of Lords. He was a brother of the third Mr. Gordon, who married my eldest aunt.

The first John Gordon of Fechil was a man of great humour, so that in my youthful days sayings of his were in everybody's mouth in that part of the world. My poor father (who had much natural wit himself) used to repeat many of them. But most of them have escaped my memorial, and they were besides so provincial in their subjects and language that they would lose their point if translated into modern and southern English. Gordon of Straloch was a very eminent scholar, antiquarian and geographer. He appears to have been the author of the Geography of Scotland in [Bleau's] Atlas. He was a direct lineal male descendant of John Gordon, nephew to that Earl of Huntly whose daughter and heiress married Seton of Tough

[1] He was a leading Covenanter and chaplain to the Scots army in 1640.

who through her obtained the estate and honours of Huntly and took the name of Gordon. John and his brother Thomas (called familiarly Jock and Tam) were sons of an elder brother. Their descendant, Gordon of Straloch, used to maintain that they were legitimate, and that their uncle had disinherited them, on pretence of bastardy, and had obtained a new charter granting both the honours and estate to his daughter and son-in-law. Such transfer, on a resignation unto the King, a destination by the party resigning of a new entail or substitution and a Royal charter establishing that destination, was formerly very common in Scotland. The names of the two John Gordons and of James Gordon of Fechil appear often in the Scottish Acts of Parliament as Commissioners of Supply.

My father was the youngest, *I think*, of three sons of Sylvester Douglas (styled of Whiterigg), who was the eldest son of the second marriage of Robert Douglas, ex-Bishop of Dunblane, who was grandson to the Reverend James Douglas, parson—or as we should say now—Rector of Glenbervie, *next* brother to Sir William Douglas of Glenbervie, who succeeded to the Earldom of Angus, and with his brother James was the lineal surviving male descendants and great-grandsons of Archibald Douglas, fifth (or according to another mode of computation, sixth) Douglas Earl of Angus, called by our historians the Great Earl and more familiarly from a memorable circumstance in his history

> By the homely name
> Of Archibald Bell the Cat.—*Marmion.*

My great-grandfather, the pious and learned Bishop of Dunblane, left a son Robert by his first marriage, but that son died a bachelor.

There is in the British Museum a small 12° volume in MSS. which I think there is reason to believe is in the writing of Crawfurd, the author of *The Peerage*. It consists, according to my present recollection, entirely of detached notices concerning different Scotch families, and may be conjectured to have served for memorandums towards making this genealogical work. There will be found, among my Douglas papers, an extract from

it in the very neat hand of Mr. Henry Ellis of the Museum,[1] of that part which concerns the Douglases of Angus, and therein a very singular anecdote of the manner in which Sir William Douglas of Glenbervie, father to the ninth Earl, and to my ancestor the before-mentioned parson of Glenbervie, instituted or inducted the latter into the [living].

My father had an exceeding good taste and a considerable turn for poetry, as was testified by many little copies of verses, songs and small fragments of larger design, found among his papers, and two or three which he pointed out to me printed in the *Scots* or *Edinburgh Magazine*—one of these particularly composed when wakened one very stormy midnight, after midnight, soon after the death of my mother, by a violent storm of thunder and lightning, and while I, a child of between three and four, was asleep in the room and I think from recollection of what he told me long afterwards, in the bed by him.

He began life with his no-fortune of £100 sterling, for the deprivation of his grandfather, who lived so long and brought up a numerous family of —— sons and —— daughters and exercised a patriarchal hospitality to the last on the small hereditary property he had derived from his father and grandfather and what he may have had with his first and second wife, had left but slender means to his second son, my own grandfather. I believe what he did leave him consisted chiefly in land, namely the estate of Whiteriggs, by which title or name he and my grandmother were in their time always designated and I believe some heritable bonds and small detached wadsetts. My grandfather by embarking in the enterprise of 1715 on the side of the unfortunate son (a point now I believe not disputed) of James the Second or rather that of his wife's relation and chief, the Earl Marischal, though he escaped attainder and confiscation, had made his narrow circumstances still narrower, and had retired with his wife and family in his later days to the town of Aberdeen, and I believe kept house jointly with her relation Mr. George Keith, where they both died. He, my grandfather,

[1] Principal Librarian from 1827 to 1836.

and whose name of baptism I bear, left three sons and two daughters, George the elder, Robert who died a bachelor at Gibraltar I think the second, and my father, and two daughters, one married to Colonel Howe, a gentleman of good family in Cumberland, and the other to Mr. Stirling of Kippendavie, a cadet of the Stirlings of Keir and grandmother to my excellent cousin, John Stirling, who died, I think, in the same year with my poor wife, and left behind an irreproachable name for integrity, and shrewd though unpolished sense and humour, a very large fortune, and six sons and six daughters.

I never knew either of my paternal uncles, nor my Aunt Stirling.

My mother died, I think, in the year 1747. A mourning ring [which] will be found in my bureau in the closet adjoining the back dining-room in Argyll Street will ascertain the day of the month and her age.

I long thought I had some faint recollection of the time of her death, and of my only and younger brother, James, who, I believe, died about the same time.

My father married his second wife, Margaret Forbes, one of the daughters of Forbes of Echt, in the year 1754. My first certain recollections of what concerns myself during his widowhood are few and now faint. I think I remember being carried by him on a pillion before him on horseback to Foveran school, then kept by an old Mr. Forbes, with a son for his assistant and which was a sort of preparatory school then in some repute among the gentry of Aberdeenshire. Of my school-fellows and fellow-boarders there, none are alive that I know of or recollect to [but] the worthy Mr. Thomas Bannerman, a younger brother of the late Sir Alexander Bannerman of Elsick, who was also a boarder there at the same time, and though a good-natured popular boy, being my near relation (second cousin by my mother) and a few years older [than] me, had been entrusted with the protection of me, and finding me at that early period of my life very meek, and what is called in Scotland *douce*, and given from the first to mope over books, exercised his authority and liveliness by those continued acts of harsh and sometimes brutal despotism

which are but too common with big boys towards those younger ones, who are called their fags, at the public schools in England.

I really believe or may rather say am quite conscious that this tyranny, which lasted till near the time of my emancipation from that school on my father's second marriage never to return to any other, had a very considerable and disadvantageous influence on my future disposition and character. George Wilson used to say that when he was a boy and oppidan scholar at the High School at Aberdeen, his father having obliged him always to wear or carry a great coat to school with him, for which he was constantly jeered at and quizzed by his school-fellows, this had produced a lasting effect on his character.

That father of my mother-in-law [step-mother] was by birth, parentage and education a Presbyterian and Whig, and had spent his whole fortune, as well as hazarded his life, in the good cause, before and during the rebellion in '45. That he had been prevented actually fighting in its support would appear from the following fragment of one of the many Jacobite songs which were current still in our country, and among the keen partisans on that side, when I was young:

The Laird of Echt, went out to fecht
Against our noble King, man,
But he was ta'en by the neck,
And brocht to Aberdeen, man.
And when he was at Aberdeen,
And on the Tolbooth stair, man,
He bade the Devil take the Whigs
And blow them in the air, man.

My mother-in-law, the daughter of *Echt* (so he continued to be called, though at the time of my father's marriage with his daughter that and all his other property had vanished) was forty and had little prospect of having children. That was also my father's age. She was reckoned a sensible woman and was not ill looking, nor yet could ever [have] been much otherwise. I am persuaded he married her that he might have a wife to take care of my sister, then a grown girl of eleven, and in some measure of me, whom he removed soon after from school, and with the intention, I suppose, that my elementary education

should for the future be domestic. He was very fond of me. My sister was, at that time, and continued for several years, rather unpromising as to beauty, and careless of her person and dress, but always gentle, tractable and affectionate. For mine and the general testimony of those who knew, to her transcendent beauty from the time she attained the age of puberty, see the too little I have said of her in my biographical account of her husband prefixed to the third edition of his poems.[1]

My mother was religious and rigid as a Presbyterian, though not a bigot, or she would not have married my father, the son of a man who had been out on the Jacobite side in 1715, and he himself the son of a deprived Bishop. She passed for sensible and I believe was so, in the sense of prudence and self-command, but she had a narrow mind and had had a narrow education. There lived with her a half sister by Echt's third wife, considerably younger, better looking, and better tempered, who was then betrothed and afterwards married the Reverend John Lundie, the subject of one of the most interesting (elegiac) poems in the printed collection of his friend Mercer. Of him afterwards. He merits a portrait. I will attempt by a short sketch to do that justice to his virtues and amiable intelligent simplicity which his limited sphere of life alone prevented from becoming a pattern of as desirable as difficult imitation.

My father had a great and happy vein of raillery. My mother-in-law was dull, and of no other resource in conversation or society but in a profusion of hackneyed, often coarse and vulgar proverbs. These particularly used to clinch every remark she made, and particularly every lecture she so profusely bestowed on us, on me, till, on my father's death, and indeed before, I had emancipated myself and my sister's marriage emancipated her. My father only lived eight years after their marriage. Mrs. Douglas, or Lady Fechil, as she was, and liked to be called till the last, survived him till —— when she was ——years of age.

[1] *Lyric Poems*. By the late James Mercer, Esq., with an account of the Life of the Author by Sylvester, Lord Glenbervie. Third edition, 1806.

I have referred above to the entry in my father's family Bible of the birth of all his children. I should wish to keep to chronological order in this memoir, but must often break through it, lest by postponement circumstances which occasionally occurred to me should escape me at their proper time, or should I never carry this memoir on to that time.

I will mention here therefore that Frederick was born 8th February, 1791, in No. — west side of Bedford Square, and christened at home by Dr. ——, rector of the united parish of St. Giles, etc. That in August (qu.) 1791 his poor mother, being at Wroxton with her whole family and myself, caught cold, by sitting to angle for perch, etc., in the piece of water where the banks were wet and damp, and in consequence miscarried. She was but little advanced in her pregnancy. But this unfortunate accident defeated the scheme we had formed of making a short trip together to Paris. When out of danger herself, though she continued too weak for that journey, she wished me to go, and I did so, in company, in my carriage, with Anthony Storer,[1] long a *habitué* in the North family, and wishing, but I believe (qu.) never directly having proposed, to marry Lady Anne, then become rich and a miser from having been one of the finest of fine gentlemen, and, though ugly, active, graceful, a famous dancer and skater, a cracked scholar from Eton and the University, contemporary at Eton and of the set of Charles Fox, considered to be a successful friend of many of the more fashionable ladies of that day, the Pylades of Lord Carlisle, who brought him to Parliament (as was then thought by the world and himself, gratis), supercilious to all not of the *ton* or class of superiors, as they were called, to all, men and women, though of no distinction himself by birth, connections, office or any transcendent parts or talents. But, in society, when he chose, he was somewhat above par, and he made himself agreeable by showing his best side to Lord North.

My poor wife was again pregnant, and far advanced, when I went Secretary to Ireland in the very end of 1793, and was, alas, brought to bed of a dead child, a girl, come to its mature

[1] See Vol. I., p. 1.

age, while I was hurrying home, with my friend and private secretary Trail, on the day of ——. She had had very bad and dangerous times on both occasions. She was never afterwards with child.

Some time before my father married my mother-in-law, he had sent my sister to a ladies' boarding school at Aberdeen. While she had been brought home to Fechil for her holidays, not long before his marriage, I was fetched there to spend some days with her and afterwards sent back to my own school at Foveran. She was to return to Aberdeen in a few days. I may have been between eight and nine years old ; she, as above mentioned, a year older than me. From the moment of my being left by my conductor at old Mr. Forbes's (who, *par parenthèse*, had then his wife and full grown daughter and son for assistants) I began to feel the separation from my sister so strongly that I thought of nothing but how I might get away unobserved and return to Fechil once more before she should have left it. I slept with another boy (then the universal custom), but early in the morning, unknown to him and to every soul in the family, I slipped out of bed, huddled on my clothes and without saying my prayers, a circumstance which long stuck in my conscience, without having washed my hands or combed my hair, I set out on foot to go alone a journey of seven or eight miles, by a way where there was no made road, over commons, enclosed fields, a burn with only stepping stones for crossing it, a deep valley through which that brook ran to traverse, and if I saw any straggling shepherd or labourer going to work deviating from my course, which was indeed found almost entirely at hazard, from fear of being forced to return. My only landmark was the house of Tartie, the seat of a small laird (or rather maiden heiress, or at least antiquated and ugly enough to have been so, but a late *faux pas* with her gardener, attended with circumstances of great *éclat*, had deprived [her] of the right to the first of those appellations). In the valley before I came in sight of that mansion, I remember perfectly having seen a child, boy or girl I cannot tell, about my own size, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, standing by itself near the brook. My little

mind being then full of all sorts of terrors, while thus hastening to snatch a fearful joy and casting anxious looks of fear before, behind, and in all directions, my fancy full of stories of hobgoblins and fairies, more than half credited, I thought this child was probably a fairy. I also, in the further progress of my escape, thought a solitary horse grazing in a meadow, near the same burn, might be a water-kelpie, and both these impressions remained with me, though more and more faintly, for several, I might say many, years afterwards.

The school house of Foveran stood at the edge of a common or open green, called in Scotland a *loan*, and I yet remember the palpitations of fear by which I was agitated till I had crossed that open part and got among high furze and low sheltered ground. At last, the enclosures and house of Fechil appeared full in view at the distance of about a mile. I arrived, found my dear Katie still there, was met with surprise and uneasiness, but with indulgence and tenderness by my ever affectionate father, who allowed me to remain the whole day with my sister, and to see her set off behind a man on horseback to return to her boarding-school. I myself was then despatched, with another servant and a letter to Mrs. Forbes, the contents of which I never saw.

I this morning recollected a circumstance the late Dr. John Gregory, father to the present Dr. James Gregory,[1] used to relate of my maternal great-grandfather, the second Gordon of Fechil, author of poems and paintings already mentioned. Dr. Gregory was somehow related to my mother's family and I think had either had possession or had seen a sort of diary which that ancestor of mine had kept. It contained short and unimportant domestic articles, expressed shortly and pithily, and little events, similar probably to what occur in other families, but which are seldom recorded. The entry Dr. Gregory used to state was in the following terms: "Great anger with wife—without cause—then Venus." The candour of the confession, and the speedy administration of the palliative, prove that his

[1] They were both professors of medicine at Edinburgh.

choler was of short duration. I have formerly enquired after this diary or pocket book, and I will endeavour again to find whether it is forthcoming.

The names of the three Gordons of Fechil appear in the Scottish Acts of Supply of their time as Commissioners.

As I write according to my recollections, which do not follow one another in the order of time, I shall now set down some circumstances which have now occurred to me.

I think it was in the very summer after my father's marriage, that —— Forbes, sister-in-law to my mother-in-law, was married in my father's house of Fechil, where she had continued to live as one of the family, to the Reverend John Lundie, minister of Lonmay, a man without guile, but endowed with superior cultivation and taste and literature. It is this excellent departed friend of my father, and afterwards of myself, who is so justly characterised in the little poem written so evidently *con amore*, which is to be found on page [56] of the third edition of Mercer's poems.

That marriage was very private, being solemnised in the little drawing room of the first floor, with nobody present but the four of which my father's family consisted, the bride and bridegroom, and the minister of the adjoining parish of *Logie*, Mr. Ross, an unmarried man of good character and esteem, but very moderately gifted either by nature or education, a bad preacher and pray-er, to such a degree as to have rendered his extempore prayers (which is the custom of that church) and his unwritten and most assuredly unprinted sermons the dullest things upon earth had it not been that their absurdity often provoked to almost irresistible laughter. Of this his sort of consecrating prayer on the occasion of Mr. Lundie's marriage afforded an instance, which did not escape the attention of the two principal parties, both alive to the perception of ridicule even at that to them serious and awful moment, much less that of my father, by nature and habit a great and successful joker, nor even my sister and myself, young as we before [*sic*] were. His exordium was: "O! Lord, who hast given us the beautiful

part of the creation for our amusement." I at this moment recollect the impression this debut seemed to make on the rest of his auditors, as well as its effect on myself, though decorum restrained all outward audible signs of what passed in our minds. This was but a trait of innocent absurdity in this weak and worthy man, his weak and indiscreet zeal. I think the winter before, and before I had been taken home from Foveran school, an event happened in that neighbourhood in Mr. Ross's parish, in the course of which his indiscreet and almost inhuman exercise of his function as parish minister produced an almost instant and very tragical consequence.

Miss Beard (qu. the name), an unmarried heiress, proprietor of that house and estate of Tartie, which I have mentioned as having passed when my anxiety to pass one further day with my sister had made me play the truant, lived in that solitary antique mansion of her ancestors a retired life, esteemed for her understanding and the reserved correctness of her conduct, a great reader, and rather on those accounts well spoken of than personally known to her neighbours of her own rank and station. She was near or had attained being what is called middle-aged, or, in modern familiar phrase, was become an old maid, and she was very plain, tall, raw-boned, and marked with the small-pox, and very plain. She had moreover a certain sternness and gravity of manner which seemed to check familiarity, and being very intelligent and strict in the management of her estate and farm, she was a compound of what is familiarly called a *maitresse femme* and *very blue*.

I still perfectly remember that one early morning about Christmas, when there was a great deal of snow on the ground, and a hard frost, the intelligence came to our master that in the dead of the night a man on horseback carrying a new-born child on a pillion before, had been discovered in the act of depositing the child at the door of a lone cottage in an outlying part of our parish of Foveran (the child being well wrapped-up) and that he had instantly rode off, over the open common, without it having been possible to follow him or to trace the direction in which he came or went.

However, from circumstances which I cannot bring back to my memory, suspicion soon fell on Miss —— (qu. : if her name was not Bissett) and it was found that she had actually been pregnant and was then in the situation of a woman newly brought to bed. But there was then no surmise as to the father. Tartie is situated in Mr. Ross's parish of Logie which is *enclavée* both in that of Foveran and that of Ellon, in which last the estate of Fechil is situated. As soon as he became apprised of the strong presumptions of abomination against his guilty parishioner, he flew to her house at some unseasonable hour, insisted on immediate admittance to her bed-chamber, where she lay ill in bed, sat down by her, and began a harsh and zealous expostulation and exhortation accompanied with denunciations and threats, which terrified this unfortunate and degraded gentlewoman into a confession, not only of her own aggravated guilt, but that her gardener, a stout, coarse, vulgar labourer was the father and the person she had employed to expose their own child. The consequence of this ill-considered, ill-timed act of his, was an immediate exacerbation of all his tortured penitent's sufferings in mind and body, so that she expired not many hours after he left her. I cannot tell any further particulars about the poor infant. I think it died very soon, but not starved either by cold or want of nourishment. Miss —— was a near relation of the Bissets of Lessendrum, a branch of whose family was settled in the Isle of Wight and one of them I believe in Devonshire. I believe the head of that family was her heir. I am somehow related to them through my mother.

My sister and I were both taken from our respective schools on my father's marriage, who had determined that my elementary education should be for the future domestic, until I should be ready for the University of Old Aberdeen, where there were, at that time, among the professors, friends of his, names since distinguished in the learned world. Doctor James, and after his brother, Doctor John Gregory, who became the successor of Doctor Rutherford as Professor of Medicine in Edinburgh and was succeeded in that chair by his son, now so eminent, both in lecturing and in practice; Mr. Reid, afterwards Doctor

Thomas Reid, the successor afterwards of Adam Smith at Glasgow, and Doctor Thomas Gordon, the humanist, as the term is there and was in general in foreign universities.

I came home from the school of Foveran in the year 1754, being then ten years of age, and went to the University and College of Old Aberdeen in 1757. I continued there three years. My father died in the summer of 1762. In that autumn I made a tour to Edinburgh and Glasgow, in company, part of the way, with Mr. Kennedy, Greek Professor in the College of New Aberdeen. I passed the winters 1762-3, 1763-4 and 1764-5 at Edinburgh, went to London in August 1765, and remained there till next spring (1766) when I went by the way of Holland and Flanders to Paris. I remained there and at St. Germains till March 1777 [1767], when, after spending three months in the south of France, I visited Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca and Florence. I stayed only about fourteen days at Florence and returned northward (with the intention of visiting Rome and Naples in the latter end of the year) in the hottest part of the year, to Bologna, Modena, Parma, Placentia, Milan, Vercelli and Turin, where I continued about a month, considerably indisposed from the heat and fatigue of the journey. I had travelled from the south of France with Dr. Smith Carmichael to Florence. At Turin I fell in with Mr. Nicholas Eveleigh, a gentleman of South Carolina, whom I had known at Edinburgh and with him returned to Milan, and thence, by Mantua, Bergamo, Verona, Vicenza and Pavia to Venice, where we arrived, I think, in September. In that city, I continued till the February following, 1768. From thence I went, by way of Gorizia, Clagenfurt, —— [*sic*], to Vienna. At Vienna I continued till March 1769, but during that twelvemonth I passed two months in a very extensive tour through Hungary, having made a party for that purpose with the late Lord Ilchester (then Lord Stavordale) and his cousin Charles (afterwards the Reverend Charles) Digby; and in the autumn, three weeks at Prince Kaunitz's villa of Auterlitz. In March 1769 I arrived in London, after an absence of about

three years. This chronological outline will serve as a clue to the particulars I recollect, and may think worth recording, of my life and adventures during that unsettled period.

In the autumn of 1790, the year after my marriage, my dear wife and I, with George North and Lady Maria his wife, each with their own horses, travelled the same road from Hythe to Waldershare.[1] My memory is not certain, at the moment, whether old Lord Guilford, my grandfather-in-law, was still alive at that time. He died early in August of that year, and if I had that year gone the Welsh Circuit, as that generally fell more near autumn, he must have been dead. But about that time my engagements in election causes often detained me (whether wisely or not I cannot now decide) from the Circuit. Our tour began from Bushey and we went by Godalming to Petworth, Cowdray, Stansted (where we dined and slept), Portsmouth, Chichester, Arundel, Brighton (then, by all but vulgars, always called Brighthelmstone), Seaford, Eastbourne (where we found the late Lady Bristol and her daughter, Lady Louisa, now Lady Liverpool, in the inn in the town), and so to Hythe. My dearest Kitty was then with child of Fred, and Lady Maria[2] (or rather I believe Lady North, or Mrs. North, her father Lord Buckinghamshire being then still alive), also with child, but only to lead to disappointment.

It would not be easy to express the mixed but melancholy nature of the feelings and recollections which these circumstances excite.

During the interval between my leaving the preparatory school of Foveran, and my thirteenth year, when I was made praised by being entered a *Libertine Bejeant* (so spelt I think in the remarkable poem of *Ainster Fair*) in the University of King's College, Old Aberdeen, I had no less than three domestic tutors, viz. Algernon (or according to Scotch familiarity *Nooney*), Gordon, nephew to Professor Thomas Gordon of that Univer-

[1] Whither, he was on his way when he wrote this passage, being actually at Battle.

[2] Wife of George Augustus North, third Earl of Guilford, Lady Glenbervie's eldest brother.

sity mentioned in my Life of Mercer, Mr. (afterwards Doctor) John Calder, and Alexander Gall, without reckoning a bursar of the College called Milner.

I really forget, for the present, whether Calder or Gordon were with me first in point of time. They neither pleased, nor were pleased, so that I believe neither remained above half a year, when they successively *took themselves*, or were requested to *go*, away, and pursue their theological studies elsewhere. During each magisterial inter-regnum, and before the first of them had been procured, in order to lose [no] time in perfecting my knowledge of *penna*, *pennae* in Ruddiman's *Shorter Rudiments* I was sent every forenoon to Ellon (about a mile from Fechil) to a sort of parochial grammar school, kept by one Leggate (pronounced Leg) who had one leg lame and went on crutches. He was also the precentor (*i.e.* parish clerk). The only improvement on the Latinity I had acquired at Foveran, was that when an *occasion*, or the pretext of one, required going out of school, we were taught to go up to our limpy *dominie* and say "*Licet exire*," who generally answered with consenting dignity, "*Perge*."

In my walks to and from this second cradle of my learning, I used to be accompanied by my dearest sister and I yet remember, with tender recollection, how often we used after parting to look back after each other, crying farewell and when out of hearing waving our hands, both extended, till out of hearing [? sight] also.

While I thus remained domesticated at Fechil, with my sister as my sole companion, Mr. Gordon of Bathlaw, who resided at Edinburgh as an advocate there, and passed his summers at his estate in Buchan, being an intimate friend of my father, used to pass a day with him, on his way home. In one of those visits he happened to bring with him a small copy of Voltaire's *Candide*, then just published, and, on going away, made me a present of it. This gave me the ambition of learning French, having been much amused by what my father and his friend remarked of the wit and *bons mots* it contains, and I think in a short space, with my father's help, and that of an old dictionary

and grammar (Boyer's) I soon mastered it and afterwards read Voltaire's *Charles XII.*

It was also in the course of one of these summer vacations as I may call them, that Mr. Andrew Douglas, one of the two younger brothers of the then Sir William Douglas of Glenbervie, while in the course of one of his annual surveys (qu. the exact description and nature of his office), visited my father, who was the next nearest male branch of the Glenbervie Douglases, *i.e.* the next after the Duke of Douglas then alive; the present branch still flourish of the Duke of Hamilton and its cadet scion the Selkirk family, and the said Sir William Douglas and his two brothers, viz. this Andrew who died a bachelor, and Robert—afterwards Sir Robert—author of the *Peerage* and *Baronage.*

Mr. Andrew Douglas travelled on horseback, with his groom, *valet de chambre*, and clerk, and his portmanteau on another horse following him nearly in the way I was to travel on the Oxford Circuit as an incipient Counsel some twenty years afterwards. But, having set out after dinner, where my father's clannish hospitality had I believe pushed the claret round with indiscreet liberality, whether his horse stumbled, or the worthy gentleman (for such he was) had lost his balance, it happened that he had the misfortune to fall and break one of his legs. This accident occurred near the village of Ellon, and our cousin was instantly carried, on what is called a horse but of wood, to the nearest and indeed only inn there, and my father immediately sent to, while a surgeon was forthwith procured. The fracture in itself was not dangerous, but my good cousin was of a very sanguine complexion, with a short neck and ruddy face, and having a very considerable degree of fever it was thought most advisable that he should remain in the inn during his cure, under the special care of Mrs. ——, the very motherly landlady. My father arrived after this arrangement had been resolved on, and reluctantly consented to it. It was I think two or three weeks before the patient could, or was permitted by his humane and disinterested doctor, to proceed, though very impatient to finish his tour. During his stay, my father fre-

quently rode over to visit him, and I believe no day passed without my going to sit an hour or two by the side of his bed and couch. It was this occasion that fostered in me the taste and almost passion for the genealogy and history of our common ancestors, which my father had already implanted in me. Mr. Andrew Douglas was not himself very deep in that science, but he knew enough and felt sympathy on the subject to excite and in part gratify the strong interest I took in the subject. He was a cheerful, unaffected, and particularly literate gentleman, and very kind-hearted. I afterwards in the winter of 1762-3 used to see him at his elder brother Sir William's at Dalkeith. I believe he died in a year or two afterwards.

His brother Sir William Douglas was quite another sort of man, with all the polish of a man conscious of his descent, and who had been trained in the school and society of what was most distinguished for good breeding among the nobility and higher classes of the Scottish gentry in his day. He had, like most of that description of that time, been bred to the Bar, and I think had been once Solicitor General. He had in the sort of family war between the Hamiltons and that strange personage, the Duchess of Douglas,[1] been a warm partisan of the male branch, and very naturally so, as being himself next, in that line, to the ancient honour and estate of the chief of the Douglases.

My first preceptor's history is somewhat singular, and may deserve to be recorded. He was a youngish man of a sleek countenance and sleek Tartuffe-like manners, with a smooth skin, pale complexion and black and what the Scotch call *pawky* eyes, which under a quiet manner betrayed an amorous disposition, of which he gave many other outward and in some instances ridiculous signs. I do not nor ever did know, why, after a year, he and my father parted, but I have some reason to think that it was in part on account of the discovery of that part of his character. After he left me, I lost sight of him for several years, till towards the year 1765, when I first came to London, I heard of him as settled at Alnwick, as minister of a considerable

[1] The famous Douglas Peerage case.

Presbyterian congregation there, and much noticed by the Northumberland family. I think I enquired for him in passing that town in August 1765, but did not find him there, so that no intercourse was renewed between us at that time, and he again disappeared from my sight as it were till the year 1774, when, being about to publish the two first volumes of my *History of Election Cases*, he, having now become Dr. Calder, and minister of the principal Presbyterian church in London, and successor in that situation to Fordyce, the author of *Sermons to Young Women*, who was the brother-in-law of our amiable, ingenious and accomplished Lady Margaret Fordyce (and qu. if not to the eloquent Foster, celebrated by Pope), was recommended to me as a person well qualified to advise and assist me in details of the publication, and in treating with an editor. I forget who mentioned him to me on that occasion, but it was somebody not apprized of our previous acquaintance. I found him then lodged at some public library belonging I think to the Scotch Corporation, in Aldersgate Street, and engaged, in the service of the Associated Booksellers, in superintending the publication and improvement of a new edition of Chambers's *Dictionary*, for which purpose they had furnished him with the use of a numerous assortment of books in all branches of science. The renewal of our acquaintance was very cordial on both sides, and he was very useful to me in my treating with Robinson, in Pater Noster Row, then the great publisher for the dissenters, and particularly for Priestley, to whom I sold the first edition of my said first publication for £100, without which opportune supply I could not have paid the charges for being called to the Bar (amounting nearly to that sum). I was called in Hilary Term, 1776. Very soon afterwards I learned, accidentally, from advertisements in the newspapers, that the job I have mentioned had been taken out of his hands, and put into those of a Mr. or Dr. Rees,[1] who, in fact, became the editor. Why this happened I never knew, but I strongly suspect my old instructor may have been dis-

[1] Abraham Rees (1743-1835), tutor in Hebrew and mathematics at Hackney College and pastor to the Old Jewry congregation.

covered to be defective in the necessary knowledge of science, as well as in sufficient acquaintance with the English idiom.

Again there was a temporary suspension of the intercourse between us till, long afterwards, one morning, I think it was while I lived in Bedford Square, and after my marriage in 1789, he called on me, and after acquainting me that he had taken orders, according to the Church of England, and was—this as I thought zealous Calvinistical Presbyterian—actually in possession of a living to which the Duke of Northumberland had presented him, he proved to me that this patronage was not entirely gratuitous by telling me that being well and familiarly acquainted with the then Lady Percy, who was at the time residing in Hampshire, he was employed by the family to use the pretext of paying her a familiar visit to *investigate*, as he strangely called it, the circumstances of an intrigue she was supposed, or rather known, to have been carrying on, about that time, with the present Sir John Hippisley. I cannot describe how much the turpitude and meanness of this service disgusted, nor how much the folly of owning it, as something in the course of common business, surprised me. On further recollection, I begin to think this must have happened before my marriage, because I believe Hippisley had gone to India before that epoch in my life. But the time when he went, and the time of Lady Percy's divorce, can be easily ascertained.[1] I could have given the reverend spy some clue for his *investigation.* Hippisley and I were very intimate, during his sentimental intrigue, as he described it, with Lady Percy, and he had communicated to me more than one instance of her coming to sleep with him in his chambers in the Temple on the mornings of the days after those *bonnes fortunes* had happened to him. In fact his vanity was so flattered by this *liaison dangereuse* that he was singularly ambitious of being the defendant in a divorce cause, which he foresaw, and wished for, and of becoming the son-in-law of Lord Bute. Of course I said nothing of all this to Calder, nor, indeed, till long afterwards, to anybody else. But, to Hippisley's great disappointment, another new and younger and handsomer

[1] The divorce took place in 1779.

paramour had, in the meantime and while Calder was proposing to open or spring his mine, superseded him in the good graces of his Saccharissa. This was a Mr. Bird, son of a rich ribbon weaver of Coventry, but who having had a university education and got elected into some of the clubs, had commenced what would now be called a dandy. It therefore was found easier, or perhaps the lady was now so much more charmed with this new lover as to choose to make him the public and detected object of her affections, to bring the suit against this *Percy Bird*, as he came henceforth to be called, rather than the disconsolate, mortified, discarded Hippisley. The divorce took place, on account of Bird, and Hippisley's name was not I believe—*proh dolor* !—ever mentioned in the cause. Why a marriage, then the usual consequence, did not take place between the lady and gentleman, I have never heard, nor what afterwards became of the latter. Soon after the lustre of the verdict against him, he seems to have undergone a total and permanent eclipse. Lady Percy afterwards married a Baron Polnitz (qu. : if son to the sort of companion or butt of the Great Frederick ?) and was some time in the King's Bench prison (with him I believe) for debt. She is now said to be dead.

This episode in Dr. Calder's story did not stimulate me to take much pains to cultivate our so often renewed and interrupted acquaintance, but while *we* were living in Bruton Street, some time between 1795 and 1780 [? 1800], when I quitted that house and sold it on being appointed Joint Paymaster General, he once again called on me, and requested that I would, through Lord Auckland, apply to his brother-in-law, the Archbishop of Canterbury, for his Grace's nomination of him to a place then vacant at the Museum. I gave him a letter to Lord Auckland, who, of course, told him he never interfered in that matter. Where Calder now is, or whether alive or dead, I cannot tell.

The annals of my other preceptors are short and simple.

Algernon, *alias* Noony, Gordon, became a dandy parson, affected but good-natured, married, and settled in a kirk not far from Gordon Hall, where I understand he was a frequent visitor and flirt of my poor unhappy niece's. Would to God she

had never been worse than a flirt. The Mr. (or now I believe Dr.) Gordon who took so much care of Fred when ill at Gibraltar, is a son of this second teacher of mine. I think he too remained with me but a year. Though a teacher of others and a *probationer*, as it is called, for the Church, he was no great clerk. But he left me, not from any disagreement or disapprobation, but because his plans had not admitted of any longer engagement.

The next was Mr. Alexander Gall, much the most learned of the three; worthy and modest, but pedantic. When he left me on my going to the University, he went to be tutor to young Sinclair of Ulbster in Caithness, who was one of the unsuccessful competitors for the Earldom of Sutherland. Poor man, I understand he died insane.

After my father had been married to my step-mother three years, and when I was thirteen years of age, in the beginning of the winter of 1757, he took a house in Old Aberdeen (or the Old Town, as it is generally called there) that I might lodge at home. I was matriculate as a Libertine in the College and University of King's College. I trust my subsequent life, whatever irregularities and eccentricities youth, passion, self-command and a constitution in some respects unhappy, may have occasionally led me into, will not induce anyone to think that this singular description, in that University, of what corresponds most nearly to Gentleman Commoner in those of England, was ominous of my opinions or conduct, moral or religious, since I became a man, and in the fair and laudable sense of the word a citizen of the world.

The course of study at that time at the Old-town College was, as I believe it is now, as follows.

In four years the course was completed, that is during the six winter months of each of those four years, the other half of the year being the long and only vacation. The first year Greek was taught, the students not being expected to be, and seldom or ever actually prepared by any previous elementary instruction in that language. In this year they were called Bejeants or Bejins, a term whose etymology or precise meaning

I have never known.[1] It occurs once in the late very humorous and most ingenious poem called *Ainster Fair*, from whence I infer that it is also in use at the University of St. Andrews. The names of the students and of the classes to which they belonged in the next three years are easily understood. The second year, they are Semis, and their class, the Semi Class; the third year Tertians, and the Fourth and last Magistrands, being then, at the conclusion of that season, or term, entitled, if they are duly qualified, which however used in those days to be taken for granted, to a degree of Master of Arts, when there is a great solemnity, each candidate pronouncing a Latin discourse of his own choice from in a pulpit or tribune, in the public schools, in the presence of the Principal and other members of the University and a great concourse of people from the town and country. The only exception that I remember to the use of the Latin tongue, was when my fellow student, and at that time great friend and companion, James Dunbar (afterwards Professor James Dunbar of that University) at his graduation pronounced an English copy of verses, of which he forwarded a copy to me at Fechil, I having left the College without ever being a Magistrand.

For the first or Greek class there was a permanent master. For the other three, each of three other professors received, in their turns, the students who had been Bejeants the former into the same class, and the same master continued their instruction, and they his pupils, through the three remaining classes, so that the professor who had had the Magistrand class the foregoing year, received the next year those who that former year had been Bejeants, and conducted them in like manner through that and the Tertian and Magistrand class.

Mr. Leslie was Greek Professor when I was entered. His knowledge of the language was very superficial, but he had a good method of teaching. I think we were but seven or eight Bejeants that year. During the six months we learned the elementary parts of the grammar from Dunlop's *Grammar*, and

[1] According to the *New English Dictionary* this word, of which there are several variant spellings, is derived from *bec jaune*.

read most of the odes of Anacreon, I think one of the Evangelists, and the eleventh book of the *Iliad.* Our master was then courting a Miss Fraser, a lady with a good fortune, and we idle boys, knowing this, were continually making jokes on his comments on that author. This was all the instruction I ever received in Greek, but I then contracted a great taste for that language, which has continued with me through life. I began the *Iliad* by myself next summer at Fechil.

The second year it was Professor M'Leod's turn to receive our class into the Semi, and conduct them through that and the two succeeding years. This worthy gentleman had little taste and little pretensions to learning or science, but he had the art of attracting his pupils, and he continued a very faithful friend to me during life. He was then a young and handsome man, unmarried and of one of the principal branches of the ancient family of the name. I think he lived to be the chief of that branch. He married a good many years afterwards and has left a widow and several sons and daughters. He was for that time and for the rest of the time I remained at College much *épris* of my poor sister and paid great court to my father, who on account of his jovial laughing manners and good humour liked his society better than that of cleverer men, that is, men of more taste and knowledge; for he had little of either, but he had, however, a great deal of mother wit. It was his custom the summer before he was to have the Semi class, to make a tour of visits among his relations and friends in the Highlands and Islands, by which means he always collected a considerable number of pupils, and he accordingly had always a greater number than either of the other two triennial professors, though the great and excellent Doctor Reid was then one of them.

The only students I now remember (except one or two names) who were in our Bejeant class were young Bannantyne M'Leod, now, if not lately dead, one of the Lords of Session by the title of Lord Bannantyne, and young Leith of Whitehaugh, whose father was one of the Greek lairds of those days. This Leith was a particular sort of pedantic young man. He used to be often

discovering faults both in Pope's *Homer* and in the original, in consequence of which and his different temper [?] from the frank open character of Banny M'Leod, they had a very cordial dislike to one another, and Banny one morning sent him in a disguised [hand] the following not very witty epigram:

> At Pope and Homer you may daily carp,
> But sure so sweetly you'll ne'er tune your harp.

Leith and I were always good friends. I am now possessed of some of his father's Greek books, which I believe he had given to poor Mercer. He had a brother Algernon Leith who was in the class under us, and afterwards settled as a physician at Greenwich, and acquired considerable eminence there. He has not been dead many years. My worthy friend Roderic M'Leod was sub-Principal while I was a pupil, but some years afterwards succeeded to Mr. Chalmers to the sinecure but lucrative office of Principal. He, and so many others of my dear Kitty's friends, died while we were abroad.

The other two professors, who taught in rotation all the three superior classes, were Dr. Reid and an old Professor Barnet, of whom I remember nothing but that though past seventy and having had a paralytic stroke, which still to a slight degree affected his mouth, he was supposed as wise and as learned as he had ever been, or in [other] words, with a mediocrity of qualifications, natural and acquired, just sufficient to enable him to do the duties of his station, without disrepute though without distinction.

Dr. Reid was of a very different mould.[1] I never will understand how it happened that my father, who was intimate with him, and knew well how to appreciate men's comparative merits and talents, did not contrive to keep [me] from college one other year, which would have thrown me into Reid's class instead of M'Leod's, for Reid, having the Tertian class when I entered, came of course to have the Magistrand class when I became a Semi and fell therefore under M'Leod, whereas had I

[1] He was, in fact, one of the most distinguished philosophical writers of the eighteenth century.

entered a year later Reid, having then to begin with a new set of pupils, by getting the Semi class by rotation, I should have been under him. My father was very intimate with Reid and so was my mother-in-law with Mrs. Reid, and my sister, then approaching nearer to womanhood, had the same teachers and was forming friendship with the three Miss Reids. With the youngest, Patty, who was about her own age, she renewed her intimacy several years afterwards at Glasgow, when, Mercer being quartered there, he was delighted to find himself in the same town with his old friend, then Adam Smith's successor in that University, and my sister to meet again with her good-hearted and affectionate Patty, then the wife of a Dr. Carmichael.

The reputation of Reid as a philosopher had, however, only begun to be formed about the time I went to College. He had been but a short time Professor then. My father had but a very slight tincture of the mathematical science (all self-acquired) and he probably thought that for the mere elementary parts M'Leod's attainments were quite [sufficient] for instructing in them. Indeed I think I recollect that he was generally reckoned to have a successful method of teaching. It is my pride to this moment to think that Dr. Reid, in the intercourse of the two families, took particular notice of me. He would often take me aside and talk to me on the subject of my incipient studies and literature in general, and I have still a lively recollection of his opinions on several eminent writers, ancient as well as modern, for though he was then chiefly remarkable as a profound geometrician, he had a chaste and correct taste in classical learning, but with such winning modesty and simplicity in giving his opinion as to give confidence and encouragement to me, young and often timid as I then was, and on many occasions feel myself to this day, to proffer my own crude sentiments and ideas.

I think it must have been in the summer vacation, either after my first or second session or term at College, that my father and Reid together made a tour on horseback to the Highlands, as far as Inverness. I cannot fix the date more

nearly. But this brings it to the years 1758 or 1759. I mention the circumstance, partly as a proof of their intimacy and partly to introduce certain particulars concerning Mr. Macpherson, the editor, *at least*, of Ossian's poems, and concerning the poems themselves. I remember that when my father returned from this tour, he brought with him several printed copies, in a small duodecimo form, of Macpherson's poem called *The Highlander*, then lately printed (I know not whether at Inverness) for the benefit of the author, at that time master and assistant in a school in that part of the country. I forget whether I heard my father, or Dr. Reid, express any opinion on the merit of this little work, further than that it showed talents which ought to be encouraged. It must have been after, but very soon after, this that the first small collection of the Ossian fragments appeared, and it must have been also very nearly about that time that my last private tutor, Mr. Gall, introduced to my acquaintance a young Mr. Pope, then I think a student in the College and University of New Aberdeen, who was the son of a parochial clergyman in Caithness, of the name of Alexander Pope, and who, as his son told me, had once gone to London expressly to visit his namesake. This young man at that time showed me a small MS. book of fragments in English which his father had for years amused himself in translating from traditional songs or poetical narratives which he had heard from the mouths of old Highlanders. I think this must have been in the interval between the publication of Macpherson's fragments [1760] and before his formal version and consequent publication of *Fingal* [1762], for I yet perfectly remember a great eagerness I felt and expressed to the son that he would encourage his father to execute his long meditated design of publishing his own collection and which he expressed his intention of doing. I afterwards lost sight of young Mr. Pope, and know not what became of him or whether he may not be yet alive. But my strong impression has ever since continued to be that the father had begun his collection and formed his intention to publish it long before Mr. Macpherson was heard of. Probably the great fame Macpherson had acquired, the extraordinary extent of a whole epic poem, afterwards followed

by another, had made him relinquish his intention.[1] (Query: If Mr. Pope's name is brought forward in the different statements and evidence which have been produced and published in what has been termed the Ossianic controversy.)

I continued at college the third year, but my health being then very indifferent, with frequent stomach and bowel complaints, it was judged proper that I should not return the fourth year, so that I never had the honour of being a Magistrand, or of making a public harangue and receiving a public graduation, though many years afterwards, when I had acquired a certain name as a lawyer, I received from my Alma Mater through the friendly, I may say affectionate, zeal of my old master, then become Principal, an honorary degree of Master of Arts.

I do not recollect whether it was towards the end of the second or during the third of *tertian* year that part of M'Leod's course was to make us get by heart and repeat such parts as he called for, of Pope's *Essay on Man*, and also to make us read aloud and translate off-hand Cicero's *Tusculan Questions*. In the second class we learned the first six and the eleventh and twelfth books of Euclid, and a little, very little, spherical trigonometry. In the third we went through a sort of course of mechanics and experimental philosophy, and I remember composing, by way of voluntary task, a sort of essay on wheel carriages.

James Dunbar and second son of the laird of Boatle and afterwards professor in our college, joined our class in the Semi year. There are two works of his in my library.

I was called to the Bar in Hilary Term, 1776, being then almost thirty-two. When I set out on my first circuit, in that year, Windham, with whom I then lived in great intimacy, carried me in a low phaeton of his, with a pair of black ponies, to the Old Hut, a sort of second rate inn, about six or eight miles out of London on the Uxbridge Road, where we dined

[1] This second Alexander Pope, who is said to have ridden his pony from Caithness to Twickenham to see his great namesake, translated a large part of the *Orcades* of Torfaeus, and extracts were published in Cordiner's *Antiquities*.

tête-à-tête. He then returned to town and I proceeded towards Reading, where the assizes were going to be held, on horseback, with my only servant and clerk, on another horse behind me, sitting before a large and learned portmanteau. In this [way] I travelled the circuit for many years afterwards, as did at that time all the younger barristers. I did not set up my own travelling and town chariot till the year 1787.

When I entered on the practice of the law I had many warm and valuable friends, Benjamin Langlois and through him Mr. Skynner, afterwards Lord Chief Baron, Wilson, William Adam, Lord Minto (then Mr.) and I think in 177— Sir Gilbert Elliot, Batt, Burton, etc., Windham. Of these how many are dead !

My health and spirits had been so indifferent in the winter of 1759-60 that my father decided that I should not return to the Magistrand or last class next winter, but remain at home at Fechil with my own preceptor during the ensuing winter, and sometime in that winter of 1760 (I think before Christmas) he went to Edinburgh and London, where he had never been, and continued there for several months. I never rightly understood his motive for that journey. During the first part of the time he was there, he lodged somewhere near Lord Adam Gordon, then member for our county, and a candidate for it on the next election, and also near Lord Marischal, second cousin to my mother and to whom my father was also related by his mother, daughter to Sheriff Keith. Lord Marischal had then received a free pardon, at the instance of Mr. Pitt (then Minister) to whom he had communicated, as was generally believed, the secret of the Family Compact, then lately entered into between France and Spain.

It was soon after that period that Mr. Ferguson of Pitfour, afterwards Lord Pitfour and father to the present member for Aberdeenshire, by a private and, as was universally thought, to him a most advantageous bargain, bought from Lord Marischal a considerable part of his large family estates, which had been confiscated in consequence of the Rebellion in 1715, had become

vested in what was called the York Building Company, and, being publicly sold on the bankruptcy of that company, Lord Marischal had repurchased much under the value, the gentry of that part of Scotland being so much attached to the popular family of Marischal that no competitors scarcely appeared to bid against him. This transaction, justly or unjustly, drew a great deal of discredit on that eminent lawyer, which has in some degree remained on his son, who I believe acted some part in the business.

Be this as it may, my father saw a good deal of Lord Marischal during the first part of his residence in London. But he afterwards took some disgust to Lord Adam, who though strongly infected with the Aberdeen accent and dialect himself, yet had much less of it than my poor father, and though he had neither the sense nor the wit of my father (who had an unusual share of both) had use, with that sort of dry sarcastic manner which is so common with people of that country, and belonged in a similar degreee both to Lord Adam and to his cousin the late General Gordon of Fyvie, brother to old Lord Aberdeen, the present lord's grandfather, commonly called in London and at Court, where he had a place, Fyvie Gordon, used I say, as I rather conjectured, than heard directly, to joke my father too familiarly and coarsely about his English. Whether for this reason or some other motive my father removed some time before he left London in the spring or summer of 1760, to be near an old friend and countryman of his, Mr. Caleinach, a very respectable merchant in the city. In the meantime the time of the General Election was approaching, and a warm and near contest for Aberdeenshire was expected. My father, who had the intention of remaining some months longer in London, resisted all Lord Adam's common arts of application and solicitation, but [he] at last bethought himself of getting the poor insane Duke of Douglas to write to him and request of him as a relation and a person in the male line of succession to the rank and chieftainship of the family to go down and vote for his friend Lord Adam. This he thought my father could not withstand. He had sagacity enough to have discovered that clannishness

and a pride of the blood in his veins was my father's weak side, a weakness which with its advantages and disadvantages has descended. My father accordingly obeyed this summons, and travelling through Edinburgh during all the bustle of a General Election and many contests, which amused him very much, arrived in time to vote for Lord Adam, not on his account but avowedly as the friend of his chief (as we call it), the Duke of Douglas.

This may be the proper place to mention what I recollect about the Duke of Douglas's marriage. This head of our family, born Marquess of Douglas and Earl of Angus, was I think created a Duke, while under age, about the time of the Union, and probably through the recommendation of the Duke of Queensberry, lineal male representative of the eldest illegitimate son of James, Earl Douglas, who was the Epaminondas of his country, having been killed in the battle of Otterburn, after having gained the victory. This James was never married, but had another natural son, who as well as the other was present with him in the battle. I think the Duke of Douglas about the time of his creation had a company in the Guards. But, early in life, having some quarrel with a steward, or factor, of his, who was sleeping in Douglas Castle, he got up in the night, went to the steward's room and shot him dead. By what means, by what interest, or on what grounds this shocking act was never made matter of any prosecution, or even public enquiry, I have never heard, but it made such an impression on the perpetrator of it, that he lived ever afterwards almost entirely shut up in his own house in Douglasdale (or rather, but query, at Bothwell).

The Hamilton family, whose principal seat is at Hamilton, a few miles from Bothwell, and not a great many from Douglas Castle, were the nearest male heirs to the Duke of Douglas and to the chieftainship of the family, a second son of the former Marquess of Douglas having married the heiress of that family and the title of Duke of Hamilton with its old precedency transferred to him. It was therefore their interest, and next to them and their younger branch, the Earls of Selkirk, that of

Sir William Douglas, styled of Glenbervie, and his brothers, they being descended from a next son of the ninth Douglas Earl of Angus their common ancestor. They therefore, far from using any means they might have had of drawing the Duke of Douglas out into the world and into society suited to his rank, and thereby creating a chance of his marrying, and continuing in his male posterity the elder branch of their common family, were understood by my father, from whom I must have received the impression, to have encouraged his melancholy humour and remorse of conscience by every sort of contrivance, and particularly by surrounding him themselves, or by their agents, and excluding from him all other visitors and connections. He had an only sister, Lady Jane Douglas, from whom, either by their means, or from some other cause, he had been long estranged. She is represented to have been a most accomplished, interesting and beautiful woman, but, when at an advanced age, had imprudently attached herself to and privately married Sir John Steuart of Grandtully, a Scottish Baronet, I believe in the French service, a man of desperate fortunes, dissolute manners and more than doubtful reputation, a gambler and adventurer, and at the age of [50] and under most suspicious circumstances, produced as the fruits of their marriage two male twins, said to have been born [July 10, 1748] whom they had baptised by the names of Archibald (the eldest) and Sholto. To get these acknowledged by the Duke as his nearest heirs, and treated accordingly, was the great object of Lady Jane and her husband, while, on the other hand, the many too just causes of displeasure which this imprudent and discreditable marriage had of itself produced in the distempered mind of her brother, were inflamed and worked upon by every art in the power of the Hamilton party, who were at great pains to foster in his mind the opinion, which the world was sufficiently ready to adopt, that the two children were suppositious, purchased from indigent French parents, and set up, by a disgraceful attempt of an infatuated woman and her abandoned husband, as their lawful children for the purpose of robbing the Duke of Hamilton of his just right and inheritance. At the same time doubts were propagated as

to the power of the Duke to dispose of the family estates to anybody but his male heirs, which the Duke of Hamilton undoubtedly was, even [if] the supposed children had been legitimate.

In this state of the family a new personage, destined to produce important consequences in the modern history of the Douglases, made her appearance on the scene. There lived at that time in or near Glasgow an unmarried lady of the ancient branch of the Douglases of Mains, in the county of [Dumbarton], a woman of a masculine character and almost colossal size, who in part actually entertained, but still more affected, a romantic zeal for the honour of the clan, and an ardent desire for its continuation in the elder line. This lady, whose name was [Margaret], but who was generally known in Glasgow and the adjoining parts by a sort of nickname expressive of her undaunted but grossly vulgar turn of disposition and manners, resolved to take the Duke, as it were, by storm, and by working on his own family clannishness, for how could the head of such a family be without it, persuade him to emancipate himself from the slavery in which the Hamiltons kept him, by marrying her, descended from the same race of heroic ancestors with himself, and thereby having the chance of progeny of his plan [*sic*]. The boldness and determination with which she carried this plan into execution, secured its success. The Duke awakened from his sort of melancholy *fainéantise*, shook off his chains, and actually made her Duchess of Douglas. In due and decent time after the celebration of the nuptials the Duchess's pregnancy was announced, though from her time of life, not much short of Lady Jane's, I am old enough and heard enough to remember that great doubts were entertained respecting her really being in that situation, and, after some time, she either miscarried, as she and her friends gave out, or never was pregnant. In the meantime, the Hamiltons did not give the game they had so long played for lost. They succeeded, and I believe the mild gentlemanlike Sir William Douglas of Glenbervie had a principal share in a scene of violence, in which the Duchess was taken by force from the Duke's presence and house, dragged I believe

with violence, and not without almost gigantic resistance on her part, down the stairs and hurried away, I forget now to what particular place or part of the country, and after this energetic measure, they either persuaded or bullied the Duke to write letters to all the more near branches of the family, announcing to them that on account of the misconduct and outrageous conduct of the Duchess he had been obliged to send her away from him and that he had determined upon a perpetual separation. I remember perfectly having seen one of those letters written to my father. What became of it I cannot tell. Whether upon the subsequent reconciliation which the Duchess soon contrived to bring about, he destroyed it, or whether this, among various other interesting papers of my father's, and one or more books of coloured drawings by my great-grandfather Gordon, this was abstracted in the confusion which issued on my father's death I cannot say. The reconciliation must have happened soon after the separation, and both some time before my father's journey to London.

The spirit of revenge having now given double vigour to the Duchess's activity against the Hamiltons, she prevailed on the Duke to execute, by the advice of the ablest men of law in Scotland, the proper deeds and instruments for conveying to and settling upon Lady Jane's sons in succession all the family estates, and, as far as he could, all of which would of course become the subject of eager litigation after the death of the Duke, which happened some time I believe in the year 1761 or 1762. But for this and various matters of date and circumstance what I have here stated must be corrected by the printed documents in the famous Douglas Cause. I am sure whatever I assert, where material and substantial, is true. I am not sure if the Duke was ever personally reconciled to his sister, or ever saw her. I rather think she died before that could have happened. Nor whether he ever saw Archibald, now Lord Douglas, who was placed (with his brother I think) at Westminster School. The other died soon. I never saw Lady Jane, nor the Duke. Lord Mansfield had exerted himself in procuring a pension (I think of £300 a year) for Lady Jane, when she was in absolute

indigence. He had at the time got great credit with the world for this. But when he came to give so decided an opinion in the House of Lords in favour of her being the mother of the twins, those who embraced the other side of the question imputed that opinion to be an undue bias towards the object of his former solicitude and patronage.

There is in a sort of preface to a collection of poems, including one intituled *The Clyde*, published by Dr. Leyden, before he went to India, a curious trait of the singular insanity of the Duke of Douglas. Yet I think amidst the various grounds of litigation in the Duke's cause it was never pleaded or attempted to be proved that he was *non compos.*

I now return from this digression concerning him and his nondescript Duchess to what regards my own biography more particularly.

During the winter and spring when my father was in London and my mother and sister and I remained at Fechil, I applied myself with great eagerness to the study of Greek, in which I had made but a very little way two years before under Professor Leslie. I also, when the spring and longer days came round, used to visit the neighbouring gentry for two or three days at a time, and particularly at Mr. Fullarton of Dudwick's, whose father, who lived with him, had been in the French service and had travelled a great deal. He was the elder brother of General Fullarton, who was high in the Russian service, and I think not long after that time succeeded his elder brother in the small paternal estate of Dudwick, and afterwards to that of Udney, a more valuable property, and now possessed by Mr. Udney, his great-nephew I believe, being son to Mr. John Udney in whose house, on the Canal Reggio, I lodged the latter part of the time I spent at Venice in the winter of 1767-8. That old Mr. Fullarton was a cheerful old man, who seeing that I delighted in hearing his accounts of foreign parts, took very kindly to me, exercised me in the use of the French language and taught me several merry songs, that is the words of them, for I never could learn any tune however simple. Some of these I remember to this day. I can now only recollect one stanza at the beginning

of one of the French songs which my poor father used to sing:

Vainement l'Amour on rapelle
Quand il a pris la clé des champs,
A son retour il ne bat que d'une aile
Tatarataton—il n'est plus tems.

Those of old Mr. Fullarton were of a freer sort, and having little else but somewhat of French gaiety and a good deal of libertinage to recommend them to a young man, or rather boy of 16, I should have no pleasure in writing down here the only part of one of them which still often recurs to my memory. In like manner I shall not insert, at a more advanced stage of these simple annals, some very free and indecent stanzas, verses and songs I learned a few years afterwards from my brother-in-law, Mercer, for at the time I am now writing of I did not know nor ever had heard of him. There was a difference in these from those of old Dudwick, that though they were libertine they were clever, the truth being that Mercer was a very clever man himself, with a great deal of taste, which God knows honest Dudwick was not. Yet I remember his fragments of French libertinage more exactly than those of Mercer. The memory, or at least my memory, is very capricious. I have all my life had such strong impressions made upon it by idle unmeaning rhymes fixing themselves, or, as it were, nestling or rooting themselves in it, that they have been perpetually intruding themselves on my mind and recollection, so as to create a sort of ill-humour and indignation against the very faculty itself, while I have tried in vain to bring back to it passages of the greatest beauty and which had in the perusal of them given me the most exquisite delight. Could my old reverend friend Dr. Reid, or the more modern Feinaigle in his mnemonics have explained this phenomenon?

During my father's absence it became necessary to think of some arrangement for my future studies and plan of life. I began to feel a sort of restlessness and vague ambition which fluctuated between very diversified objects of ambition. I had a great insatiable passion, at times, for literary fame. And

I remember to this day the strong effect produced on me when I first read those two lines in the little prefatory poem in Cowley's works :

> What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the world to come my own?

I had a strong love of poetry and a certain knack at making English verses, a knack, however (for it never deserved the name of talent), which was of so limited and sterile a nature that I have often applied those coarse but strong figurative lines of Pope to my own verses :

> Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
> And strains from hard-bound brains six lines a year,

and often been damped in my wishes, for they never grew to be hopes, of being a poet by that other line, " To know the poet from the man of rhymes," and the terrible anathema of Horace, " *Mediocribus esse poetis.*"

There are few men whom love, or what at the early age I am now writing about, I should think ought rather to be called *sexuality*, does not inspire with the itch of verse-making. Indeed mere sexuality, or vague desire for the other sex, began with me at a much earlier period, and was attended with all the usual appearances, except indeed the most decisive, which never first showed itself till once in a dream, which startled and surprised me. I now still remember the time, the room I then slept in at Fechil, and the queerish sensation I felt all the following day. But the other appearances of sexual feelings and desire began in me so early that I cannot trace the exact time, certainly while I was at the school of Foveran and long before I left it, which I did on my father's second marriage in 1754 when I was but ten years of age. That desire the buxom housemaids in my father's family took frequent opportunities of encouraging, but never, however, to the degree of producing any effectual precosity, so that I remained a virgin till the autumn of 1762 when I was a lad of more than eighteen years old.

The first object of my amorous poetry was a beautiful daughter of a country neighbour of my father's of my own age,

when I was between thirteen and fourteen. Her name was Jeanie Forbes. I now see her before my eyes, arrayed in all her blooming charms and simple innocence. Her father and mine had quarrelled about a right of way, their estates being conterminous, and had left off visiting or speaking, and I scarcely recollect that I was ever more than once in a room with that my first love, which was in the house of our parochial clergyman at Ellon, the grandfather of Mr. Moir the banker and antiquarian, so well known to the English travellers to Rome about twenty years ago, having succeeded his uncle Ryves there, and who afterwards went with Lord Minto as his confidential secretary to India, where he died.

I was at that time become newly acquainted and an enthusiastic admirer both of Dryden's celebrated ode, and of his happy imitations of Chaucer and Boccace in the collection called his fables. And I addressed a flattish enough composition, in blank verse, whose chief or only merit was its shortness, to this lovely girl, resembling the effects of her beauty and singing to those of Iphigenia and the music of St. Cecilia. I quite forget now whether I had address enough to have it conveyed to her. It consisted of not more than eight or ten lines. I only remember the first:

> What cannot beauty do? the clownish Cymon
> Who whistled as he went for want of thought,
> Soon as he gazed on Iphigenia's charms
> Excelled in wisdom, learning and politeness.
> What cannot music do? Cecilia sang,
> And lo! an angel listened to her voice.

Miss Forbes, who was the youngest of several daughters and I think of one or two sons, was not insensible to my passion, which had some romantic circumstances belonging to it. The quarrel between our fathers gave it some resemblance to the loves of Romeo and Juliet, and as her father's house was situated on the bank of the very poetic river Ythan, and my father's estate reached to the opposite bank where the stream was hemmed in by abrupt picturesque rocks, leaving only opposite to part of Waterton's garden a small meadow, we used to meet by appointment on the different sides, she in the garden and I in the meadow,

and waft our words and sighs and vows across the river, while at other times she sang some favourite tune and song of the day, among which I recollect one whose burthen begins by " Begone, begone, I've something else to do," but after a certain number of stanzas, with " Step in, step in, I have nothing else to do." Another had for a burthen " I meant to say ' No,' but mistook and said ' Yes.' " There was a remarkably loud and distinct echo from the rocky caverns on our side of the [river] and, thence the to me delicious sounds of her voice were multiplied from rock to rock, for the echo repeated the sound several times. Thus a whole summer passed away in romantic trifling. I suspect, however, that her relations connived at our meetings. They could not have been ignorant of what those tell-tale echoes reported. Riches are entirely relative. To Jeany Forbes, whose father's small estate was dilapidated and eat up with heritable bonds and other debts, the only son of a gentleman with a landed, unencumbered income of a few hundreds a year would have been a very eligible match, or indeed what is vulgarly called a great catch. But different fortunes were reserved for Jeany Forbes and me. Yet

Io mi ricordo di quel tempo ancora !

When the approach of the early dinner hour of those days (2 o'clock in that country) or any other circumstances warned me of the necessity of retiring, the reverted looks and waving of extended hands and arms continued, and also, if I recollect rightly, of reiterated louder adieus, continued till we were out of sight and hearing. The same endearing demonstration of affection had been constantly in use between my poor sister and me in the first summer after my father's marriage, when we separated after she had accompanied me, as she did almost daily, for two-thirds of the way from our estate at Fechil (called by the tenantry of any gentleman in that country at that time, The Place, κατ' ἐξοχην) to the school at Ellon. But there was the difference that the feelings which prompted those demonstrations on the part of my sister and me were of a purer and tenderer sort, but less intense than in the latter case.

At the end of that summer I believe it was that two young

gentlemen of the name of Thibout came from one of our West Indian islands, to receive part of their education at Aberdeen. The eldest of these might be about two or three years older than me, perhaps nineteen. I know not by what accident this elder Thibout became acquainted with Jeanie Forbes. But a declaration of love soon followed their first acquaintance. If I recollect, his figure and countenance were so plain as to give me no jealousy on that account, though I was always far from handsome myself, except that I had and for many years fine, even, white teeth, and as I have been told, a pensive *sentimental* (a word Rousseau's writings had begun at that time to bring into fashion) intelligent look. I too was acquainted with the Thibouts, and the elder used to make me the confidant of his loves. I believe their father was dead and that they were in possession of what fortune he had left. It could not be very considerable, as few strangers came to our Aberdeen Universities but from motives of economy. Perhaps each might have something about £1,000 a year. This was a great income in the contemplation of Buchan lands (Waterton was on the confines of that district, which to the south is bounded by the Ythan). In short Mr. Thibout's proposals were accepted, and Jeanie Forbes, the beautiful, the blooming, the delicate, became Mrs. Thibout. Soon after their marriage I believe he carried her to his plantation, and I lost sight of them entirely, till about thirteen years afterwards, when I was living in the chambers of No. 3 Lincoln's Inn, New Square, in which I had succeeded Mr. Rhoyds [?] when he went to Calcutta as a Counsel and where he has been now for many years, and yet is, if still alive, a judge, I was surprised by a visit from Thibout, who some days afterwards brought his wife to see me. Her beauty, poor thing, had suffered sadly from the climate, and from ill-health, and he had got a bloated, vulgar countenance. I think they had one child living, but that I did not see it. He was a good-natured thoughtless man. I have never heard of them since, but have thought of endeavouring through my Aberdeen acquaintances (few as they now are, *vel duo, vel nemo*) to learn something of them.

I think it was in the year 1771 that Colonel St. Paul was appointed *secrétaire d'Ambassade* to his friend Lord Stormont (afterwards the second Earl of Mansfield), who had succeeded the late Lord Harcourt as Ambassador at Paris. I had returned to England in March 1771, and at St. Paul's desire had furnished him with a sort of memorandum concerning those persons of mark whose society I had chiefly frequented, while Mr. (now Lord) Douglas and I were there the year before. I kept no copy of it, but many years afterwards I borrowed it, and my dearest wife copied it into a book like this, and titled on the back "Diary; Miscellanea. Appendix." It may serve in some degree to fill up any gap I may leave as to that memorable epoch in my life, and Fred, it will interest and affect you, on account of the hand that copied it. It is in French.

In the MSS. I have cited, on the last page, immediately after the Memoir (in French) there mentioned, Fred will find an entry, also in his poor mother's hand, copied from one I had formerly made, of the dates of our marriage, the persons present at it and of his own birth, baptism, etc.

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